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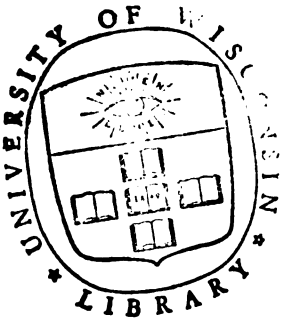
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ENGLISH FEMALE ARTISTS.

BY

ELLEN C. CLAYTON,

AUTHOR OF

"QUEENS OF SONG," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 8 CATHERINE ST., STRAND.

1876.

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TO

Elizabeth Thompson

THIS BOOK,

A ROLL CALL OF HONOURABLE NAMES,

IS

BY PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF ADMIRATION

FOR HER GENIUS.

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ENGLISH FEMALE ARTISTS.

CHAPTER I.

Susannah Horneboit. Lavinia Teerlinck.

ARTISTS, especially English artists, and above all, English Female Artists, as a rule lead quiet, uneventful lives, far more so than authors. In the majority of instances, their daily existence flows tranquilly on within the limited precincts of the studio, only casually troubled by anxious meditations respecting the fate of those minor works irreverently designated by a distressingly vulgar nickname, or by the unkind slights of a hanging committee. Eminently respectable, they affect little display; they leave surprisingly few *bonmots* or per-

sonal anecdoteana for the benefit of future biographers. Even the old rollicking days of the traditional art student are extinct as the age of Bob Sawyer and Jack Johnson; no more do wild legends of eccentric pranks, queer idiosyncracies, a thousand and one whims and oddities, linger about the schools, the public galleries, or private studios.

Our native paintresses, as the old-fashioned art critics and compilers of biographical dictionaries quaintly term them, have left but faintly impressed footprints on the sands of time. They do not glitter in the splendour of renown, like their sisters of the pen or of the buskin. It is a difficult task to obtain a sparse list of their original works, or glean any scattered remarks on their most valued copies of great masters. Even the most romantic or admired of these fair dreamers on canvas or ivory have scarce an incident beyond the commonplace in the brief record of their public or private career.

The attempt to trace out the early history of art in England, if a curious, is yet a thankless task. In point of fact, before the days of Henry the Eighth, no school of art existed in this country. Some beautiful pictorial work was created, but only by isolated effort. There was little demand for it, except in one direction —that of illumination, as applied to books. An artist occupied an odd position: a jack-of-all-trades, sometimes only a degree or two above the household

menials—at once architect, sculptor, carpenter, goldsmith, armourer, jeweller, saddler, tailor, and painter. The perpetual unrest, the constant clash and clang of arms, afforded scant leisure for the cultivation of, perhaps, the most exquisitely refined human pursuit. Now and again, an Edward or a Henry would found a cathedral, and enrich it with statuary, frescoes, grandly painted or stained glass windows, all chiefly designed by foreign ecclesiastics, and executed by native subordinates. The turbulent knights required sometimes devices more or less elaborate on their shields, or symbolic emblazoned pictures on their banners. The wealthy nobles occasionally gave orders for painted walls, ceilings, or wainscots, in their gloomy halls and castles, or rich enamelling on gold and silver cups and beakers. The most arduous research throws only a fitful ray of light on the history of English art as it existed in the Middle Ages: the waifs and strays of an artist's name, a dry date, the moneys paid for so many weeks' labour in painting, are all that reward the diligent explorer.

The illuminators of missals, Gospels, books of anthems, psalters, romances, and legends of chivalry, were the only artists really valued. They were principally monks and friars, with their clerks, sometimes toiling alone, but more frequently in companies, in the scriptorium, a species of large work-room attached to every monastery of importance.

During these epochs, we range the fields of art history in vain for the most fleeting record of a female artist, or even illuminator. The reason for this is clear. In those rude, rough ages, females could not work beyond the boundary of their own homes, or the walls of their convent. The more needy class were not sufficiently educated to be capable of any description of art workmanship. Possibly they might assist male relatives; most certainly they could not, unaided, produce original works. Princesses, and ladies of gentle birth, were marvellously skilled with their needles, but obviously were never by any chance trained in the use of the pencil. Not one solitary instance exists before the sixteenth century of an Englishwoman who attempted any pictorial work except tapestry.

It seems strange for a moment that it should have been the hand of Henry the Eighth, of all others, which should at once bar the way, and yet, as it were, loose the prison doors of art within his realm. On the one side, he patronized right royally native and foreign talent: on the other, he sent forth a little locust-like army of iconoclasts, to sweep from off the face of the earth the rich harvest of work left by the loving labours of five or six centuries. He scattered the most alluring invitations broadcast among Italian or German masters, and was the first who adorned the royal palaces with pictures upon classical subjects, while despatching emissaries all over his

kingdom charged strictly to burn or sell as waste-paper all those "superstitious books" now, in this fastidious nineteenth century, so highly prized, regarded as no longer to be equalled for quaintness of design or beauty of finish. Magnificent in his tastes, revelling in luxury and superficial refinement, keenly appreciative of all that was graceful and splendid, eagerly ambitious of emulating his superb rivals, Francis the First and Charles the Fifth, his Majesty yet set his face like a flint against the stately, solemn Gothic piles, sculptured and painted "images," storied windows, priceless altar pieces; and by his mandate all such were torn down, burnt, or broken. Family portraits took the place of saint and angel, Madonna and Apostle. Painters were no longer licensed to exercise imagination and skill in the service of the Church: the dungeon, or the stake—or both—were presented menacingly before their eyes; it was Sacrilege. Raffaelle, who declined his invitations, painted a Saint George for him—that being a subject not much more stained with the mark of the Beast than were the embroidered lions and lilies quartered on his state chairs.

At last, however, we meet the first female artists whose names have been inscribed in the records of English painters: Susannah Hornebolt and Lavinia Teerlinck—unfortunately, not Englishwomen.

Susannah Hornebolt (sometimes incorrectly spelt

Hurembout, and Horneband) was the daughter of the principal painter who immediately preceded Hans Holbein—Gerard Hornebolt, a native of Ghent. He came hither with his wife, son, and daughter. Susannah was born about 1503: an exquisite illuminator, and apparently a charming young person. Albrecht Durer met her father at Antwerp in 1521, and notes in his diary, with enthusiasm: "Master Gerard, illuminator, has a young daughter about eighteen years of age; her name is Susanna; she had made a coloured drawing of Our Saviour, for which I gave her a florin; it is wonderful that a female should be able to do such work." Guicciardini mentions her, in terms of high praise, as an illuminator. "L'una fu Susanna sorella di Luca Hurembout prenominato; la quale fu eccellente nella pittore massimo nel fare opere minutissime oltre ogni credere, e eccellentissima nell' alluminare, in tanto che il gran' Rè Henrico ottavo con grani doni e grand' provisione la tiro in Inghilterra, dove visse molti anni in gran' favore, e gratia, di tutta la corte, e ivi finalmente si mori ricca, e honorata."

The family came to this country some time before 1529; for in that year the mother, Master Gerard's wife, Margaretta, was buried in Fulham Church.

The brother and sister were nearly of the same age, and both equally gifted. Luke painted miniatures, and was an admirable illuminator. He was naturalized by patent, 1534, described as a native of Flanders,

appointed painter to the king, and granted a tenement and piece of ground in the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. Just ten years later he died, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, where so many of his artistic brethren have been laid to rest. He left a widow—Margaret, and a daughter —Jacomyne.

The king esteemed both brother and sister highly. To Luke he paid a larger salary than he ever gave to Holbein—fifty-five shillings and sixpence per month. Not a bad stipend, when we consider that an income of twenty pounds a year qualified a country gentleman to be a Justice of the Peace.

Susannah married Henry Parker, the king's bowman, and yeoman of the robes. After his death she married an English sculptor named Whorstley.

Then we lose sight of her, with only the vague old fairy tale ending, that she "lived many years in great favour and esteem with all the Court, and died here, rich and honoured." And with that we must perforce be satisfied.

Lavinia Teerlinck was the daughter of Simon Benninck, of Antwerp, the celebrated miniature painter. As we pass down the fair ranks of the earlier Female Artists, we shall find that they almost invariably follow in the footsteps of a brother or a father. In the case of Englishwomen there is scarcely an instance to the contrary. The reason being, in

all likelihood, the impossibility of studying under other instruction, until these more pleasant latter days.

The Fraulein Benninck was much admired and appreciated, as has always been the case with ladies who have happened to adopt the artistic profession. She was invited to England by King Henry, in what year is unknown, but in 1538 she was in receipt of a salary higher than that of Holbein by six pounds. She painted miniatures most exquisitely: it has been supposed by high authorities that many of her miniatures have been erroneously attributed to Holbein. Her husband, George Teerlinck, was not an Englishman, but a native of the village of Blankenbergh, near Bruges. Simon Benninck, her father, settled in Bruges in 1518, dying there, 1561. Guicciardini and Vasari declare that she married a nobleman at the English Court, whither she was invited by King Henry; so perhaps, like Susannah Hornebolt, she was left a widow, and married a second time.

By Queen Mary and her royal sister Elizabeth, Lavinia Teerlinck was treated with distinguished consideration, for she seems to have possessed the valuable gift of being able to flatter while taking an undoubtedly true likeness. "Levina, figliuola di Maestro Simon de Bruggia," says Guicciardini, "la quale nel miniare come il padre a tanto felice e eccellente, che il prefato Henrico Rè d' Inghilterra la

volle con ogni premio haver' a ogni modo alla sua corte, ove fu poi maritata nobilamente."

She died, rich and much respected, in England, after a residence of certainly over twenty years.

When King Henry died, the arts languished. He was succeeded by a boy, who came up as a flower to be cut down like grass; and again by a sombre, embittered woman, on whom the sunshine of delusive happiness glanced but for a brief moment; and yet again by another woman, who had no reason to encourage painters beyond the point where they ceased to minister to her insatiable vanity. It is rather a puzzling fact to be noted, that, as a rule, women in great power have done little to foster painting and sculpture.

Holbein, struck down by the plague the year Queen Mary was married, was replaced in a measure by the Dutchman, Sir Antonio More; but we hear rather too much of the magnificent rewards bestowed on this handsome knight for his work, and he ended by burning his easel and throwing away his colour-box when he obtained a highly remunerative official situation from the Duke of Alva.

Lavinia Teerlinck continued in high favour. At Midsummer, 1547, "Maistris Levyn Terling, paintrix," was receiving "quarterly wages of xli pounds." In 1556 she presented to Queen Mary, as a New Year's gift, "a small picture of the Trynitie."

Elizabeth, who inherited some of her father's taste for splendour, with his personal vanity intensified by any number of degrees, patronized artists, but from no particular affection for the art they practised. Sternly as his late Majesty, she repudiated any species of sacred pictures, statues, or ecclesiastical adornment. Understanding little of the beauty or even utility of art, having no dazzling neighbours to eclipse, she chiefly favoured painters because they could produce agreeable and pleasing likenesses of herself—of her gemmed and jewelled brocades, her fantastical hoops and embroidered petticoats, monstrous ruffs, bediamonded light yellow wigs, "pale Roman nose." Most of her artists came from the Low Countries. One eminent Italian, Zucchero, and two Englishmen, Hilliard and Oliver, helped to form a noble series of portraits representing nearly all the great historical characters who made the Virgin Queen's reign so illustrious. Artists, perhaps, not endowed with very brilliant imagination, but close and careful copiers of nature. Imagination was a quality not much needed. The queen severely discountenanced either historical or sacred pictures in any shape or form, as a matter of principle. The Dean of her Majesty's chapel, Dr. Symson, thinking to please her, one day displayed before her a collection of prints picturing religious subjects. "Who engraved these prints?" she demanded, with lowering brow. "A German," the

dean replied. "It is well it was a foreigner, or we should have inquired into it," said the queen. The Dean of Christ Church committed a still more grievous error. One January morning, the queen coming in state to St. Paul's, he placed in her seat a superbly bound prayer-book, beautifully illuminated with scenes from the lives of the saints and apostles. Elizabeth turned over its pages, hastily closed it, and called for her own book. The service over she sent for the dean. "How had the book come there?" she asked. "It was a New Year's gift for her Majesty," the dean replied. All the thanks he got was a sharp reprimand for permitting anything of such a popish nature within his church. It was speedily understood by all the clergy throughout the kingdom that all the pictures were to be erased from the walls of all churches, and replaced by texts from Scripture.

Lavinia Teerlinck was something of a favourite with her Majesty. Guicciardini notes that she was, "molto amata dalla Regina Maria, e horo e amarissimo dalla Regina Elisabetta."

The first year of Elizabeth's reign she presented the queen's picture finely painted upon a card. Her Majesty was so pleased with it that she gave in return, "oone casting bottell guilt," weighing two ounces and three quarters. Three years later, "Mistress Levina Terling" presented "the Queene's personne" and other personages, in a box, "finely painted." The queen was

so gratified with this that, instead of handing it over to the charge of Mr. Newton, she took care of it herself, and gave the paintrix "one guilt salt with a cover," weighing five ounces and a half. The picture was probably very well done. Later, her Majesty flew into a rage against any one who did not make her very handsome, and ordered all portraits of her dread person done by unskilful or unflattering hands to be burnt, and, two years after this box was done, issued a proclamation forbidding all people save "especial cunning painters" to draw her likeness. To the cunning ones she gave directions that her picture was to be done with the light coming neither from the right nor from the left, without shadows, in a lively garden light. At last she hated her mirror itself, for betraying the fatal ravages of time; and the maids of honour used to run off in a fright with the looking-glasses from the queen's apartment.

King James, heavy and pedantic, had no great fancy for painting. Portrait painting was, however, patronized by those about the Court more than ever; and his Majesty was civil enough to the painters, though he did not care much about their productions. Paul Vansomer, Vanson, Mytens—all Dutch painters, and the English miniaturist, Peter Oliver, found favour and rich remuneration.

But the young Prince Charles, his brother Henry, the ostentatious Duke of Buckingham, the refined

and elegant Lord Arundel, with other wealthy men of taste, began the fashion of making collections. Golden days were dawning for art in England, only too soon to be overcast.

CHAPTER II.

Anne Carlisle. Artemisia Gentileschi. The Sisters Cleyn.

EVEN before Charles the First became king, he began to collect art treasures; thus initiating an example which has borne such glorious results. No one could have been more ardent in making every possible effort to foster art. By the death of Prince Henry, also a connoisseur, his gallery was enriched. When he visited Madrid, as Prince of Wales, King Philip gave him the famous Titian, called after the palace where it had been so long treasured, the "Venus del Pardo." His gallery contained between four and five hundred pictures, examples by Rembrandt, Corregio, Paul Veronese, Titian, Rubens, and other great masters. This was designed as the foundation of a much larger collection. His Majesty purchased, by the advice of Rubens, the whole gallery of the Duke of Mantua, esteemed the most valuable in Europe,

paying, it was said, eighty thousand pounds. He despatched agents all over the Continent, commissioned to buy pictures and statues. An artist was sent to Spain to copy the paintings of Titian. Foreign kings and princes knew they could offer the sovereign of England no more acceptable gift than a beautiful work of art. The Hollanders gave him a couple of Tintorets and two Titians. As courtiers and ministers proffered jewels to Queen Elizabeth, they presented pictures and curios to Charles. He had a splendid accumulated store, not alone of paintings, but of plate, jewels, tapestry, medals, and other rare objects —not the least prized of his art treasures being one of Michael Angelo's sketch books.

The dawn of refined taste brightened almost into perfect day. The king meditated and talked about founding an Academy of Arts, on an extended scale, for the encouragement of native talent: he lavished favours on accomplished masters and on industrious tyros: he worked in leisure moments on drawings of his own—some of his artistic essays being, it is said, corrected by the hand of Rubens. Not only was he an excellent judge of painting, but so clever an amateur, that often in visiting the studios where he delighted to loiter, he would take a brush, and "suddenly draw those lines," says Perinchief, quoted by Walpole, "and give those airs and lights which experience and practice had not taught the painters."

Many of the artists who visited England belonged to the Flemish and Dutch schools, then in the zenith of their glory. The king wrote with his own hand to invite various great men; some gladly accepted, some courteously declined. Some came of their own accord; all were assured of a welcome. The stately Rubens, "the painter of light," came as ambassador, on an errand of peace from Spain. Charles tried earnestly to persuade him to settle in England; knighted him, loaded him with kindness, bought some of his easel pictures, and gave him three thousand pounds for decorating the ceiling of the banqueting house at Whitehall—a place expressly built by Inigo Jones for the reception of the royal pictures.

Hearing of the ardent and reverential favour shown by King Charles to the fine arts, Vandyck hastened to England. He lodged with his friend and countryman, Geldorp—who had a large house and garden in Drury Lane. From day to day he hoped for an introduction to the king: by some strange mischance, the presentation did not take place, so he went away again, deeply mortified. Nicholas Laniere sat for his portrait to Vandyck, who took extraordinary pains with it, working almost without intermission for seven days. Laniere was not allowed to see his picture even once until Vandyck had finished the face to his own satisfaction. This painting was shown to the king, who at once ordered Sir Kenelm

Digby, who had also sat to Vandyck, to invite him over. Vandyck cheerfully returned, and was lodged for a while among the king's artists at Blackfriars. Charles used often to go by water to visit him. Vandyck painted the queen and royal family; and innumerable portraits by him are scattered among the pictorial treasures in our country mansions. His pictures may be undoubtedly said to have largely aided in forming the English school of portrait painting.

The Duke of Buckingham affected the man of taste and the connoisseur. He had plenty of money to spend, and, in his vanity and ostentation, liked to play the grand seigneur. When he went to Spain with the prince, he became acquainted with Rubens, and afterwards either coaxed or bullied him into letting him have his splendid collection, containing works by Titian, Paul Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci, and other great masters, for ten thousand pounds. This included the gems, antiques, etc. Rubens was most reluctant to agree to the bargain. Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to the Porte, collected works of sculpture for the Duke; and Sir Henry Wotton, ambassador at Venice, made important purchases for him in that city. He had the "Ecce Homo," for which Lord Arundel in vain offered him seven thousand pounds, either in money or in lands. All these treasures were stored at York House, in the Strand.

Buckingham was spitefully jealous of the Earl of Arundel. The latter was the first collector, of private rank, in civilized Europe, and gathered together a superb treasury of pictures, statues, busts, gems, drawings, chased work in gold and silver, ancient inscribed marbles, and other magnificent *trouvaille.* A man of quite a different style to the showy Duke—handsome, thoughtful, melancholy, refined. Buckingham tried to cross him in every way. Arundel, for example, employed Sir William Petty to collect antiques for him in Greece and Syria. Buckingham particularly impressed upon Sir Thomas Roe, then residing at Constantinople, to throw every possible obstacle in the way of Petty. Buckingham regarded splendid and costly things as a magnificent addition to his high estate. Arundel, living much within himself, made rare and beautiful objects his delight. He was bountiful to men of talent, liberal to all, no mere selfish virtuoso, a true artist in feeling, not an ostentatious man of rank heaping up art treasures because they cost a great deal of money and were coveted by other people.

Sir Kenelm Digby distinguished himself by his judgment, liberality, and patriotism.

The taste made fashionable by the sovereign and his immediate friends of course diffused itself amongst the ranks of the aristocracy. "Collecting" became a mania of the day, a charming novelty.

Artists lived in splendour almost equal to that indulged in by the wealthiest families. Sir Anthony Vandyck held the state of a prince. Sir Peter Paul Rubens had once laughingly declared: "Twenty years ago I found the art of making gold with my palette and pencils." Sir Balthasar Gerbier, who had been fellow-ambassador with Rubens in Spain, asked the king and queen to supper at his house, and spent a thousand pounds on the entertainment. There was not an artist of any reputation who did not command liberal terms; many died having realized an easy fortune.

I.

Drawn into the sunshine of Court favour by the kindly and kingly hand of King Charles, Female Artists began to distinguish themselves.

Anne Carlisle was an especial favourite.

An Englishwoman, apparently, by her name. A portrait painter, and finished copyist of the works of Italian masters. "An ingenious lady," she is styled by some writers—a polite and general designation used by old-fashioned compilers of short memoirs when speaking of any woman who had gained a position of eminence in literature, science, or art. She was evidently a favourite with King Charles: he gave to her and Vandyck as much ultramarine at one time as cost him above five hundred pounds. It is not on

record what proportion her share formed. Walpole very justly presumes that she painted in oil: it would, he argues, be "a very long time before the worth of £200 in ultramarine could be employed in miniatures." It seems strange there should be so little data left concerning the life of one who obviously occupied a distinguished place in the ranks of her profession, and in the estimation of an accomplished connoisseur like King Charles. Vertue mentions a portrait wherein she represents herself, teaching a lady to paint; the pupil she drew standing behind her own figure; she is seated, a book of drawings in her lap. He adds that many of her pictures were in the possession of a widow, Lady Cotterel.

Anne Carlisle died about 1680, when she must have been over seventy years of age. Between thirty and forty years had drifted by since that tragic January morning, when imagination might conjure up her shadow, standing somewhere amid that terrible surging crowd in Whitehall, waiting to see her king and patron die. Quite two score years had gone since her old friend, Vandyck—since the courtly ambassador, Rubens—had died. She had outlived all but, perhaps, three or four of her early rivals or coadjutors, by twenty, thirty, or forty years. Beck, the facile, who, King Charles laughingly swore, could "paint riding post"—the courtly Laniere, musician, painter, engraver, art critic—Polenburg, whose works were

delicate as enamels, yet touched with masterly freedom —Wouters, landscapist, chief painter to the gay young Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the Second—Torrentius, the dogmatic, the profligate, the scandalously impious—Jamesone, the Vandyck of Scotland—Dobson, the English Tintoret, who was rescued from a squalid garret by Vandyck—Honthorst, the indefatigable —Belcamp, copier of the king's pictures—Cleyn, the inimitable designer of grotesques—Hoskins, the miniaturist,—all these, and many more, had vanished; others had arisen, become eminent, died.

What Anne Carlisle did, where she lived, during those forty or five and forty years, it is impossible to say. Perhaps she went on quietly painting portraits when "the troubles" came; but her name never once appears, even after the Restoration, when portrait painting became a perfect "rage." She may have married and retired from the profession.

II.

It is to be regretted that the next is a foreigner, especially as she was a woman of unusual and most brilliant talent.

Artemisia Gentileschi—a pretty name, that of a beautiful, gifted, much admired artist, who won every shade of golden opinion save respect—an Italian, both by birth and parentage. She was born at Rome, some

say in 1590, others assert in 1596, but the less flattering date was almost certainly the correct one.

Originally the name of her family was Lomi, but her father adopted that of Gentileschi, the name of his maternal uncle.

King Charles the First invited Orazio Gentileschi, through Vandyck, as a distinguished artist who had gained a wide reputation in Italy and in France, giving him lodgings at Whitehall, a handsome salary, and constant employment, chiefly in painting ceilings, work for which his style was eminently suited. He painted historical figures the size of life in an essentially realistic manner, for he belonged to that school of later Florentine painters who opposed the idealizing tendency of the sixteenth century. His Scripture pieces were very fine. He worked also for the Duke of Buckingham at York House: indeed, he became so attached to this country that he remained for the rest of his life, a space of twelve years.

When he came here he was an old man, past seventy.

Portrait painting being the most largely remunerative branch of the profession, Gentileschi made several attempts in that line, with little success. Some of his work is still preserved at Marlborough House. That Flemish adventurer and pretender, Sir Balthasar Gerbier, was very jealous of him, and would have fought with him at York House.

The resplendent Artemisia accompanied her father to England. She must then (1635) have been forty-five, but she was still handsome enough to achieve fresh conquests, and provoke scandalous remarks from the rustling dowagers. Her life, with its picturesque surroundings and graceful background, is like a romance by George Sand. Like many other clever, beautiful women, she had contrived to fetter herself by a most unhappy, ill-assorted marriage. She must have been very young when she became the wife of the Pier Antonio Schiattesi, but the unlucky pair soon agreed to separate. After a while Artemisia lost sight of her husband; occasionally she made a careless inquiry, "wanting to know" if he were living or dead. As we are guided only by the glimmering, sometimes illusory light of dates, it is but to be guessed that all this happened long before she came to England. Her successful works had enabled her to realize a splendid income. She settled in Bologna, and mingled with personages of the highest rank. Bologna, *la grassa*, the sumptuous, the glowing, lying nestled at the foot of the Apennines, a city where every new discovery in science and the arts was hailed with enthusiasm—with its matchless galleries of art treasures, heirlooms of those patrician families which had so often given Popes to the Church, and so governed the world,—Bologna was a spot that might be regarded almost as akin to Paradise by the artist-mind;

especially as to its other attractions it added that of being famous for the hospitable virtue of "cheap living." Artemisia's father moved about restlessly from place to place; her brother, Francesco, also a painter, lived at Genoa.

Maffeo Barbarini, the Cardinal legate—a minister who controlled the secular affairs of the Church—was one of her friends and patrons—a studious man, given to writing elegant Latin verses, fond of the company of learned men, but no antiquary or pure lover of art. He was severely censured for destroying some Roman antiquities spared even by the barbarous nations when masters of the imperial Queen of the World: "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barbarini," said the famous pasquinade. Some twelve or thirteen years before her visit to England, Artemisia wrote earnestly to ask him to assist her in selling some large pictures, in order to provide with suitable pomp for the wedding of a daughter. "This burden," she emphatically calls her maternal anxiety. When Barbarini occupied the chair of St. Peter, as Urban the Eighth, she wrote asking his permission for a priest, one of her friends, to bear arms.

The glittering city contained a perfect galaxy of talent. The studios were clustered like rare jewels in a splendid casket. The Three Caracci, the dull "Ox" and his brothers, who had revived the Bolognese school and raised it to the apex of its fame, were dead—they had seen a few years only of the gay

seventeenth century; but several of their most eminent scholars, many of them natives of Bologna, had succeeded to their kingdom. There was the gentle, modest, obliging Guido, then turned fifty, perhaps not quite so superlatively handsome as in his youth, when Lodovico Caracci had habitually taken him as the model for his angels: loaded with rewards and honours from Popes, princes, cardinals, and nobles, yet trying his worst to hurry into the bitter poverty and wretchedness that killed him at last: sinking year by year into deeper shame from his unhappy passion for gambling: beset by creditors, whom he vainly strove to satisfy—often dashing off three worthless pictures in a day to raise a few paltry coins: deserted by his friends, who viewed his downward course with disgust. After her own father, he was Artemisia's instructor—always one of her warmest eulogisers. There was Domenichino, seven years Guido's junior, yet his fellow-student: mild, courteous, incapable of giving offence, yet dogged by secret enemies withering with pale envy: an accomplished musician, yet courting solitude: devoted to his art so ardently that he sketched the people in his note-book as they passed him in the street. When Artemisia had completed her studies with Guido, she sedulously studied the works of Domenichino. There was Albano, happy, bright, and cheerful, adoring his lovely wife and Cupid-like children: the scholar of Guido,

though only four years his junior; his rival, yet his friend. There was Guercino, so called from his loss of an eye, whom the pontiff had tried to fix at Rome, but whom nothing could entice from Bologna: acquiring great riches by his profession, yet an anchorite, given up to devotion, bestowing all his large earnings in charity, or in building churches and chapels, or to found hospitals; never taking up his pencil without fervent prayer: shrinking in horror from those sumptuous orgies at which his brother artists jovially "assisted," choosing rather to walk soberly every evening with the young students to whom he was a kind, self-sacrificing father.

In England, as at Bologna, Artemisia mingled in the most exclusive circles. She painted portraits of various members of the royal family, and of numerous lords and ladies. In historical painting she was quite the equal of her father, while in portraits she far excelled him.

Her style was bold and vigorous. Her own portrait she painted twice: one portrait is at Hampton Court, in the king's writing closet. Dr. Waagen, describing it as "powerful and vivid," gives an opinion that "it is in the style of Michael Angelo Caravaggio" —who died when Artemisia was nineteen: a painter remarkable for his strange, powerful, often startling effects. The other portrait is at Althorp, the seat of Earl Spencer.

The king bought several of her pictures, the best of which was "David with the head of Goliath." One of her paintings is with her portrait at Hampton Court, —a female figure representing Fame.

Artemisia and her father became intimately acquainted, as a matter of course, with all the leading fashionable artists: Vandyck, and others. Nicholas Laniere, who had come over from Italy thirty or forty years before, was supposed to entertain a very tender sentiment towards Artemisia. He was a most accomplished man, chiefly admired as a musician, though skilled as an artist and an engraver. A man of very easy conscience, if one might judge by the fact that he is regarded as the first who passed off copies for originals, by an ingenious method of manipulation. He made plenty of money—the Duke of Buckingham used to give him from three to five hundred pounds at a time, when unable to get from King James what he considered Laniere deserved. At this time he was not very young, being past sixty, some two or three and twenty years older than his beautiful countrywoman. But he was one of those fortunate mortals who carry their age lightly, and laugh at old Time. On one of his portraits, etched by himself, he wrote jauntily in Italian, "Done in my youthful age of seventy-four."

Artemisia left England about 1637—thus she could only have made a stay of some two years.

During those four and twenty months, however, she had not been idle.

Her father died ten years later, aged eighty-four. He was buried under the altar of the Queen's Chapel in Somerset House. Nicholas Laniere died at the age of eighty-one, 1646, and was buried in St. Martin's. Both had remained in this country, witnessing the storm of the Civil War, the downfall, even the imprisonment of their king, friend, and patron, though they were spared the knowledge of his painful death.

Artemisia returned to her dear sunny Bologna, where she found the friends she had left. Sometimes she would sojourn for a while at Naples, a lovelier city still, whither the wealth and taste of the noble families drew painters of all ranks and of all countries, but a place rendered unbearable for all beyond a narrow, spiteful clique. There the low-born Little Spaniard was creating his terrible, terrifying pictures: the Greek Corenzio was perpetually "slogging away," painting with his marvellous celerity—it was said he could paint faster than any other four artists together: the Neapolitan Caraccinolo was rivalling the works of the famed Annibale Caracci. All three men violent, overbearing, implacable—insulting any painter outside their own coterie with the fury, absolutely, of fiends.

On returning to Italy, it occurred to the signora to make an inquiry about her husband. Writing to the Cavalier del Posso, she observed, "Sia servita darmi

nuova della vita o morte di mio marito." It is not on record how the request was answered; perhaps the cavalier didn't know anything about her lost spouse. That was in 1637.

Several letters were found among her papers after her death. Some contained orders for gloves, some requests for favours and assistance.

Her death took place in 1642; she was then only fifty-two. Nearly all her contemporary fellow-artists died about the same time. Guido died the same year, in miserable poverty and despair, deserted by every friend, disgraced by his own folly. Domenichino had, they said, been poisoned by some of his and Guido's enemies at Naples, or else died of sheer worry and insult, 1641. Artemisia's old friend, Maffeo Barbarini, died 1644. Her brother died in 1660, at Genoa.

The life of this brilliant artist is not an edifying one; nor is it one of warning, for she was always prosperous, always on the best of terms with herself and everybody else, making plenty of money, living like a princess, admired, courted, smiled on by Pope and by king, by princes and by great masters.

Her finest painting is "Judith," in the Palazzo Pitti. "It is a picture," Lanzi remarks, "of strong colour, of a tone and intensity which inspire awe." While Mrs. Jameson denounces it as "this dreadful picture—a proof of her genius, and, let me add, of its atrocious misdirection." The "Birth of John the

Baptist" is in the Museum of Madrid: a family piece, painted with a free, bold hand. "Susannah and the Elders" is well painted, especially in the draperies.

III.

It is very shadowy guess-work, trying to piece out the history of Magdalen, Sarah, and Penelope Cleyn. They were the daughters of Francis Cleyn, and their three brothers were artists, but it is to be doubted if Magdalen or Sarah did much, if anything, in the profession.

The Cleyn family was a most interesting one, though we discern only a misty, blurred outline of the group composing it. The father was a man of great ability, originality, and unflagging energy. In his youth he had been retained in the service of Christian the Fourth, of Denmark, but went to Rome to seek for improvement. There he stayed for four years, acquiring a taste for designing grotesques. At Venice he met Sir Robert Anstruther, who recommended him to Prince Charles. He came to England while the prince was still in Spain, but King James received him very kindly. His Majesty had just given two thousand pounds towards Sir Francis Crane's manufactory of tapestry at Mortlake. Hitherto the tapestries had been worked after old patterns only. Cleyn was placed there, and supplied designs both in history

and grotesque, which carried those works to singular perfection. The king granted him a pension of one hundred pounds for life; this he enjoyed till the Civil War broke out. Such reputation did he gain that the most flattering things were said and written of him. He was called a second Titian, *miracolo del secolo*, and other complimentary epithets. "A most pious man," Mr. Evelyn pronounced him to be. As well as being employed at Mortlake, Cleyn had a house "near the church in Covent Garden." A rapid and prolific designer, he worked industriously at ceilings, frescoes, even designs for some elegant chairs, patterns for the great seal, and so on, for the king and various noblemen; designs for books of patterns for carvers, goldsmiths, and similar craftsmen. Perhaps he received rather more credit for industry than was strictly his due, as the work of one of his sons was sometimes mistaken for his.

Magdalen and Sarah were perhaps born abroad. Penelope, the youngest, was possibly born in London. Mr. Vertue, Horace Walpole tells us, saw a miniature, excellently painted, of Dorothea, youngest daughter of Richard Cromwell, a child four years old, 1668, inscribed with the initials "P. C.," which he *thought* signified Penelope Cleyn. Horace Walpole remarks, that at Burleigh was a head of Cecil, Lord Roos, 1677, with the same letters. The miniature of the baby Dorothea was "like Cooper's manner, but not so well."

Cooper was an eminent miniature painter of the same day; the first who gave the strength and freedom of oil to miniature—a Vandyck "in little."

Francis, Charles, and John, the sons of Francis Cleyn, were, Evelyn declared, "incomparable painters in miniature." All died in London. Charles died and was buried at Covent Garden, 1650.

Cleyn instructed his sons himself. He died about 1658.

The "grotesques" were, of course, not the humorous or saturnine figures of George Cruikshank, Richard Doyle, or Linley Sambourne. The term was applied by the Italians to a style in which the imagination and inventive fancy were allowed full play, unconstrained by any fixed rules of nature, truth, or probability.

Then came that dark epoch when art was sin, and a love of the beautiful, idolatry. The Interregnum. King Charles's pictures and statues, valued at near fifty thousand pounds, had been dispersed. A cloud of agents from foreign princes, amateurs from all parts of Europe, had flocked to the sale. Some of his friends and *protégés* bought a few of the paintings. Nicholas Laniere paid £250 for four. Sir Balthasar Gerbier made purchases to the amount of £350. Cromwell, even, saved a few.

Of Lord Arundel's collection, a portion was sold in

Holland, for his subsistence, the rest scattered among different members of his family. Sir Peter Lely secured many of his designs by foreign masters, and some of his pictures.

Some of Buckingham's pictures were sent over to Antwerp by Mr. Traylman, the confidential steward of the family, and sold to raise money for the maintenance of the young Duke, then in exile. Some had been stolen during "the troubles;" the greater part were bought by the Archduke Leopold, and added to his collection at Prague.

The old rage against superstitious images, which had slumbered for a while, broke out again with redoubled fury. Learning, wit, grace, beauty, were regarded as so many snares of the Evil One. What had been spared by Henry the Eighth was thrust into the fire, or put under the sledge-hammer by the Puritans. Works of art, if not idolatries and poperies, were the symbols of pride and vainglory. Special orders were given "that all pictures which had the representation of the Saviour or the Virgin Mary in them, should be burnt." What escaped fire or mallet was often demolished in the rough and ready method of being jumped on by Parliamentary soldiers accoutred with formidable jack-boots.

Then came the jocund levities of the Restoration. Many of King Charles's pictures were restored to the royal collection, which was increased to above a

thousand paintings and about a hundred works of sculpture. These treasures were distributed among the palaces of St. James, Hampton Court, Windsor, and Whitehall. Unhappily, as it proved, this latter was still the principal gallery, and contained no less than seven hundred and thirty-eight pictures, mostly by distinguished masters,—replaced only to meet utter final annihilation by the fire which consumed the old palace of Whitehall in 1697.

A reaction followed the stern severities of the Commonwealth. A new era had arisen on the ashes of the old.

CHAPTER III.

Anna Maria Carew. Elizabeth Neale. Mary More. Mrs. Boardman. Elizabeth Creed.

CHARLES THE SECOND was a very fine gentleman to look at, with his velvet doublet, his scented tresses, his plumed hat, his dainty laces, his diamond-buckled shoes. He had very fine surroundings, a romantic history, was a King, a Stuart, and a Cavalier. Yet, for all that, he was lamentably vulgar, and coarsely sensual. He used vulgar expressions, liked vulgar people and vulgar customs, so long as they had a fine veneered surface; and for literature, science, and art, he cared nothing at all, only thought it looked royal and gentlemanly to affect a lazy interest, because he had seen his father and the Grand Monarque reverence artists and literary men. When a boy, he had, with his brother, learnt drawing from Beck, as a gentlemanly accomplishment; but the

king's tastes did not incline to the studies thought proper for the prince. At the French Court he had picked up ideas of stately splendour and finished elegance. Pomp, display, parade, suited him excellently well, only he caricatured the splendour, and adopted merely a thin varnish of the elegance.

The style, the manners, the morals of his Majesty's Court do not form pleasing subject-matter for meditation. Frivolity, impurity, a criminal idleness, did not create a congenial atmosphere for art to grow in. But if art languished, none the less did artists thrive and grow rich. The king was very good-natured; he was almost prodigal in payment to the royal painters, while far too indolent, if he had sufficient judgment, to be critical.

The leading painters of the day helped to deteriorate the already vitiated taste of their courtly patrons. Art had donned a harlequin suit—there was nothing but confusion and barbarism. The golden days of Rubens and Vandyck had passed away. Verrio, the Neapolitan, who, with a regiment of followers, manufactured sprawling saints by the mile; Charles de la Fosse, the Frenchman, who was admired for all the qualities he most lacked; Benedetto Genaro, dull imitator of his uncle Guercino; the industrious Louis Laguerre, a better engraver than painter, patient admirer of his early patron, Verrio; Sir Peter Lely, "the ladies' painter," who certainly

knew how to portray beautiful sirens, yet was many degrees from being a great master, either in taste, design, or execution, but who very easily earned money enough to live like a duke, collect a gallery of pictures worth nearly thirty thousand pounds, and leave a landed estate worth nine hundred a year; Sir Godfrey Kneller, his successor, a man who might have done something entitling him to be called a master had he not been ruined by flattery and almost incredible rewards for every touch of his pencil—who practised during five consecutive reigns, scarcely rivalled, painted ten sovereigns—inordinately vain, inconceivably negligent—"where he offered one picture to fame, he sacrificed twenty to lucre, and he met with customers of so little judgment, that they were fond of being painted by a man who would gladly have disowned his works the moment they were paid for," says Walpole: but the result was, that though he lived magnificently, and lost twenty thousand pounds in the South Sea speculation, yet he left an estate of near two thousand a year;—these, and men like them, were the chief professors of the English School. Painting almost against time for the sake of money, working with the help of a cloud of inferior assistants, regarding art as a very excellent money-making and remarkably genteel business, yet lauded and courted, what wonder they sank from a divine ministry nigh unto clever craftsmanship?

The day was fast coming, when, as Reynolds said, "to name Vandyck in competition with Kneller" would be "to incur contempt."

Several Female Artists came into notice. With the exception of three, however, they were utterly obscure. Of one we have only a fleeting glimpse, in the note of a warrant granted to Anna Maria Carew, in February, 1662, for a pension of two hundred a year. Charles the Second had employed her to copy some of his pictures in miniature, and thus richly remunerated her.

Elizabeth Neale is mentioned in De Bie's "Golden Cabinet," published 1662, but he speaks of her as residing in Holland. She was a flower painter, and considered to rival the famous Zeghers; but it is not recorded whether she worked in oil or water-colours. Gerard Zeghers, or Seghers, was in London about 1641; he painted devotional subjects, in which he introduced flowers in an exquisite style. He died at Antwerp, 1651.

Mary More flits by in the same noiseless, tantalizing way. But Walpole supposes her to have been simply an amateur, painting for her own amusement. She was, he adds, the grandmother of Mr. Pitfield. Her own and her husband's portraits, by her hand, were preserved in the family. To the Bodleian library at Oxford she presented a picture, called by mistake Sir Thomas More, though evidently

a copy of Cromwell, Earl of Essex. Walpole continues: "Nay, Robert Whitehall, a poetaster, wrote verses to her, in 1674, on her sending this supposed picture of Sir Thomas More."

Mrs. Boardman is casually mentioned by Walpole; but she belongs perhaps more to the Interregnum. She copied King Charles the First's famous Titian, and was acquainted with Robert Walker, who was principally remarkable for painting the chiefs of the republican party. And that is all there is known about her.

Elizabeth Creed, born 1642, was the only daughter of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., and nearly related to the poet Dryden. She married a country gentleman of Oundle, and on his death occupied herself in painting, and gratuitously instructing young girls in fine needlework and other feminine arts. Many churches in the neighbourhood of Oundle were decorated with altar pieces and various artistic adornments from her industrious and pious hands. At Drayton, in the collection of the Earls of Peterborough, was a portrait of the first Earl of Sandwich; and Mrs. Creed's descendants possessed many portraits and some pictures by her. She died May, 1728.

CHAPTER IV.

Mary Beale.

THE leader of the little sisterhood of artists patronized by King Charles the Second was Mary Beale—a painter who claims respect, not so much for brilliant original talent as for persevering industry and conscientious study.

The daughter of Mr. Craddock, minister of Walton-upon-Thames, that charming village in Surrey, she was born in Suffolk, 1632, about the time when Anne Carlisle was painting her first pictures.

Why or wherefore, being the daughter of a country clergyman, she was trained as an artist, does not appear. Authorities differ even as to the instructor from whom she received her lessons in the art. Some boldly claim Vandyck, but as she was only nine years old at the time of his death, this assertion scarcely needs argument. Others say Sir Peter Lely. He may

have given her some finishing lessons, but he was very jealous of his method being known to any one; he would let no one see in what manner he mixed or laid on his colours, nor in what way he worked. He so dreaded rivalry in his only disciples, Greenhill and Buckshorn, that even from them he withheld his system. Those who fix on Robert Walker as Mary Craddock's teacher are most apparently in the right. At any rate, she must have studied in London. Walker was lodged in Arundel House. He had sedulously studied Vandyck's works, and in all likelihood had caught some of his method.

It is unknown when Mistress Mary Craddock married Charles Beale, son of Bartholomew Beale, Esq., of Walton, in Buckinghamshire; but possibly in 1659, when she was twenty-seven years old, for her own son Charles was born the 28th May, 1660.

As seen in her portraits, Mary Beale was by no means handsome, though pleasant and good-humoured looking, intelligent rather than intellectual in expression. A plain face, with heavy features: clever, quiet, gently beaming eyes, of the gazelle type, a large nose, a large smiling mouth, hair brushed carelessly back from the temples and falling in heavy curls, lying on a pretty rounded neck—such is a hurried outline description.

Her husband was an obscure painter, but luckily did not rely upon his nominal profession for a liveli-

hood, as he held an office under the Board of Green Cloth. He practised chemistry for the preparation of colours, and took the most affectionate interest in affairs artistic. It is not recorded when Mary Beale commenced her career as a painter. Her teacher, Robert Walker, died about 1660. Apparently she began about 1662. In a note-book belonging to her husband there are memoranda of debts paid, and of implements for painting bought, and an inventory of valuable pictures and drawings in their possession, but no account of portraits done by Mrs. Beale.

One of the most industrious of women, as all female artists have ever been, she assiduously copied every good Italian picture she could obtain, borrowing from Sir Peter Lely's and the royal collections. Among the private galleries, one of the most important was that of Sir Peter. The principal pictures were those of Vandyck, and of the twenty-six by him, twenty-three were portraits. The collection was likewise rich in drawings by the great masters, especially by Raffaelle and Michael Angelo; also in engravings.

Sir Peter Lely took the greatest interest in Mrs. Beale's progress, and admired her work very much indeed—so much, that some people declared he was in love with her; but this is not likely, for many reasons.

Sir Peter—his name was really Vander Vaes: but his father, an officer in the army, being lodged in the

house of a perfumer at the Hague, was given the name of Captain Du Lys, or Lely, from the sign over the door—Peter Lely had come to England in 1641, and succeeded Vandyck as Court painter. He admired the works of his predecessor so ardently that he gave up his former style and former subjects, and devoted himself entirely to portraiture. His success was considerable, though not equal to what he deemed his merits were entitled to. "A mighty proud man, and full of state," Pepys declares him to have been. "A well-bred gentleman, friendly and free," says Roger North. He was knighted by Charles the Second, married a beautiful Englishwoman of family, lived magnificently, in Drury Lane during the winter, at sylvan Kew in the summer time, heaped up riches, was courted, admired, treated like a prince for forty years, and snatched away by a death that some think a happy one.

Mary Beale painted in oil and water colours, and drew in crayons. Her drawing was vigorous, some styled it, complimentarily, "masculine;" her colouring clear, fresh, natural, with the excellent qualities of purity and sweetness, though some critics condemn it as "heavy and stiff," if natural—"her usual merits and faults." She had caught much of the "Italian air and style," from assiduously copying the masterpieces of foreign art. In portraits she especially excelled, and was considered little inferior to any of her con-

temporaries for "colour, strength, force, or life;" but some condemn her portraits as "weakly," wanting in expression and finish, and declare her colour to be "disagreeable," her hands ill-drawn.

Sir Peter admired and applauded her work, and often acknowledged that she "worked with a wonderful body of colour, and was exceedingly industrious." She was most anxious to discover how *he* produced his soft flesh-tints and other coveted effects. It was said she sent different friends to sit to the great Court painter, with a view to finding out these carefully cherished professional mysteries; but this is very unlikely to be true. He painted her portrait, which was lent by Sir George Handford to the first Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington. It was on a canvas twenty-nine inches by twenty-four, a half length figure in a low white dress and blue scarf.

The mild, gentle, humorous John Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was a particular friend of Mrs. Beale, and of her husband. Owing to his kindly influence, and perhaps from the fact that her father was in the ministry, she was largely patronized by the clergy. The portrait of Dr. Tillotson is the first instance of an ecclesiastic who, quitting the coif of silk, is delineated in a brown wig. Dr. Burnet sat to her, and presented her with the volumes of his "History of the Reformation," as they came out. She painted Drs. Stillingfleet, Crad-

dock, (her father?), Patrick Wilkins, Outram, and others.

The most eminent personages respected Mrs. Beale as a talented artist, an irreproachable wife, and excellent mother. Her husband was also greatly esteemed. Queen Henrietta Maria sat to Mrs. Beale; the picture was lent by Lord Arundell, of Wardour, to the first Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington, at the same time with her copy in oil of Lely's "Nell Gwynne" (lent by the Earl of Derby), and her portraits in crayons, tinted, of her two sons, Charles and Bartholomew (lent by the Rev. Dr. Wellesley), and a portrait of herself (lent by Sir Hamilton Seymour). The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Cornbury, the Countess of Derby, Sir Stephen Fox, the Duke of Newcastle, Lady Scarsdale, the Earl of Bolingbroke, Lady Dorchester, Lady Stafford, the Earl of Clare, were all portrayed by her.

As one critic tersely remarks, her portraits are now "not to be easily located," like the majority of paintings by female artists of that and much later times. Dr. Mead had Ray, the celebrated naturalist. A portrait by her of Cowley was purchased at Mr. Watson Taylor's sale for £13 10*s*. A very interesting portrait of Otway belonged to Gilbert West. Some of her pictures are at Belvoir Castle.

Her terms were five pounds for a head, and ten for a half-length, in oil, her most common method of

painting. She realized an income of over two hundred pounds a year, of which she dispensed in charity ten per cent.

Eight of her pictures are at the Earl of Ilchester's seat, Melbury-house, near Dorchester, and are generally distinguished by a stone-coloured frame, like most of her works.

Mrs. Beale sometimes essayed writing poetry. Two or three of the Psalms were paraphrased by her for the book brought out by Dr. Woodford—one of her most intimate friends. He respected her highly. In the preface to the book, he alluded to her in the most affectionate and admiring terms: "An absolutely complete gentlewoman," he styles her, "the truly virtuous Mrs. Mary Beale." He wrote several poems in her praise, as Belisa.

Her husband, in a series of some thirty small almanack pocket-books, noted down almost daily accounts of whatever related to himself, his business, or the pictures of his wife, whom he calls "my dearest heart."

These tiny volumes, with most of his papers, were bequeathed by him to Carter, a well-known colourman of the period. Some were subsequently sold to a clergyman, named Brooke. Walpole gives a detailed account of the books, and many amusing extracts. "His share Carter lent to a low painter, whose goods being seized, the pocket-books were lost;

but seven of them a friend of Vertue's met with on a stall, bought, and lent to him."

In the Bodleian library is one of these note-books, which has Lilly's "Ephemeris" prefixed. It commences April 21, 1677. It was sold from Lord Oxford's library in 1745.

In that tranquil, modest existence, the slightest event was deemed worthy of record. On an April day, in 1672, it is recorded how "Mr. Lely was here with Mr. Gibson and Mr. Skipworth, to see us, and commended very much her" (Mrs. Beale's) "coppy after our Saviour praying in the garden, etc., after Anto. da Correggio; her coppy, in little, after Endimion Porter, his lady, and three sons, he commended extraordinarily, and said (to use his own words) it was painted like Vandyke himself, in little, and that it was the best coppy he ever saw of Vandyke. Also he very well liked her two coppyes, in great, of Mr. Porter's little son Phil. He commended her other works, coppyes, and those from the life. Both he and Mr. Gibson commended her works." The latter critic was probably Richard Gibson, the dwarf.

Mr. Beale lost his father about 1671 or 1672. In one of the entries he speaks of having "pd. Mr. Thos. Burman in part, due for my honoured father and mother's monument, set up for them at Walton, in Bucks, at the expense of my brother Henry and myself, the whole cost paid in full, £45." Mr. Dalla-

way says he succeeded his father in his manor and estates of Walton, but there does not seem to be much corroborative evidence of this assertion.

He was fond of noting down anything remarkable in any artist's method of working. Sir Peter Lely knew that both husband and wife anxiously watched to find out, if possible, how he created his delicate effects, and liked to mystify them.

"1 Aug. 1672.—Dr. Tillotson sat to Mr. Lely about three hours for the picture he is doing for me, this is the fourth time, and I believe he will paint it (at least touch it) over again. His manner in the painting of this picture, this time especially, seem'd strangely different both to myself and my dearest heart, from his manner of painting the former pictures he did for us. This wee thought was a more conceited misterious scanty way of painting than the way he used formerly, which wee both thought was far more open and free, and much more was to be observed and gain'd from seeing him paint then, than my heart cou'd with her most carefull marking learn from his painting either this, or Dr. Cradock's picture of his doing for Dr. Patrick.

"Delivered up to Mr. Lely one ounce of ultramarine at £2 10*s.*, one ounce towards payment for Dr. Tillotson's picture for me.

"30 Sept.—I carry'd my two boys, Charles and Batt. to Mr. Lely's, and shewed them all his pictures,

his rare collection. . . . I have paid Mr. Lely towards the pictures of Mr. Cos. Brooke Bridges, and Dr. Tillotson, which he is doing for me, by several parcells of lake of my own makeing, which he sent for 17 Aug., 1671, and ultramarine and money, £13 12*s.*

"Received this year, 1672, moneys at interest, rents, or for colours, upon Mrs. Beale's account, £101 11*s.* Received this year for pictures done by my dearest heart, £202 5*s.*"

Then, Walpole notes, follows a list of pictures done from the life by Mrs. Beale since 1671–2, with the months in which they were painted. There were thirty-five paid for, besides several begun and not paid for.

"Jan, 1676–7.—Mr. Lely came to see Mrs. Beale's paintings, several of them he much commended, and upon observation said Mrs. Beale was much improv'd in her painting. . . . .

"Feb, 16th.—I gave Mr. Manby two ounces of very good lake of my making, and one ounce and half of pink, in consideration of the landskip he did in the countess of Clare's picture. Feb.—Borrow'd six Italian drawings out of the king's collection for my sons to practice by.

"Mon. Mar. 5th.—I sent my son Charles to Mr. Flatman's in order to his begining to learn to limme of him. The same time I sent my son's Barth.

picture done by my dearest for Charles to make an essay in water-colours. Lent my son Charles 3*l.* which he is to work out." The lad was then in his sixteenth year. Thomas Flatman was poet, painter, and lawyer. Some people admired him — others sneered at him. For a poem on the death of Lord Ossory he received a mourning ring with a diamond worth a hundred pounds. Says Mr. Oldys, epigrammatically—

> "Should Flatman for his client strain the laws,
> The painter gives some colour to the cause:
> Should critics censure what the poet writ,
> The pleader quits him at the bar of wit."

Lord Rochester laughed at him—

> "Not that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,
> Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
> And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins."

"Moneys paid my son Barth, for work, laying in the draperys of his mother's pictures, from the beginning of this year 1676–7," Mr. Beale notes. "About twenty-five half-lengths, and as many more heads lay'd in. Paid my son Charles upon the same account, near as many."

That year Mrs. Beale had such a number of portraits to paint that her income reached £429.

Being very industrious, like his wife, Mr. Beale

planned to translate several lives of painters from the Italian; but he did not carry the project into execution.

So this unassuming, busy life flowed on till Mary Beale was sixty-five. One of those happy lives, hers, full of sweetness and dignity and matronly purity, which it is next to impossible for a biographer to render "interesting." No pathos throws its romantic shadow over her—no gay humour or bright originality lights up her sober figure as she stands before her easel. The most remarkable event is some new picture begun or "finisht." The "dearest heart" of her husband, the admired mother of her "boys" and "daughter Mall," the centre of a large, appreciative circle of friends, she is only unlike thousands of other contented English wives and mothers in her distinguishing artistic talent.

She lost her "most worthy friend," Archbishop Tillotson, in 1694, when he died of palsy. Always bountiful to such profusion, that when he was in a private station he laid aside two-tenths of his income for charitable uses, and despising money so much as to leave himself nearly penniless, he bequeathed to his family no better provision than the copyright of his sermons, which was sold for two thousand guineas—"a poor sum for the widow of an archbishop," as somebody says. But the king, who had generally come to the doctor's help, gave her an annuity of four hundred

pounds the next year, with an addition of two hundred more three years after that.

The chime of the Christmas bells was in the air as Mary Beale died—December 28th, 1697, at Pall Mall. She was buried under the communion-table in St. James's Church.

There is extant a quarto volume of studies, in red chalk, of the human figure, by Mrs. Beale and her son Charles. Several by her, from nature, and copies from Vandyck and Lely, are "highly finished, and very lively, though hard, and the drawing not very correct."

Charles Beale, her son, painted both in oil and water-colours, but mostly in the latter medium. Unfortunately, he suffered from a weakness in his eyes, which hindered him from pursuing his profession as portrait painter for more than four or five years. "He lived and died over against St. Clement's, at Mr. Wilson's, a banker, who became possessed of several of his pictures for debt," says Walpole; "particularly of a double half-length of his father and mother, and a single one of his mother, all by Lely."

Bartholomew had no talent for painting, so deserted the arts to "study physic," under Dr. Sydenham, the uncle of Sir James Thornhill, the painter, and practised at Coventry, where he and his father died.

Of Mall, we learn nothing beyond the extremely simple fact that Mr. Flatman painted her portrait for

her father—at the same time with "my own," Mr. Beale notes, "father Cradock's, and the boys'," kindly "limning" the five for the moderate sum of thirty pounds.

There is an engraved portrait of Mrs. Beale, by Chambers, from a painting done by herself, in Walpole's "Anecdotes."

CHAPTER V.

Susan Penelope Rose.

A CURIOUSLY remarkable little being was Richard Gibson. There is hardly a book of "Eccentrics" to be found which does not contain a stereotyped account of him and his tiny spouse. He was hardly three feet ten inches in height, though, like most of his abbreviated fraternity, he was immoderately fond of fine clothes, and probably conceited of his diminutive person. An archery suit he considered just the style for him, and got his friend Lely to paint him so arrayed—his other friend, and instructor, Francis Cleyn, painted by somebody else, being dressed the same. Gibson was a great amateur in archery.

This dwarf, supposed to be a native of Cumberland, was in his boyhood page to a lady at Mortlake. His mistress noticed that he was clever in drawing, so

she placed him with Francis Cleyn, of the Tapestry Works, to learn properly. Being industrious, he profited by his teaching, and perfected himself by copying the pictures of the great Sir Peter Lely. Sir Peter drew him, years after, when he was forty-three, leaning on a bust.

From the service of the lady at Mortlake he was transferred to the Court, as one of the king's pages. No great house was deemed complete without the adjunct of a dwarf more or less grotesque. King James had had a dwarf, a giant, and a jester, and frequently amused himself by setting the three by the ears. King Charles had another dwarf, Jeffery Hudson, who was just one inch shorter than Richard Gibson. He had been served up in a cold pie, and presented to the newly married Queen Henrietta Maria, as a joke, and as a present, by the Duke of Buckingham. Hudson was as pugnacious as any cock-robin, and was perpetually squabbling with everybody—the courtiers, the royal domestics, above all, the king's gigantic porter. In France, whither he had attended his mistress, the queen, in her exile, he fell out with a young gentleman of high birth; a challenge ensued, and his enemy coming to the rendezvous armed only with a squirt, the manikin was so enraged, that a real duel was the consequence—an affair of pistols and coffee for two; when Jeffery, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead.

A Lilliputian sweetheart, his own height, but five years his junior, was found for Richard Gibson—one Mistress Anne Shepherd. No one has thought it worth while to leave any dates or facts about this diminutive damsel. The queen was delighted with the wedding, and promised the bride a diamond ring—a promise which was never redeemed, because the storm of the Revolution shipwrecked the royal lady.

The marriage took place in presence of the king and queen. The king gave away the bride, and Waller celebrated the nuptials in a graceful string of courtly verses.

At that time Gibson had attained much excellence as a miniature painter. He painted subjects also very well. His picture of the "Man and Lost Sheep" was much admired by the king, but it was the cause of a most unhappy catastrophe. It was confided to the charge of Vanderdort, keeper of the king's cabinet, with strict injunctions to preserve it carefully. So strictly did the unfortunate man obey orders, that when Charles asked him for the painting, it could not be found, and he hanged himself in despair. After his death his executors found and restored it.

Gibson painted his royal master's portrait, and had the honour to instruct the Princesses Mary and Anne, daughters of the Duke of York, in drawing. His chief patron was Philip, Earl of Pembroke. Thomas,

Earl of Pembroke, had the picture of the dwarfs, standing hand in hand, by Sir Peter Lely.

The tiny couple had nine children, five of whom lived to grow up. Curiously enough, these were all of the ordinary height. It is supposed that one of the sons, Edward, drew portraits in crayons.

The only one of the children, however, who attained any kind of distinction was Susan Penelope.

She was born in 1652, in London, presumably. But history says nothing of how her parents fared when the Court was scattered, the poor king dead, and the proud, yet gracious queen weeping in exile—the queen who had laughingly promised that wedding gift of a diamond ring, now crying in desolation and direst poverty.

Richard Gibson and his family lived somehow; he must have continued to paint miniatures. He instructed Susan, who afterwards earned a respectable name as one of the miniaturists of the age. She painted in water-colours with much freedom of manner. Her miniatures were larger than the ordinary size.

The young lady married a jeweller, but at what time is not on record. Probably when she was five or six and twenty.

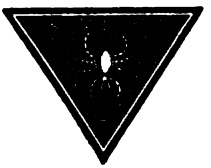
The ambassador from Morocco sat to her in 1682, at the same time that Sir Godfrey Kneller was painting his portrait in oil. There was a sale of Mr. Rose's effects in 1723, when the miniature of the ambassador

was disposed of among other properties. Bishop Burnet also sat to her in his robes as Chancellor of the Garter. This picture was afterwards owned by Horace Walpole. Mr. Henry Morgan Vane lent to the first Exhibition of National Portraits a painting by her on card, of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, copied from the original of Samuel Cooper.

Her father, Richard Gibson, died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, 1690. Susan Rose died in 1700, aged forty-eight, and was buried in Covent Garden.

Little Mrs. Gibson, *née* Shepherd, survived her husband for twenty years; she was eighty-nine years old when she died, 1709.

All we have are these dry husks of dates—scanty and unsatisfying.



CHAPTER VI.

Anne Killigrew.

A BEAUTY, a wit, a verse-writer, an agreeable painter, maid of honour to a royal duchess standing next the throne, almost perfect in character, sweet and gracious in her manner —such is a rough pen-and-ink outline of the charming Anne Killigrew.

The Killigrew family, now extinct, was of venerable Cornish extraction, ever distinguished for loyalty and for talent. They were connected with the royal house by the marriage of Mary, daughter of Sir William Killigrew, with Frederic of Zulestein, illegitimate son of Henry, Prince of Orange. The three sons of Sir Robert Killigrew, of Hanworth, were all remarkable men at Court. William, the eldest, had suffered much during the Civil War, "both in purse and person;" in recompense, he received, after the

Restoration, the honour of knighthood, and the post of vice-chamberlain. He was fond of play-writing, and his pieces were popular in their day. When he grew old and world-weary, he wrote an essay on the instability of human happiness.

Thomas, the second brother, was page to Charles the First, and accompanied the Prince of Wales into exile. When the King "came to his own again," Thomas Killigrew was appointed one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. A gentleman of a facetious disposition, and full of oddities, he was nicknamed the Court buffoon, and King Charles' jester. By the liveliness of his temperament, and the laxity of his general behaviour, he was not unfrequently led into dilemmas, if not indeed downright discredit. When, in 1651, he was appointed resident at Venice, the Venetians were so scandalized at his irregularities, that they drove him out of the Republic, and a complaint was preferred against him to Charles the Second, at Paris, by their ambassador. From Venice he sent over a company of Italian singers—among them a youth named Francisco Corbetta, whose performance on the guitar was much admired and patronized by the king. The guitar was thus introduced to London society, and it became a mania to play on it; the instrument was then an indispensable addition to a lady's toilette, like her rouge and patch-box. With his royal master Killigrew was on the easiest of terms,

his almost inseparable companion, allowed access to his presence when men of the highest dignity were refused. Despite his own eccentricities and peculiar habits of thought, he considered that the sovereign was bound to behave with propriety, and sometimes undertook to admonish him after a fashion. One morning, happening to be reading a volume of his own very stupid plays, which he had taken up from the window-seat while his Majesty was shaving—"Ah, Killigrew," said the king, "what will you say at the last day, in defence of all the idle words in that book?" To which Killigrew replied, that he would give a better account of his "idle words" than the king would be able to give respecting his idle promises, and "more idle patents," which had undone more than ever his book did. Another day he went into the king's apartments, dressed like a pilgrim about to start off on a long journey. His Majesty wonderingly asked "Whither he was going?" "To hell," Killigrew coolly answered, "to fetch Oliver Cromwell to take care of England, as his successor takes none at all." His highly popular company of Italian singers, who performed in dialogue and recitative, with accompaniments, excited great admiration at Court. To his energy and enterprise we owe the first serious essay towards the foundation of English opera. To Sir William Davenant, another eccentric notability of the period, and to Sir Thomas Killigrew, were granted

patents for two companies—the Duke's Servants, and the King's Servants. The history of these rival companies is exceedingly interesting, but too lengthy and irrelevant to touch upon.

Said Denham, sneeringly—

> "Had Cowley ne'er spoke, and Killigrew ne'er writ,
> Combined in one they'd made a matchless wit."

Dr. Henry Killigrew was the youngest of the three brothers. As a boy of seventeen he wrote a tame tragedy called the "Conspiracy," which Ben Jonson and Lord Falkland praised. When it was acted at the Black Fryars some cavillers ridiculed the sentiments of Cleander, a youth in the play, saying that so much discretion and good sense would better suit a person of thirty. Lord Falkland replied that it was by no means unnatural for Cleander "to speak at that rate," as "he that made him speak in that manner was the while himself only seventeen." He was given a stall as prebendary in Westminster Abbey, from which he was expelled by the Parliament.

Anne was the daughter of Dr. Henry, who had several sons and daughters. She was born in 1660, shortly before the Restoration, in St. Martin's Lane. That street, now given up to retail dealers in pickles, cigars, china and glass, stationery, pastry, and the like prosaic commodities, was then, we know, an ultra fashionable place, and artistic recollections crowd every

step, as literary associations hustle over one another in Fleet Street. Half a dozen pages would scarce contain the most rapid notes of all the celebrities who have lived and died in St. Martin's Lane from the days when it was called the West Church Lane to the era when the first Royal Academicians went to and fro along its flagstones. The rash, ill-fated Vanderdort, keeper of King Charles the First's pictures, resided here; also Mytens, the Dutch painter, Vandyck's predecessor, afterwards his friend; Sir John Suckling; Sir Kenelm Digby, the handsomest, most accomplished cavalier, the oddest man, dabbler in judicial astrology and alchymy, statesman, courtier, philosopher—"prudent, valiant, just, and temperate" —one of the most ardent picture collectors of his time, who was said to have accidentally poisoned his superlatively lovely wife in trying to make her beautiful for ever with a marvellous elixir. But the list is a long one, of the various wits, song-writers, artists, and leaders of society who peopled this favoured region.

Owing to the strict orders against the offices of the Common Prayer, Anne was christened in a private chamber.

As a child, she showed signs of a lively genius, which were not neglected by her father. Of her mother we learn nothing. Neither do we hear the name of the teacher who instructed Mistress Anne in painting.

When General Monk had altered the existing state of affairs, Dr. Henry Killigrew was restored to his stall in Westminster Abbey, and made Master of the Savoy. That quaint, picturesque old palace, hidden in congeries of warehouses, offices, and manufactories on the south side of the Strand, tempts to another digression—its history is so interesting, so chequered, its desolation so pitiful, its downward career so sad, from ancient splendour to deserted loneliness. The mastership was simply a discreditable sinecure, reflecting little honour on its holder. The palace had been rebuilt and endowed by Henry the Seventh, as a hospital for one hundred poor people. The sick and wounded in the Dutch war of 1666 were lodged within its gates.

A place as maid of honour to the Duchess of York was obtained for Mistress Anne. The beautiful, tender-hearted Mary Beatrice of Modena—so sensitive that she wept when called to the throne by the death of her kindly, jocund brother-in-law, so religious and virtuous as to gain the respect of the most worthless in a vicious circle—loving, pure, graceful as an antique goddess—was a mistress to gain the affections of a lovely young creature full of imaginative fancies, herself "a Grace for beauty and a Muse for wit." The enthusiastic gifted girl had at least one congenial companion among the other maids of honour—Anne Kingsmill, who wrote and published a volume of poems.

Many years before, when Anne Killigrew was a child of six or eight, Harry Killigrew, her cousin, son of her uncle Thomas, had been in the service of the Duke of York. Pepys, in his gossiping way, gives a few incidental sketches of this young fellow—a bit of a scapegrace, apparently, and as queer and wild as his father. Twice Harry fell into terrible trouble, each time appearing as the hero of a story with the utmost disadvantage. The first time, 1666, he spoke with such coarse freedom of Lady Castlemaine, that she rushed to the king in a fury, and made him send to the Duke of York to ask him to dismiss young Killigrew. The duke, Pepys says, "takes it ill of my lady that he was not complained to first; she attended him to excuse it; but ill-blood is made by it." A year after, he was thrashed at the Duke's Playhouse by the Duke of Buckingham, who took away his sword, and made him cry like a craven for his life. "And I am glad of it," Pepys declares, as if rubbing his hands; "for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well. I heard something of this at the 'Change to-day; and it is pretty to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham as one that will enquire into faults; and therefore they mightily favour him." Harry Killigrew ran off to France, but came back again very soon—"a rogue," Pepys calls him; and immediately on his return (1669)

he got into fresh trouble for bragging falsely that he was a favoured lover of Lady Shrewsbury. Her ladyship sat in her "coach with six horses," to see him belaboured by her footmen; but the men rather overdid their task, and he was dangerously wounded in nine places.

The duchess, although firmly attached to her own church, never attempted to disturb the religion of those about her. Even with her ladies, most of whom she loved, she never interfered, though some of them, like Anne Killigrew, were members of the English communion. Anne admired intensely the classical majestic loveliness of her royal mistress, and painted her picture as a very labour of love.

Of the inner life of this charming, industrious, gentle maid of honour, we see nothing. No tender hand has mirrored it, as Evelyn pictured the short life of that other fair young court beauty, Margaret Godolphin. Much was said of her wit, while no one thought it worth while to make the most trifling memorandum of even a solitary repartee or spontaneous flash of pleasantry. It is certainly a remarkable fact that—with the exception of one or two queens, some leading literary women and actresses, and a few of the most distinguished heroines—the historians, the letter-writers, the biographers, even the diarists, have been persistently mute regarding the sayings and everyday doings of eminent Englishwomen. Scarcely

a witty phrase, an illustrative incident, a trait beginning with the familiar "One day," has been hastily jotted down. Of her female artists, the muse of English history has been curiously reticent. We feel as if in presence of a circle of wax models; we see the outward form, may chance to come upon traces of much extolled work, but the difficulty is to discover what the silent, toiling student, seated tranquilly in front of her easel, is really like, even if we are told she was one of the wittiest and most delightful of women. A dusty niche in a dry "Biographical Dictionary," or "Memoirs of Learned Ladies," does not enable us to believe in them as realities.

Her portrait, done by herself, represents Anne Killigrew as very handsome. An elegant, if rather thin figure, dressed in the picturesque fashion of the time; an oval face; square, somewhat heavy eyebrows; clear, frank eyes; a straight nose; perfectly formed, smiling mouth; firm rounded chin; long curling hair, worn negligently. Her portrait by Sir Peter Lely has a pleasing expression, though the air has been criticized as being "slightly prim." The dress is low-necked, as in her own, with beads, and a mantle is fastened at the breast with a brooch. Curls cluster round the face, the back hair is loose and flowing. Becket executed a miniature of her in mezzotint, after her own painting. This was prefixed to her poems.

She painted the portrait, not only of her mistress, but that of the Duke of York. These portraits were very much admired. In pictures of still life she excelled. Three of her paintings she has recorded in her own poems — "St. John in the Wilderness," "Herodias with the head of St. John," and "Diana's Nymphs." At Admiral Killigrew's sale, 1727, were six pictures painted by her—"Venus and Adonis," a "Satyr playing on a Pipe," "Judith and Holofernes," a "Woman's Head," the "Graces dressing Venus," and her own portrait.

"These pictures," says Vertue, "I saw, but can say little."

Of course, the presumption is that she painted only for her own amusement, and the gratification of her friends. The style of Sir Peter Lely she imitated with acknowledged success. Dryden, in his famous Ode, written after her death, speaks with almost ecstatic admiration of her portraits of the Duke and Duchess of York. Several of her historical paintings are still in existence, but it is hard to say where they may be placed.

This fair and promising young lady was only five and twenty when she was seized with that pitiless disorder, the small-pox. She died, June 16, 1685, at her father's lodging within the cloister of Westminster Abbey, to the unspeakable grief of her father, mother, sisters, and brothers, and all who were acquainted

with the beauty and sweetness and deep piety of her innocent character.

They laid her in St. John the Baptist's Chapel, in the Savoy, on the north side, and raised to her memory a monument of marble and freestone, inscribed with a Latin epitaph, setting forth her accomplishments, virtues, and piety. On the eastern wall, near the altar-piece, was a beautiful ornamental recess, on the back of which effigies were engraved in brass. Near this was a small tablet to Anne Killigrew.

This small, unpretentious chapel, with its rich-coloured ceiling, its altar window, its tabernacle work at the east end, held "a silent congregation of illustrious dead"—historical personages all of more or less interest. It was destroyed in 1864 by a fire originating in an explosion of gas, but was afterwards rebuilt, being now all that remains to bear witness of that old palace with its strangely chequered story.

The year after Anne Killigrew's death, a thin quarto volume of about one hundred pages, containing her poems, and with her portrait and an ode by Dryden, was published. This ode to her memory was much admired by some good judges, though ridiculed by Horace Walpole, who remarks, sarcastically, "The rich stream of his numbers has hurried along with it all that his luxuriant fancy produced in its way; it is an harmonious hyperbole, composed of the fall of Adam, Arethusa, Vestal Virgins, Diana, Cupid, Noah's

Ark, the Pleiades, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and the last assizes." Anthony Wood assures us that Dryden has said nothing of the lovely Anne Killigrew "which she was not equal to, if not superior," adding that, "if there had not been more true history in her praises than compliment," her father would never have suffered them to pass the press. Dr. Johnson pronounced the ode "the noblest our language has produced."

It is far too long for quotation. One of the verses in the Latin inscription says:—

"Though much excellence she did show,
And many qualities did know,
Yet this, alone, she could not tell,
To wit, *how much she did excell.*
Or if her worth she rightly knew,
More to her modesty was due,
That parts in her no pride could raise
Desirous still to merit praise,
But fled, as she deserv'd, the bays,
Contented always to retire.
Court glory she did not admire:
Although it lay so near and fair,
Its grace to none more open were:
But with the world how should she close,
Who Christ in her first childhood chose?"

Three portraits have been published of Anne Killigrew: one in her volume of poems, one a scarce mezzotinto, one in Walpole's "Anecdotes."

CHAPTER VII.

Maria Varelst.

MARIA VARELST was a painter of historical subjects, and of portraits both large and small, in oils. Like so many of her artistic sisters, she understood music; she was an unusually gifted linguist, speaking with fluency Latin, German, Italian, and other languages; and she was strikingly handsome,—by no means a rare attribute of lady artists.

She was born, 1680, at Antwerp: the daughter of Herman, and niece of that "crack-brained," inordinately conceited Dutch flower painter, Simon Varelst, who called himself, inflatedly, the God of Flowers. The Duke of Buckingham patronized Simon Varelst. but could not resist a little joke at his expense. Knowing his absurd vanity, he persuaded him to attempt

portraits, and sat for the experimental one. When the picture was done, the head was so smothered in exquisitely painted fruits and flowers, that King Charles the Second supposed it to be a flower-piece. Everybody laughed; but what began in jest ended in earnest, for Varelst suddenly found himself a famous portrait painter, able to command over a hundred guineas for a likeness, and Sir Peter Lely retired indignantly to Kew. Varelst asked and obtained prices such as had never been heard of before in this country. He declared that one work, on which he had laboured for twenty years, concentrated all the beauties and excellencies of Raffaelle, Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck. Pepys speaks with ecstasy of one picture. "One Evarelst (Varelst) did show me a little flower-picture of his drawing, the finest thing I ever saw in my life, the drops of dew hanging on the leaves, so as I was forced again and again to put my finger on it to feel whether my eyes were deceived or not. He do ask £70 for it. I had the vanity to bid him £20 for it." Varelst's portraits were all laboured, and finished with the same careful delicacy as his fruits and flowers. If Sir Peter Lely was "a mighty proud man, full of state," Varelst was insolent and overbearing. He chose to keep his hat on when Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury came one day to sit. "Don't you know me?" said the peer. "Yes," replied the painter, coolly; "you are my Lord Chancellor. And don't you know *me*? I am Varelst.

The king can make any man chancellor, but he can make nobody a Varelst." Shaftesbury was deeply offended, and transferred his patronage to Greenhill. At last Varelst fairly went out of his mind. He presented himself at Whitehall, and said he wanted to converse with the king for two or three hours; being denied, he said, "He is King of England, I am King of Painting. Why should not we converse together familiarly?" They were obliged to shut him up for a while, but he was ultimately released, more or less cured, shortly before his death.

A curious anecdote is related by Descamps, illustrative of Maria's proficiency in languages. During her residence in London, when once at the theatre, she sat near to six German gentlemen of high rank, who were so struck with her beauty and air, that they expressed their admiration in the most high-flown terms which their native language could supply. Mademoiselle Varelst spoke to them in German, saying with some severity, that such extravagant praise in the presence of any lady conveyed no real compliment. One of the party immediately repeated his encomium in Latin. She replied to him, in the same language, "that it was unjust to endeavour to deprive the fair sex of the knowledge of that tongue which was the vehicle of true learning."

With increased admiration, they then requested that they might pay their personal respects to her,

when she told them "that she was a paintress by profession, and that she lived under the protection of Varelst, the flower painter, who was her uncle." The gentlemen called; each sat for his portrait, and gave her most liberal remuneration. This circumstance, it was said, proved the means of introducing her into the best society.

Maria Varelst (some write Verelst) came to England from Vienna, with her father, when only six years old, remaining here till her death.

She had a brother Cornelius, a painter. Her subjects were portraits and "history" pieces, mostly small. She died in London, 1744, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew, Holborn. Her father died in London, 1700. Simon Varelst died, 1710, in Suffolk Street.

Art was about one of the last subjects on which King James the Second had leisure or inclination to bestow attention during the four stormy years of his unhappy reign. He patronized Kneller, and a few other artists, however, men who had achieved celebrity in his brother's time. One almost of the concluding anecdotes of his troubled sovereignty shows him sitting for his portrait to Sir Godfrey, the picture being intended as a present to Pepys. Word was brought to the king of the landing of the Prince of Orange. Naturally, the artist was confounded,

and threw down his brush. "Go on, Kneller," said James, with the calmness of a great despair; "go on and finish your work; I wish not to disappoint my friend Pepys."

As for the phlegmatic, ultra-sensible Dutchman, William, all the studios and picture galleries in the civilized world might have been reduced to ashes, without much disturbing the even tenour of his tranquil meditations, directed towards affairs of a very different nature.

Sir James Thornhill was the first to re-kindle the dying embers. He flattered himself that he revived historic painting in England; and he certainly, in conjunction with Sir Godfrey Kneller, commenced a school for drawing the human figure, at his house in Covent Garden—even proposed the foundation of a Royal Academy. But the "inventor and maker" of the British school was yet to come. Good Queen Anne smiled on the handsome and agreeable Sir James, and commissioned him to paint in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral the history of its patron saint; and her Majesty also nominated him her first history painter. He was the successor of Verrio and the rival of Laguerre, but was not so fortunate as either of those painters in obtaining lavish rewards, nor in being paid the shabby sums for which he agreed to do his work, at so much per square yard. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, he left a con-

siderable fortune. Queen Anne was very kind to Kneller, too, and gave him a gentlemanly office about her royal household; but she was not more interested in pictures or painters than the Queen Regnant who had preceded her. The last days of the Stuarts cast a dull gloom over the prospects of native artists, who were thoroughly discouraged by lack of appreciative sympathy.

We pass with averted eyes the detestable figure of that sombre, wicked, stupid old man, the First of the Georges—one of whose few dim virtues is that he never plays the hypocrite, nor affects any liking for purity, grace, beauty, or honesty: who rarely speaks, unless it is to vent his spleen on the son whom he hates with such malignity, or to revile his son's wife, "cette diablesse, madame la princesse," or to advise his grumbling cook to steal, "like the rest, and be sure to take enough," or to growl laments that he has relinquished a nice little electorate to become "a begging king," or to chuckle cynically over Sir Robert Walpole's complaints against the Hanoverians for selling places, or to assure himself, "I have nothing to fear, for all the king-killers are on my side." A slave to his besotted vices; irritated by the strange ways and strange language of this "very odd country;" generous to no one but his favourites and his hideous mistresses, who ruled him; amused only by *niaiseries;* insupportably supercilious;

the one trace of any latent spark of ideality being a true German ear for music, and a respectful admiration for the genius of Handel.

A cold, uninviting centre-point of an essentially ungrateful period. Art had degenerated into an abyss painful to contemplate. Sir Godfrey, for the sake of money, permitted "the wretched daubings of hired substitutes" to pass for his work, hardly taking the trouble of catching the likeness of the persons who sat to him. Grace, beauty, drawing, good colour, finish, propriety, even appropriate costumes and draperies, were things of the past. A few indifferent portrait painters "flourished" and made money, but the most lucrative branch of the profession was the decoration of public buildings, palaces, and large mansions.

CHAPTER VIII.

Anne, Princess of Orange. Princess Caroline. Agatha Vandermijn. Sarah Hoadley.

HIS most excellent Majesty, the Second George, did not affect elegant tastes. He hated PAINTING as much as he abhorred POETRY. A fussy, choleric, valorous little man, deplorably dull when not scribbling off bushels of sentimental letters, or tearing around in a fuming passion, kicking his coat and wig about, and calling everybody ugly names. Nature had not wasted many superfluous fine feelings in his composition. Cynical, coarse, selfish, and self-engrossed, he was not a likely patron of art in any shape or form. Nearly all his thoughts revolved round the pleasing subject of his own personal comfort and convenience. He detested his eldest son as he had been detested by his father; but he adored his wife, though other people laughed at her, as at him, and

called her "a prating queen," "that fat beast," and other uncomplimentary epithets. His spouse, to be sure, took great pains to suit and to flatter him; he averred he never saw woman worthy to buckle her shoe, and was apt to crow in the sublime satisfaction of being unfettered by marital leading-strings. "Ha! ha!" he would brag. "You see how much I am governed by my wife, as they say I am! Ha! ha! It is a fine thing to be governed by one's wife!" He declared, "I did not love my children when they were young; I hated to have them running into my room" —though Mr. Thackeray says he cried when his terrible father, having bundled him and "cette diablesse" out of doors, kept his little family from him. "So strutting a king" was a good deal derided behind his august back, and as he cared for nobody's opinion, nobody cared for his.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, was amongst those men of rank and fashion who, during the first half of the eighteenth century, set the mania of connoisseurship going. Several rich amateurs had already commenced laying the foundation of those magnificent collections which still form the most highly prized art treasures of the country. The Duke of Marlborough began the Blenheim collection. Sir Robert Walpole gathered a large collection at Houghton, which was, after his death, purchased by the Empress Catherine, and transferred to St. Petersburgh: though, happily, some of

the finest Vandycks had been sold previously to the Duke of Devonshire, and yet remain at Chatsworth, empannelled in the dining-room. The Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, Hamilton; the Marquises of Lansdowne and Bute; the Earls of Pembroke, Exeter, Leicester, Warwick, Spencer, Burlington, Radnor, Egremont; Sir Robert Page, Sir Paul Methuen, Sir Luke Schaub; Dr. Mead; the choleric, fabulously wealthy Mr. Child, and Mr. Hoare, the bankers; Field-Marshal Wade, General Guise, Richardson, the painter; —the list of amateur collectors is a long one. Unfortunately, those enthusiastic treasure finders began to fix their galleries at their country seats, where they were inaccessible to the ordinary student.

Picture buying became a recognised stamp of taste and fortune. The picture dealers reaped a golden harvest by the mania. They imported or manufactured mock Titians, forged Raffaelles, spurious Corregios; renamed every old Italian painting with some high-sounding master's name; dubbed every hard dry German picture a Holbein. For some rubbishing copy, craftily put forward as an original of priceless value, an unscrupulous seller would often obtain from an ignorant purchaser a sum that would represent one year's income of a large estate. No doubt it was creditable to the wealthy and foolish followers of an elegant and exclusive amusement to squander time, money, and temper on Italian and Dutch pictures,

good, bad, and very indifferent, rather than on horses, diamonds, ombre, and spadille; but it was merely a whim, and they were freely laughed at by the wits of the day. The higher, grander masters were not much relished: nor did even the first works of the second-rate painters find much favour in the eyes of these picture buyers, who openly or secretly applauded and imitated the gentleman who sent for a painter to "wig his Vandycks." The masters of the period when art was declining in Italy were brought into notice, and made much of.

The amateurs were likewise ardent in collecting drawings.

Portrait painting was still, as it ever remained, a remunerative business, but did not, in the hands of Greenhill, Jervas, Richardson, Dahl, and some of their *confrères*, maintain the dignity it had acquired from the devotion of Vandyck, or even the tender adoration of Lely. The examples left by these masters glowed serenely fair, but vainly, from the walls of many a country house. It must be admitted that, thus withdrawn from sight, they were lost to artists, who were deprived of the advantage of studying their beauties.

Anne, Princess Royal, eldest daughter of his Majesty, George the Second, was a very accomplished, if excessively proud and insolent, young lady. Her

plump little hand had been well trained in various elegant studies; music was a passion with her—at least, she could play on the harpsichord, and took a lively interest in the famous Wars of the Operas, naturally enlisting on the side of her old music-master, Handel. She gained much credit as an artist, drawing with some skill in crayons.

The princess was only five years old when (1714) she came to England in the train of her grandfather, then newly become king—a most arrogant and imperious young person always: ambitious, too, and casting a sullen eye on the brothers who by right of birth excluded her from a throne. "I would die to-morrow to be queen to-day," she once told her mother. Nobody loved her. Like most young ladies, she was in a great hurry to be married. When she was sixteen, there was a talk of marrying her to the young heir of the French crown, but that scheme fell through. As she verged towards her twenty-fifth year, and found nobody coming to woo, she became more and more fidgety and impatient. Shut out from the throne of England by her brothers, debarred the diadem of France by the burning question of religious differences, it was hard to find a spouse for her. Lord Hervey was sent to look at the Prince of Orange, a young fellow of two and twenty. He came back, and reported that the prince was not amiss as to face, but that he was short, little better than a dwarf as to

figure, had a disagreeable breath, a wry neck, and a halt in his gait. "I don't care how ugly he may be," said Anne. "If he were a Dutch baboon, I would marry him." She was rather pretty herself, excessively fair, but fat, and marked with the small-pox. The king laughed in spite of his vexation. "Nay, then, have your way," said he, "have your way; you will find baboon enough, I promise you." Lord Hervey asked the queen a little while after, if the young lady was not a trifle flurried about her intended husband. The queen laughed, though she did not like the match, and said, "No; she was in her apartments at her harpsichord, with some of the Opera people." The Princess Caroline laughed, though a great sentimentalist, and ever after, in allusion to the "baboon" speech, called the prince "The Animal."

Many uncomfortable hitches deferred the wedding, but her Royal Highness astonished everybody by steadily wearing the same masked face—never even asking how the poor Animal was, when he fell dangerously ill, never expressing either joy or sorrow. The marriage (1734) was a grand affair: robes of cloth of gold, dresses of silver tissue—the bride's train six yards long, borne by nearly a dozen dukes' and earls' daughters—a brilliant display, all a-glitter with eighteenth-century splendour. The young people immediately concerned—the princess, her Serene husband, her sisters, and her brother Frederick, who

was rather vexed because Anne was married before himself—went about amusing themselves for some days after. The bridegroom was much liked for his pleasant manners and friendly, affable bearing.

Among other places, the royal party visited the studio of Heromen Vandermijn, in Cavendish Square.

Vandermijn was a Dutchman, the son of a clergyman. He had come over, 1719, some say at the recommendation of General Lord Cadogan—others, at that of a rich merchant, named Burroughs. A great favourite at Court, the late King George, with the Prince and Princess of Wales (now the sovereign and his consort), had "answered" at the font as sponsors for his son Frank. Poor man, he lost this boy, "a hopeful lad," at the age of sixteen: the youth was among those skaters who were killed by the breaking of the ice at Marylebone, at the end of the great frost, 1740. Vandermijn was a clever artist, but carried to excess the laborious minuteness of the Dutch school. The details of lace, embroidery, fringes, even the threads of stockings, he copied with almost distressing fidelity. This Chinese precision gained for him the reputation of being an admirable painter, but of course he worked so slowly as to be left behind in the race for riches by his more rapid, if slatternly, contemporaries. Yet he needed money: he had made an imprudent match, had eight children, and was as extravagant as he was rapacious. He was

considered to have distinguished himself chiefly in history.

Agatha Vandermijn, his sister, had come over with him. She painted fruit, flowers, and dead game —"dead fowls," Horace Walpole says. Then, the muse of history, having carelessly scribbled her name, tells nothing more about her.

The Prince of Orange was so much pleased with Vandermijn's pictures, that he ordered a whole length portrait of himself, to be represented in the robes of the Garter. The portrait was painted in one of the apartments allotted to the princesses in St. James's Palace, and was so successful that the Prince of Wales was induced to sit for his picture. In the course of the necessary visits, Prince Frederick became so much attached to Vandermijn that, as a special mark of favour, he persuaded the Princess of Orange to draw his likeness in crayons. It is said (by Pyne) that her Royal Highness performed her task "with delicate and masterly execution."

The princess went away, but came running home again in three months, and was very cross when her royal mamma told her she must go away to her husband. The young wife cried. It was too bad. The Handel excitement was at its height, and she was intensely interested. There was that delightful creature, Farinelli, and that charming Senesino, and all the rest of those sweet warblers. But she was

obliged to go. and so, telling Lord Hervey to look after her interests at the Opera, she departed.

The Princess Caroline, second and loveliest daughter of his Majesty, was also an artist, also fond of music, a patroness of the Opera, remarkable for being well versed in all female accomplishments; "one of the most excellent of women," she is called by Walpole, a man slow to praise. Her father and mother loved Caroline, and were proud of her. When any little dispute took place among their children, they would say, "Send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth."

As we take a parting glimpse of the beautiful Caroline, what a spectral figure meets the gaze! what a contrast to the pretty young girl who went with the bridal party to Vandermijn's studio! A solitary invalid, self-immured in two prison-like chambers, shut off from all sights and sounds of the brilliant world without, slowly dying of that unhappy, misplaced passion which blighted her life, longing for death—her ordinary expression when urged to do things against her will, "I would not do it to *die!*" She had learnt to hate that brother who had formed one of the laughing group assembled to see Anne draw the courtly painter—"that nauseous beast," her mildest name for him, joining her mother in daily hoping that God would strike him dead with apoplexy, declaring him capable of any crime, even of murdering those whom he caressed.

The Princesses Mary and Louisa also studied drawing, under the instruction of Bernard Lens, an admirable painter in miniature, whose chief excellence lay in copying the works of great masters, especially Rubens and Vandyck, imitating their colouring most successfully. This artist was painter to the Crown, by the title of "enameller." He published some views and drawing books.

Of Sarah Hoadley's history we glean little. Her maiden name was Curtis: she was a disciple of Mrs. Beale, and a portrait painter by profession. She had the good fortune to be wooed and wedded by that most excellent prelate, Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester. The bishop was twice married; by his first wife he had five children, by the second none. It seems probable that Miss Curtis was the second. She died in 1743. The bishop lived for eighteen years after, and was eighty-five when he died, being thus sixty-seven when he lost her.

Most of his biographers agree in bearing witness that Dr. Hoadley was a good and conscientious man. Thackeray, however, sneers at him in passing, accusing him of having "cringed his way from one bishopric to another." But others speak of his having been shabbily and unjustly treated. The king, the queen, and Sir Robert Walpole cordially hated him: his Majesty did not utter one word when he kissed the royal hand and did homage. "A pretty fellow for a friend!" the

king growled, marching up and down the queen's sitting-room one evening, and glaring at Lord Hervey. "Pray, what is it that charms you in him?—his pretty limping gait"—and then he mimicked the bishop's lameness,—"or his nasty stinking breath?—phaugh! —or his silly laugh, when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth? Or is it his great honesty that charms your lordship?—his asking a thing of me for one man, and, when he came to have it in his own power to bestow, refused the queen to give it to the very man for whom he had asked it? Or do you admire his conscience, that makes him now put out a book that, till he was Bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preferment, he kept locked up in his chest? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury (for this book, I hear, was written so long ago); or was it that he would not risk losing a shilling a year more whilst there was something better to be got than what he had? My lord, I am very sorry you choose your friends so ill; but I cannot help saying, that if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy and a very dull fellow and a great rascal for your friend. It is a very pitiful thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour to much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the Government that has showed them that favour; and

very modest in a canting hypocritical knave to be crying '*the Kingdom of Christ is not of this world,*' at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives six or seven thousand a year; but he is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the Government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to receive favours from the Crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power." The queen, who was knotting, "smiled and nodded in proper places."

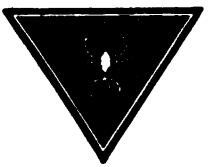
But the bishop has been admired for his strong intellect, clear perception, forcible powers of argument, and plain practical sense, firmness, zeal, and sturdy independence.

On her happy marriage, Sarah Curtis gave up her profession, continuing to paint only as an amateur, for her own amusement. Her portrait of the bishop was engraved by Faithorne. "If we may judge of her talents by the print from her portrait of Whiston," says Walpole, "the art lost as much as she gained;"—adding, "but ostentation was below the simplicity of character that ennobled that excellent family." In the library at Chatsworth, in a collection of poems, was one addressed by a lady to Mrs. Sarah Hoadley, on her good painting. But her art was weak, heavy in expression and colour.

Although always engaged in lively theological

disputes, Bishop Hoadley passed a tranquil life until, at the age of eighty, he was unexpectedly disturbed through a villainous attempt by a French priest to defraud him of about eight thousand pounds, having forged a note against him.

On the death of the bishop's son John, a clergyman, the name of Hoadley became extinct.



CHAPTER IX.

Elizabeth Blackwell.

ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, and her husband, Alexander Blackwell, were natives of Aberdeen. They got married secretly, and then ran away to London, where they settled. Alexander soon obtained employment as corrector of the press, with Mr. Wilkins, a well-known printer. Afterwards he was enabled to commence business himself as a printer, and took a large house in the Strand. But his rivals brought an action against him for not having served a regular apprenticeship. An unsuccessful defence ruined the poor fellow. He lost every penny he had, and was thrown into prison by one of his creditors, in 1735.

Penniless, imprisoned, he would have been in a dreadful strait for the absolute necessaries of life, had

not his young wife risen equal to fighting the battle of life for him, herself, and their child.

She could draw flowers carefully, and with taste. Aware that there was an acknowledged want of a good herbal, she calmly determined to try her fortune in planning and executing one. She established herself and child in a house near the Garden of Medicinal Plants at Chelsea, to have the advantage of obtaining the necessary flowers and plants in a fresh state as she required them. Not only did she make drawings of the flowers, but engraved them on copper, and when printed, coloured them herself. Her husband aided her so far as writing the Latin names of the plants, together with a short description of their principal characteristics, chiefly taken, by permission, from Millar's "Botanicum Officinale."

The first volume of this large folio work appeared in 1737. It contained some two hundred and fifty plates, each representing a distinct flower or plant, faithfully and characteristically done, though not perhaps with that delicate minuteness now required.

The greatest interest was felt in the progress of this laborious task, undertaken as it was by a patient, uncomplaining woman, from a most praiseworthy motive. Many persons of highest rank and learning visited her at Chelsea, and gave her every encouragement—Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Mead, Mr. Thomas Millar, and others. On the completion of the first

volume, the College of Physicians publicly distinguished her industry and ability by a handsome present, as well as a testimonial, signed by the president and censors of the institution, characterizing her work as "most useful," and recommending it to the public.

Elizabeth Blackwell had the joy of releasing her husband by the successful result of her anxious toil. He went to reside at Chelsea with her, and was afterwards employed by the Duke of Chandos in superintending some agricultural operations at Cannons.

The second volume of Mrs. Blackwell's book appeared in 1739. It contained two hundred and fifty plates. The drawings are for the most part accurate; the style of the engraving, though hard, is quite equal to that of the average engraving of the period. The five hundred plates were all done within four years.

"For the most complete set of drawings of medicinal plants," says Dr. Pulteney, "we are indebted to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion that redounded highly to her praise."

Alexander Blackwell had probably been beguiling the tedium of his imprisonment by writing a work, which was published at this time—one on agriculture, which attracted the favourable attention of the Swedish ambassador. That minister sent a copy to his Court, and was directed to engage the author, if possible, to go to Stockholm.

Unhappily, as it proved, Blackwell accepted the offers made him, and set out for the Swedish capital, leaving his wife and child in England, promising to send for them soon. He was warmly welcomed at the Court of Stockholm, lodged at the house of the prime minister, and allowed a liberal salary. He happened to be master of a slight knowledge of medicine, and the king being taken ill, was allowed to prescribe for him. Having the good fortune to be successful in effecting a cure, he was appointed one of the king's physicians, and styled Doctor. Already he had transmitted several sums of money to his wife, and now joyfully sent to ask her to join him at Stockholm.

She was on the point of setting off, when a frightful reverse came. A certain Count Tessin had organized a plot against the Swedish Government, to alter the line of succession. Blackwell, accustomed to the English freedom of speech, and being liberal in his opinions, had talked more openly, perhaps, than prudently, and was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the plot. He was put to the torture, and in his agony confessed to a guilty complicity. Then he was tried before a royal commission, and sentenced to be broken alive on the wheel, and put to the death of a traitor.

In the course of his trial, some imputations were thrown upon the sovereign of England, for which,

with certain other matters, the British ambassador was recalled from Stockholm.

Alexander Blackwell was executed July 29th, 1747. The tortures were, it is believed, remitted. On the scaffold he protested to the assembled people his entire innocence of the crimes laid to his charge. Kneeling down, he prayed with great devotion, then laid his head on the block—the wrong way, he was told, when he remarked good-humouredly, that as this was his first experiment, no wonder he required a little instruction.

Elizabeth Blackwell died 1774. Her work was republished at Nuremberg, 1750, at Leipzig, 1794.

Thomas Blackwell, Alexander's brother, distinguished himself for great knowledge of Greek, and mastery of general learning. At two and twenty he was appointed Greek professor to the Marischal College, in his native city, Aberdeen; and when scarcely forty-seven, was advanced to be principal. As a learned author, he was deservedly successful. He died at Edinburgh, just ten years after the execution of his brother.

CHAPTER X.

Mary Delany.

OF pure and illustrious descent, lovely alike in girlhood and old age, essentially a *grande dame* of the stately old school, endowed with every imaginable gift that can inspire admiration, affection, and respect, a charming letter writer, well versed in all elegant feminine accomplishments, an excellent artist, surrounded by a glittering circle of friends and lovers—these enviable attributes render Mary Delany one of the most brilliant of heroines, one of the most graceful of those hooped and powdered beauties adorning the resplendent "Georgian era."

Her life and letters are interesting as any romance by Richardson, Fielding, or Fanny Burney. The canvas is crowded with ladies of quality and eminent personages, and glows with radiant costumes, jewels,

lights, splendid furniture, with sunny vistas of green country lanes or lawns, palatial gardens and pleasure grounds, broad royal terraces, scented boudoirs and drawing-rooms; we are carried from masquerade, ridotto, poppet-show, Ranelagh, the Opera-house, to cool shady nooks where the shy deer browse among thick clustered ferns and wild flowers—or to Bath and Bristol, with their vanities and invalids, concerts, balls, and languid convalescents—or to the airy suburbs of Dublin, to mix with clerical, literary, artistic, musical, or fashionable cliques: the scene is always busy, and bustling, and amusing.

Mary Granville, eldest daughter of Bernard Granville (son of Bernard, second surviving son of that loyal Sir Bevil Granville who fell on Lansdowne, dying "with an earldom in his pocket"), was born, 1700, at a small country house of her father's, at Coulston, in Wiltshire. She had two brothers, Bernard and Bevil: one sister, Anne, seven years her junior. At six years of age the little lady was placed with a French refugee, Mdlle. Puelle, who received only twenty girls at a time, and these all of aristocratic birth and connections—Lady Catherines, Lady Janes, and Lady Betties. At school, Mary Granville displayed a genius for that work afterwards brought by her to such marvellous perfection—cutting out flowers and birds in coloured paper. One of her fellow-pupils preserved many of these ornaments, pinning them to her gown or apron,

whenever she found any lying about, to save them from injury.

At the same time, her father and mother settled at Little Chelsea. From school Mary went to stay with one of her uncles, at whose house she first saw Mr. Handel. The famous composer was in the habit of playing on the only instrument in the house, a little spinnet belonging to Miss Mary. "I was much struck with his playing," she says, but judged his performance with the innocent ignorance of her age—ten. "The moment he was gone, I sat down to my instrument, and played the best lesson I had then learnt; my uncle archly asked me whether I thought I should ever play as well as Mr. Handel. 'If I did not think I should,' cried I, 'I would burn my instrument!'"

Queen Anne promised Mr. Granville that his eldest daughter should be one of her maids of honour, but died when the young lady was only fourteen. This ended all Mary's hopes and dreams of grandeur. At sixteen she went to live at Buckland, near Campden, in Gloucestershire, with her uncle, Lord Lansdowne. With sad bewailings she left the alluring world behind her, and retired to bury herself in the country.

However, existence far from the madding crowd proved not quite so gloomy as she had anticipated. The house was always full of lively company; the rides, drives, and walks were delightfully Arcadian,

the neighbours pleasant and social, so the place was agreeable enough to a beautiful young girl, full of fun and frolic, yet studious and reflective, a trifle malicious, perhaps, in laughing at any oddities or whimsicalities that fell under her ken, but thoroughly good-natured, engaged in congenial pursuits, fitting up a favourite closet of her own with little drawings and cut paper designed by herself, or with book-shelves, looking forward to visiting Bath, or laughing and dimpling in the delicious daydream of a love episode. The time flew on silver wings in the house of Lord Lansdowne. Magnificent in his nature, that finest of fine gentlemen and polished dramatic poet spared no expense in gratifying his inclinations for splendour and entertainment—"which in the end hurt him and his family extremely."

One day, during dinner time—a rainy, dismal afternoon—there arrived at Buckland a visitor—a gentleman named Alexander Pendarves, of Roscrow, Cornwall. He came on horseback, drenched to the skin, and sent in his name, upon hearing which Lord Lansdowne rose from table, "overjoyed," and hurried the guest into the dining-room.

There entered a large, old, unwieldy, "almost drowned" figure, with crimson face, unkempt wig, bedraggled coat, and muddy boots. The young girl regards with mingled laughter and disgust this unattractive, ridiculous apparition, and listens with spark-

ling eyes to the contemptuous criticisms of her neighbour and professed adorer, a handsome young fellow, son of the Earl of Jersey.

The old man scans the girl, so dainty, so stately, so beautiful. She is of middle height, perfect in figure, faultless as to grace and carriage; a quantity of lustrous fair hair, curling naturally, shines around a lovely face of great sweetness; the bright, intelligent eyes, the curved scarlet lips, the roseate pink and white complexion, to which a delicate blush rises so readily, the rounded chin, the aristocratic nose, combine to make an attractive picture. The rich, selfish old bachelor is well satisfied with the bargain which has been already secretly offered to him.

For days the girl continues to laugh, ably seconded by her lover. The dreadful old man stays on at Buckland, making some pretence of "business," but his real object is to pay the necessary court to Mistress Granville, and to note her character, disposition, ways, and accomplishments. He observes that she is a fine lady and a good Christian; she reads and writes two languages, draws nicely, does wonderful things with her pen, from writing an exquisite "hand" to making Indian ink and sepia drawings, plays on the harpsichord and spinnet, and dances gracefully, is winning and polite, and just shy enough to be absolutely fascinating.

With horror and anger the young girl discovers

herself to be the magnet which fixes this ridiculous visitor, and that she is the only person in the house not hitherto aware of his intentions. She is only seventeen, he is sixty, and she recoils with resentment and disgust from the confident advances of this unwelcome suitor. "I took an invincible aversion to him," she declares; "and everything he said or did to oblige me increased that aversion." She thought him "ugly and disagreeable:" he was excessively gouty, fat, slovenly, took vast quantities of snuff, and was often sullen, his only redeeming features a pair of small, black, keen, twinkling eyes. "I behaved myself not only with indifference, but rudeness. When I dressed, I considered what would become me least; if he came into the room when I was alone, I instantly left it, and took care to let him see I quitted it because he came there."

Two months pass in this painful game of spider and fly. Mr. Pendarves is very well content, though disposed to resent the little flirtations and love-makings indulged in by his future bride; the young lady's relatives think the match a most excellent one, as she has no money, and she will be a rich widow, no doubt, some day. For Mary herself, the recollection of this period of anguish never fades, but remains a horror to the end of her life.

A violent fit of jealousy precipitates the movements of Mr. Pendarves. He speaks to Lord Lansdowne

with some impatience, making formal proposals for his niece's hand. Then he has an agitating interview with Mary herself, declaring his wishes and intentions. The unhappy girl retreats to her room, but is finally compelled to yield a shuddering consent, for even her father and mother are in the plot against her happiness.

The wedding (1718) was a grand affair. The trembling bride was magnificently arrayed, and led to the altar, wishing she were only another Iphigenia, longing for death rather than to be driven into the power of the old man, whom she regarded as her "jailor," her "tyrant."

However, Alexander Pendarves was not quite such an ogre as his girl-wife imagined. Indeed, he proved good-natured and friendly, though sombre and taciturn, and inclined to be morosely jealous. The first sight of her future home, Roscrow, revived all the terrors of the unwilling bride, proving such a shock that she sat down and wept—wept so bitterly before her lord and his servants, that they could not help pitying her. It was so desolate, such a ruin, that it was only by degrees she became inured to such a sombre prison.

For two years Mr. Pendarves was a steady and sober husband, indulgent and kind; but then he happened to fall in with a set of old acquaintances, who caused him to lapse into former evil intemperate

habits. From that time the young wife's existence became a daily martyrdom. Remorse and the stings of conscience soured the unhappy old man's naturally gloomy temper, so that when sober he was almost more unbearable than when intoxicated. Only the fond, true love she bore to her family, conjoined with the noble spirit of a faithful Christian, sustained her under this bitter trial, this agonising discipline. One of her few pleasant remembrances of that time were of rides with her brother through the beautiful sylvan scenes around Roscrow: her husband's gout, indolence, age, and miserable self-indulgence, precluding him from being able to accompany her. Anne was growing very companionable, and sometimes Mrs. Pendarves was so happy as to have all her beloved family as guests.

A law-suit called Mr. Pendarves to London, and as he found his stay would be of uncertain duration, he sent for his wife, installing her in a very unfashionable street in Soho. He was certainly most passionately attached to her, and she honestly endeavoured to behave to him with deference and kindness. A new source of trouble came in the shape of a grim old sister, who had foolishly married and been deserted by a scheming Scotchman, thereby losing her little fortune. But this visit to London was a bit of sunshiny experience to the young wife.

In the midst of her sorrowful, constrained life,

Mary found time and energy to pursue the one loved study of her life—drawing. This she followed assiduously, and was pleased to find her young sister Anne displaying a taste for the art. "I am very glad," she wrote (1724), "you have taken a fancy to drawing; you will find a great deal of entertainment in it. By the time I shall make you a visit, you will be able to be my mistress."

After having suffered a life of lingering torment for seven years, Mary Pendarves was (1725) suddenly left a widow. But not the rich woman those who had sacrificed her anticipated. Although constantly ailing, Mr. Pendarves delayed signing his will until he felt his last moments approach. The day before his death he wished to do so, but was so ill that his wife dissuaded him, though she was the one most immediately interested. In the dead of night she wakened up to find him lying dead by her side. The horror of that night never faded from her memory. The old man's death was "a great surprise" to all. The will being unsigned, Mary Pendarves had nothing beyond a very modest jointure, all the wealth coveted so eagerly by her relatives and friends going to her husband's niece Mary, — only daughter and heiress of his brother John, a Devonshire rector,—though he had quarrelled with her on her marriage, and had been full of wrath against her and the man she married at the time he first saw Mary Granville.

Mary's father was dead; but her uncle, and those concerned in the unhappy affair, deeply regretted the ill result of so much plotting.

Life still looked fair enough to the widow, scarcely twenty-four. If she had a scanty income; her desires were moderate; she was buoyant and cheerful—she had nothing to regret in her newly recovered liberty; she was never at a loss for delightful occupation and studies;—so she should have been perfectly happy had it not been for the trouble and anxiety caused by the misfortunes of her brother Bevil.

Quitting the country, she settled in Pall Mall, becoming a much-admired woman of fashion, and receiving offers of marriage, which she invariably declined. "Marry!" she cried. "*I* marry!" She frequented the Opera, took friendly dishes of tea with agreeable friends, witnessed the coronation, saw the Lord Mayor's show, shared in the glories of the queen's birthday, went over Westminster Abbey, attended the services at Whitehall, and divers masquerades. Dinner-parties, walks in the park, visits received and paid, filled up a sufficiently busy and lively existence.

"The first day of March" (1728–29), "it being Queen Caroline's birthday," she writes, "I dressed myself in all my best array, borrowed my Lady Sunderland's jewels, and made a tearing show. I went with my Lady Carteret and her two daughters. There

was a vast Court, and my Lady Carteret got with some difficulty in the circle, and, after she had made her curtsey, she made me stand before her. The queen came up to her, and thanked her for bringing me forward; and she told her she was *obliged to me* for my pretty clothes, and admired my Lady Carteret's extremely. She told the queen that they were my fancy, and that I drew the pattern. Her Majesty said she had heard that I could draw very well (I can't think who could tell her *such a story*); she took notice of my jewels. I told her they were my Lady Sunderland's. 'Oh!' said she, '*you were afraid I should think my Lord Selkirk gave them to you;* but I believe he *only admires*, for he will not be so free of his *presents*.'"

It was a gay whirl, this London life, and the beautiful young widow liked it, though she was a little scandalized now and again with some of her fellow-pilgrims through Vanity Fair. "Sure the women were never so audacious as they are now: this may well be called the brazen age." But she was mightily amused by the gaiety, the buzz, and the glitter, and enjoyed picking up entertaining bits of gossip, and even fluttering about in fine clothes, such as a "scarlet damask manteau and petticoat, and a gold-coloured tabby nightgown" (evening dress). But in the midst of it all she ceaselessly kept up her study of drawing—that pursuit in which

she always found such delight, and began to attempt portraits.

An odd (but indispensable) accomplishment of the time was the making and "sticking" a pin-cushion. A most beautiful one made by Mrs. Pendarves is yet extant. It is of white satin, quilted curiously, the upper and under side being in different patterns: the pins arranged to form another design; the cushion was stuffed with layers of flannel laid on one another, and stitched together to make an exact square.

"Every one is mad about Japan work," she wrote to her sister in 1729. "I hope to be a dab at it by the time I see you."

"My brother," she noted the next year, "has tied me down at last to learn of Kellaway" (an organist so excellent that Handel is said often to have gone to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to hear him play). "He has paid the entrance money, which is two guineas, and has made me a present of Handel's Book of Lessons. I don't find Kellaway's method difficult at all, and I believe a couple of months' learning will be of use to me, and 'twill make me practice." Her brother Bernard was a finished performer on the organ.

In spite of her professed misogynistic theories, in practice Mary Pendarves had fallen desperately in love with a handsome young nobleman, only a year older than herself, one of the lords of the bedchamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales—Lord Baltimore. The

depth of this attachment, her lover's cruel trifling, caused her many an hour of anguish. The truth was, his straitened circumstances did not admit of his marrying any but a rich woman. Lord Hervey gives no flattering sketch of the young man's character. "Lord Baltimore, who thinks he understands everything, and understands nothing, who wants to be well with both Courts, and is well at neither; and *entre nous*, is a little mad. Lord Baltimore is the best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge; but is not capable of conducting a party."

Thrown back more and more upon herself, not daring to betray her ill-placed love, Mary Pendarves devoted herself more closely to drawing, and lost no opportunity of turning her sister's attention the same way.

"I cannot say," she wrote in 1731, "I like Mr. Lafountain's painting. He does not understand the drawing part so well as he ought; but I am grown passionately fond of Hogarth's painting; there is *more sense* in it than any one I have seen. I believe I wrote you word that Mr. Wesley's family are drawn by him, and Mrs. Donnellan with them. I have not had the opportunity of seeing him paint the greatest part of it; he has altered his manner of painting since you saw his pictures; he finishes more a good deal. I have released Lady Sunderland from her

promise of giving me her picture, by Zincke, to have it done by Hogarth. I think he takes a much greater likeness, and that is what I shall value my friend's picture for, more than for the excellence of the painting. Hogarth has promised to give me some instructions about drawing that will be of great use —some rules of his own, that he says will improve me more in a day than a year's learning in the common way. When he has performed his promise I will communicate to my dearest sister, though that will not be politic, for you excel me now, and when I have delivered up my arms you will vanquish me quite, but this is the only instance where I shall have more pleasure in being excelled than in excelling, as my own performance can never give me so much delight as yours will."

One night, at the Opera (1731), after five years of heartless trifling, Lord Baltimore declared his love for her. The very depth of her passionate love made her shrink back for the moment, and defer any further explanation to the following day. The next morning his lordship called, having obviously changed his mind, and seized on some frivolous pretext for a quarrel, when she heard no more of him until somebody told her he had married a woman tolerably well endowed with this world's goods.

The shock nearly cost her her life, but she rallied, summoned all her pride to her aid, and after a while

went to stay at Richmond. Then she determined to escape to Ireland, having the excellent excuse of needing change of air, and the exhilarating exercise of so long a journey.

The preparations amused her quick and lively mind. "I pick up by degrees the things I shall want for my Irish expedition," she told her sister (who did not dream of the fiery furnace through which the invalid had passed). "I have bought a gown and petticoat, 'tis a very fine blue satin, sprigged all over with white, and the petticoat facings and endings bordered in the manner of a trimming wove in the silk; this suit of clothes cost me sixteen pound; and yesterday I bought a pink-coloured damask for seven shillings a yard, the prettiest colour I ever saw for a nightgown."

In Dublin she met Dr. Delany, with whom she was much pleased, but merely as a friend—indeed, he was on the point of marriage. "His wit and learning were to me his meanest praise," she afterwards said; "the excellence of his heart, his humanity, benevolence, charity, and generosity, his tenderness, affection, and friendly zeal, gave me a higher opinion of him than of any other man I had ever conversed with, and made me take every opportunity of conversing and corresponding with one from whom I expect so much improvement." She also met Dean Swift, with whom she afterwards corresponded.

On her return to London (1734), Mary Pendarves went to live in Lower Brook Street, near Grosvenor Square, where she made a charming home—the house was fairly called "a cabinet of curiosities" by her sister—full of prettiness and graceful fancies. As a matter of course, she drifted back into the gay, fashionable life—"a monstrous crowd of fine folks" used to visit the little house: drums, dinner-parties, Almack's, *ridottos al fresco*, operas, plays, friendly or ceremonious calls, filled all the time not devoted to her artistic studies. But art was ever first in her thoughts. She wished to study drawing in crayons, admiring Lady Dysart's work, and to take lessons of Mr. Pond, her ladyship's instructor. "I aim at everything," she told her sister. "But I don't design to colour till I am more perfect in my drawing. I tried one landscape, and find it so easy that I am almost tempted to stick to that sort of drawing."

She felt that she improved steadily in the use of her pencil, and in 1737 began taking lessons of Bernard Lens. Her activity of mind never let her be idle, and if she could not work one way, she must another; having caught a severe cold, which weakened her sight about this time, she was glad to devote herself to her organ.

It is perhaps a fact to be noted, that so many artists have been excellent musicians.

Anne Granville married (1740) Mr. Dewes, and

then apparently gave up her art studies. This marriage was evidently a congenial, and consequently a happy, one.

Dr. Delany had married a few months after the beautiful young widow had left Ireland; but he lost his wife, and in 1743 wrote to Mrs. Pendarves, making her an offer of marriage.

Mrs. Pendarves admired and profoundly respected the doctor, and she had secretly no disinclination to marry again. But before replying she consulted her family. Her eldest brother, "Bunny," was most indignant at the "unparalleled presumption" of the clerical suitor. Mary Pendarves was a Granville, of highly illustrious descent, a woman of the highest fashion, united by ties of affinity or of friendship with some of the noblest families in England. The doctor had no claim to ancestry, no claims of any kind, indeed, beyond being a most excellent man and deeply attached to Mary Pendarves. Mr. Granville never really forgave his sister for deigning to form such an alliance. But the marriage took place, June 9, 1743, and at length the repose and happiness, the love and appreciation came for which the soul of the brilliant, gifted, and universally admired woman had craved so keenly.

Dr. Delany loved, almost adored, his beautiful "Pearl." Her sister Anne he called the Pearly Dews.

Especially did the doctor admire and encourage his wife's artistic abilities, and she devoted herself to her painting with redoubled zeal. She withdrew from the busy, bustling gaieties of London, retreating to the delightful retirement of Delville, Dr. Delany being made Dean of Down within a year after his marriage. There she found a pleasant circle. Occasionally she visited England in company with her husband, staying with intimate friends and relatives, or taking a house for some weeks or months.

Her wonderful industry was only to be equalled by her varied talents. She painted constantly in oils, and drew in crayons. Her crayon drawings were beautiful. One—her finest—"Sigismunda," astonished Sir Joshua Reynolds by its force. He said his eyes would not allow him to believe it was crayon, so Mrs. Delany had the glass removed that he might examine the work more closely. Even now, this picture retains its fine colour as well as its exquisite finish. It is believed to have been copied from the "Sigismunda" in the collection of Sir Luke Schaub, a painting attributed to Corregio, though in reality by Furini. Mrs. Delany drew the portrait of her sister in crayons, from life; also that of Letitia Bushe, a clever young Irish girl whose acquaintance she made, and who became domiciled in the house; also, she copied "St. Catherine," after Paul Veronese; a "Madonna," after Guido; "Charity," after Bourdon; a "Holy

Family," after Trevisani. It was at Delville that she began to study oil painting. It was always understood that the total number of her pictures, done at various times, in oil and in crayons, was seventy-two—many of them large and important works, copies from old masters, or portraits from life. She copied several Vandycks—a portrait of Sacharissa three times; one of King Charles; a barber in a ruff, etc.

Letitia Bushe was a good artist, in oil and water-colours, and helped Mrs. Delany both by her companionship and her actual work. "She has a fine genius for painting," Mrs. Delany said. There were other friends, too, who were notable amateurs—Lady Anne Macgill, and Mrs. Forth Hamilton.

The year after her marriage, Mrs. Delany mentions having arranged the words for an oratorio by Handel, from "Paradise Lost," though this text was not published during the composer's lifetime.

She was enchanted with Delville—its lovely prospect, the varied rural walks, the haymaking, the deer, the garden, the greenhouse, the orangery, the pigeon-house. Immediately on being appointed, the dean commenced building a new church, and attending energetically to parish duties. The poor had hitherto been so neglected, they said "they never saw a clergyman but when they went to church."

"I have begun to copy an old picture of Mary, Queen of Scots," Mrs. Delany wrote gaily (1745),

"which is but indifferently painted, but the face pretty; and to indulge the Dean, who is smitten with it, I have undertaken to copy it." A little while after, she said, "I have three oil pictures in hand. I am copying an angel for the Dean after a Guido, finishing a half-length of the famous Duchess of Mazarin for my Bushe, and must give my mother's picture (*I have copyed for you*) another painting—it does not content me."

Besides painting, Mrs. Delany made numberless designs in shell-work: she formed a grotto in the grounds at North End, where her uncle, Sir John Stanley, lived; another at the Bishop of Clogher's, at Killala, another at Calwich, and one at Delville, besides a temple. The chapel at Delville she adorned with shell-work. She made, also, lustres, candelabra, cornices, and several mantel-pieces with Etruscan and other designs formed from cut paper laid upon wood, which had the effect of inlaying. Her cornices of shells, when painted over, appeared like the finest carving; the lustres and other ornaments, made of small shells, arranged in their natural colours, had the effect of enamel.

Besides being a great connoisseur in china, of which she had a choice collection, Mrs. Delany had a royal taste in the matter of furniture. When not otherwise occupied, she set to work making quilts, coverings for chairs, hangings, or some similar decorations. The

manner in which she imitated faded leaves from nature, in worsted chenille, dyed in the natural tints of autumnal foliage, was unrivalled. Most frequently she invented some novel and elegant style, at once thoroughly artistic and durable. Her needlework was so dainty and beautiful that sometimes, when she made a train, an apron, a bodice, it was carefully preserved as a delicate picture. Lady Llanover gives several pages descriptive of this fairy-like embroidery.

Mrs. Delany lost her beloved mother in 1747.

The "Madonna and Child," copied from Guido, was done for the chapel at Delville, which she loved to adorn. The picture was, she confessed, "a great undertaking;" it took many months to finish, and when done, she wrote to Anne—"I have finished the Madonna and Child, and am heartily glad of it; D. D. likes it, but you know how partial he is to my works." Immediately after, she commenced copying a "Holy Family," after Raffaelle, which occupied eight or nine months. Then she "fell in love with a picture of Lady Mazarin painted by Sir Peter Lely; though 'tis not the painting of the portrait," she told her sister, "but the great resemblance the person bears to the Duchess of Portland; the face is not to be compared with her's, but the figure has all her grace and genteel air. Unfortunately my picture of her, done by Zincke, is turned the contrary way, or I would clap

it on the shoulders of this picture, for I could enlarge it in my copy, if the shadows and lights were suited to that of Sir Peter Lely."

The Duchess of Portland was one of her dearest friends—perhaps the most beloved after her sister Anne. Occasionally she went for a visit to Bulstrode, the princely home of the duchess. Her Grace had a wonderful genius for turning, and made exquisite ornaments, stands, stems, etc., of wood, ivory, ebony, amber, and other materials. Her daughters were clever and industrious amateurs in drawing—Lady Elizabeth, Lady Harriet, and little Lady Margaret, who died, to the deep grief of the attached family.

Hardly a week passed at this time that Mrs. Delany did not work at her easel. "I have been eager to finish my picture," she says. "I painted every day this week. Bushe and I have been working like dragons."

"My candlelight work is finishing a carpet in double cross-stitch, on very coarse canvas, to go round my bed," she wrote (1752). Again: "I have got a pack of cards for Mary, which I will send her by the first opportunity; the King of the fairies sends them to her; they must be drawn out of their case with a pair of knippers, no fingers are small enough."

This Mary was the daughter of sister Anne—a child whom Mrs. Delany always looked on as her own. The pack of cards were about an inch long, and of

proportionate width, painted by Mrs. Delany to exactly resemble cards in miniature.

Mrs. Delany took the most vivid interest in Mary's education, and constantly wrote of her in the letters written to Anne. Among other remarks and suggestions, she said, "I agree with Mr. Dewes that an immoderate love to music may draw young people into great inconvenience; I would, therefore, confine it as much as I could to an amusement, and never allow it to be their business. Painting has fewer objections, and generally leads people into better company."

Lord Baltimore died in 1754. "Is he dead?" she carelessly asked her sister, having seen an announcement to that effect in the newspapers. "He had some good qualities." Then she goes on very tranquilly to speak of the picture she was copying, and of the shell-flowers she was making for the chapel at Delville.

In 1756 she gladly undertook for a while the charge of her sister's little girl. Sometimes sojourning in Spring Gardens, sometimes at Welbeck, sometimes enjoying the "agreeableness and sweetness" of Bulstrode, most often at home in Delville, this wonderful woman was always busy—now copying a girl's head after Soldi, and planning a companion picture, now copying a portrait of Madame de Sevigné, from the one at Strawberry Hill, now undertaking to set the Duchess of Portland's miniatures in order—"as she

does not like to trust them to anybody else, and for want of proper airing they are in danger of being spoiled—such Petitots! such Olivers! such Coopers! you may believe the employment is not unpleasant"—now inventing new stitches and novel kinds of needlework.

The death of Letitia Bushe (1757) left a terrible blank in the life of this loving, faithful friend. The next misfortune was a law-suit, which lingered over nearly ten years of suspense. Then the serious illness of herself, and of the dean. A troubled, gloomy time. But her spirits never sank. She never lost interest in her own work, or in the doings of other people. "My closet is just hung with crimson paper," she pleasantly noted (1758) for her sister, "a small pattern that looks like velvet; as soon as dry I shall put up my pictures: and I am going to make a wreath to go round the circular window in the chapel, of oak branches, vine, and corn." "The Dean has settled my allowance for housekeeping here at £600 a year, which I receive quarterly, and out of that pay everything but the men's wages, the liveries, the stables, wine-cellar and garden, furniture, and all repairs. . . . I believe my allowance will answer very well . . . but I am to have whatever addition I please." "Time flies very fast," she said regretfully. She took great delight in a new garden under her dressing-room window, and in the fresh additions to the dean's library—in "two most

beautiful kittens,"—in her chenille chairs—her lovely shell mosaics—her chintz covers for couches and stools —in feeding the robins, and seeing them eat out of the dean's hand—in the improvements at Delville—the painting and fancy work of several lady friends—a tame gull that ate up the snails in her garden.

"If I were to enumerate my different employments this day from six to the present hour (three)," she laughingly declared, "you would not wonder I should say I was much tired."

"My chief work has been" (1759) "the ceiling of the chapel . . . done with cards and shells in imitation of stucco. In the chancel are four Gothic arches, two on each side, made also of shells in imitation of stucco, the arches no deeper than the thickness of the shells, to take off the plain look the walls would have without them. The wreath round the window is composed of oak branches and vines made of cards; the grapes, nuts, and large periwinkles; the corn, *real wheat* painted, all to look like stucco. I am working chenille coverings for the seats in chenille on a black ground, which gives it a gravity; but I don't think it so pretty a ground for *all colours* as any of the *browns*. My pattern, a border of *oak branches and all sorts of roses* (*except yellow*), which I work without any pattern, just as they come into my head."

She undertook, in 1759, what she called "an immense piece of work"—the "Raising of Lazarus,"

from an engraving of the picture by Rembrandt. "I fear I shall be punished for my presumption in such an undertaking," she remarked. At the same time she could find leisure to write a moral romance, called "Marianna," for her own amusement and that of her sister. It was in one volume, illustrated with designs by herself, tinted in sepia. "A rage of painting seized me," she laughingly wrote, some months after. "I took up my pencils, and sat down to a picture (at seven in the morning) I have begun of David with Goliath's head, as big as the life, from one of the prints in Crozat's collection. . . . I was obliged to leave off working before one to dress . . . and go to Dublin . . . to the Parliament House."

"Mr. Floyd is a virtuoso and a collector of pictures," she relates; "he was almost in fits when he saw the copy of the little Correggio I gave the Duchess, and asked with a trembling voice, if the original was the same size as the copy, and if I had omitted any part in the background? When I assured him the size of *every speck* was nearly the same as I could make them, he recovered himself, and said, '*Then mine is still an original, for it is some inches bigger, and has a palm tree in it.*' I never saw stronger symptoms of virtuososhiip. I could hardly keep my countenance. And you may believe this was not lost among us; I cannot describe the extreme anxiety of his looks whilst he was in doubt. It seems

that his picture, which he bought in Italy for an original, cost him a large sum of money."

The health of her beloved sister gave way at this time, though no danger was apprehended by any one. With the hope of restoring her, she was taken to Bristol, whither Mrs. Delany followed, attended by her husband. But Anne died, leaving a blank in the life of her fondly attached sister which nothing could bridge over. It was the greatest affliction Mary Delany had yet experienced. Anne had been the confidante of her joys and sorrows, constantly exchanging long letters, if not visits. But, although suffering the deepest grief, she roused herself for the sake of her husband and her young niece, Mary Dewes. Still she did not recover her natural buoyancy of spirit for many years, while she had increased reason for anxiety in the advancing age and infirmities of the dean. For seven or eight years she watched him, as he failed—watched him with untiring devotion.

"I have" (1765) "lived much in my garden, and that prevents works at home," she noted, a little sadly. "I am *afraid* to begin with painting; there is a time for all things, and when the sight grows dim I think it is a warning to leave off *without* losing the small credit I may have gained."

But she could still take a kindly interest in the weddings, the dresses, the joys, the griefs, the busy doings of the bustling world, and even jot down the

delicious little bits of personal chit-chat about herself that rendered her letters so piquant. "Is not Althorp charming. Oh! the pictures!" she would cry; or again, "I have got a beautiful kitten; had it a black nose it would rival the late Kitty, of unfortunate memory." Kitty, by the way, was a splendid tortoiseshell cat, whose portrait from life was painted in oil by Mrs. Delany, playing with a basket of flowers: it was killed by some barbarous London street boys. There was an inscription on the picture: "Kitty Trucidata, 25th December, 1761, Ætat 5 Mense." The cat is as perfectly delineated as if the painter had never studied anything but animals.

The dean's health continued to fail perceptibly, and he migrated to Bath, hoping that he might be benefited by the change. It was a time of sore trouble and dread to Mrs. Delany. He lingered several months, his life flickering, now reviving, again sinking. At last he died, May, 1768. His remains were conveyed to Ireland, and buried in a spot of ground chosen by himself—a corner once, it is said, part of his garden, but which had been thrown into the churchyard for the purpose of forming his last resting-place.

Mrs. Delany found herself in serious difficulties, hampered with law expenses, and other worries. She went to London, and sold her house in Spring Gardens, intending to finally settle at Bath for the

few years she fancied left her. But the Duchess of Portland, her old friend, came to her, successfully representing how much more pleasant it would be to take up her residence in London, and live among the circle where she had found such constant love and kindness.

Mrs. Delany, in the first pressure of grief, went to Calwich, to her brother, Bernard Granville, and from thence to Bulstrode.

She was now sixty-eight, almost bowed down by sorrow and suffering, believing that for her there remained nothing of pleasure, hope, or even work, as nearly all those whom she cared to please had vanished away. Painting and drawing she relinquished almost entirely: there was no attraction left in art, now that the eyes for which she had gladly laboured were closed in death.

Yet, by slow degrees, her spirits came back—sobered, but still buoyant enough to enable her to take an interest in the bright, fair world, and her desire for work returned. Chiefly she occupied herself with working in chenilles—with which she made pictures almost as beautiful as those she had painted. "I find no other work amuses me sufficiently," she said, "and my head will not bear reading a great while together. Company (unless of a very particular friend) rather fatigues than entertains me."

Quitting Bulstrode, she engaged apartments in

a street called Catherine-wheel Lane, behind the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's Street. The house was very small, but pretty, and conveniently situated: the side window looked into the Duke of Bridgewater's garden, and a "coach drives very well to the door," Mrs. Delany said, "and people of fashion live in the row." It was also "near the park, the chapel, and Whitehall;" which advantages made it, as she added, "very tempting."

The old days of gaiety, a little mellowed, returned. The old lady's letters were once again full of "prittle-prattle," as in the time when she had been young and beautiful—descriptive sketches of balls, parties, concerts, drums, sermons, flirtations, weddings, elegant dresses, resplendent jewels, tea-drinkings with the "Duchess of all duchesses" and other people of quality, "prodigious fine crowds;" ladies who gleamed like fairy princesses with diamonds, gold, and magnificent draperies; and imperial ambassadors who wore blue velvet coats fastened with diamond buttons. "I had a whisper with Mrs. Boscawen," she says, speaking of one great assembly, "another with Lady Bute, and *a wink* from the Duchess of Portland — poor diet from one who loves a plentiful meal of social friendship."

Thenceforth she divided her time between London and Bulstrode—indefatigably employed, wherever she was, on some graceful and ingenious work, though she

never returned to the art she had loved with such devotion. The days and years flowed on in untroubled serenity—so little happening to herself that the slightest occurrence became a remarkable incident. One day, for example, she relates something sufficiently simple, yet amusing: "This morning the Duchess dedicated to business,"—she is writing at Bulstrode, in 1769—"and we resolved to enjoy our amusements luxuriously the rest of the day. There were *pot pourris* to be made, great preparations for the garden room, and the many little matters which our happy leisure would allow us, to fill up chinks. We sat down comfortably to dinner, first course ended—second almost—when said her Grace, looking most earnestly at the road in the park, with a countenance of dismay—'*A coach and six!* My Lord Godolphin —it is his livery, and he always comes in *a coach* and six—take away the dinner—will you have any apricot tart? What will they think of all these *great puff balls?*' 'Well, but I must have some tart.' So we both eat tart, still her Grace watching the road. 'Well—now they are just here, where's my knotting? What shall I do without my bag?' Said I, 'Pray let me retire.' These preliminaries settled, the table cleared, we were ready to receive my Lord and Lady Godolphin, when, to our infinite surprise and satisfaction, the supposed *coach and six* was converted into a phaeton and whisky, with company who came

to drive round the park. What will not the force of imagination do?"

It was at this time (1769) that Mrs. Delany commenced a manuscript book, which she completed with her own hand—a translation, apparently, of Hudson's "Flora Anglica," which had appeared in 1762. It was a most elaborate work, filling four hundred and seventy quarto pages in manuscript, besides an appended list of the genera in Latin. Notes are also added. Mrs. Delany was then seventy years old. Yet there is not one slip of the pen, and the writing was firm, clear, and fine, a model of chirography.

Years before, in the happy Delville days, George Ballard had dedicated his "Learned Ladies" to Mrs. Delany, much against her own inclination, for she was unusually modest and shy, and disliked being dragged into publicity.

Working at the spinning-wheel filled up leisure moments, with embroidery of every imaginable style and kind, and making those "incomparable chimney-boards" for which she became quite celebrated. These beautiful chimney-boards were generally designed with Etruscan and other figures, and arabesques cut out in coloured paper and laid on a black ground. Her designs for furniture were superb.

"I find the love of my chimney corner increases," she admitted in 1771, "and any hurry a little more than ordinary too much for me." But a couple of years

after, she laughingly says, "I have gallopp'd about this week, and I flutter in the sun like a butterfly."

"Diversions, rouge, and every fantastick fashion in male and female daily multiply," she writes. Her charming letters vividly picture the time, the people—the lovely duchesses going to Court; the young lordlings in velvet coats, swords, and high-hecled shoes, lounging at Ranelagh; pretty creatures in powdered hair, patches, and embroidered sacks; "maskerades," ridottos; the ladies joggling along Whitehall in their chairs; dainty young brides whose eyes outshine their jewels; the princesses; St. James's, the Pantheon; Bulstrode, with its glowing gardens, its mossy lawns; gossiping anecdotes and sparkling chit-chat;—all mirrored in the most picturesque language. Then we have the verdure and fragrance of the tranquil country; the delicious long summer days, with roseate dawns and golden sunsets; the singing of the birds, the rural delights of haymaking and fern-hunting, the little children ("I only like pretty children," Mrs. Delany confesses), fleecy lambs, courtly drawing-rooms, where royalty itself deigns to recline.

At seventy-five, Mrs. Delany made a design for a little table, to match a little cabinet, for a present she desired to make her grandniece Mary, daughter of her sister's child, Mrs. Port (Mary Dewes).

Dr. Johnson said he had heard Edmund Burke say of her that "she was a *truly great* woman of

fashion; that she was not only the woman of fashion of the present age, but she was the highest bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages, that she was high bred, great in every instance, and would continue fashionable in all ages."

Mrs. Delany devoted much time and labour to the study of plants, making careful drawings—all the most perfect representations of nature as to form, colour, light, and shade. The major part of these were intended for a work which entirely eclipsed her paintings, her crayon drawings, shell-work, and embroidery.

This work she at first called her "Herbal," but afterwards altered the title to her "Flora."

It was a marvellous undertaking, from its magnitude, beauty, accuracy, and completeness, and gained for Mary Delany a lasting and a deservedly earned reputation. Strange to say, it was commenced almost by accident, Mrs. Delany being guided, as had been so often the case, by her affections.

One morning, at Bulstrode, she cut with her scissors a wonderful imitation of a geranium from a piece of scarlet Chinese paper. Laying the paper petals on a black ground, the effect so gratified her artistic eye that she cut out the calyx, stalks, and leaves, in shades of green, and pasted them down. In this way she had completed a sprig of geranium, when the Duchess of Portland came in, and exclaimed,

"What are you doing with the geranium?" having taken the paper imitation for the real flower. Mrs. Delany, much pleased, said, "If the Duchess really thought it so like the original, that a new work was begun from that moment." A new work *was* begun, and invented at the same time. Mrs. Delany was then seventy-two, and when it was finished she was eighty-five.

This labour of love supplied the place painting had occupied in her heart.

Even in the midst of so absorbing a task, she found leisure to dress a doll in the fashion of the time, calling it Miss Dolly Mode. Dressed to gratify a child, it was preserved for many years as an example of skill and a model of costume.

"I have been very busy at my usual presumption of copying beautiful nature," she wrote at Bulstrode, in 1776. "I have bungled out a horse chesnut blossom that would make a fine figure in a lady's cap, or as a sign." She had "bungled" it into a wonderful imitation of nature in the spike of horse-chestnut blossom, with its leaves.

The king and queen, visiting the Duchess of Portland at Bulstrode, in 1778, with the princesses, commenced that cordial friendship with Mrs. Delany which was dissolved only by the death of the now aged lady. "The Queen came up to me, with the three Princesses, in the drawing-room," she relates,

"and called me to talk about the chenille work, praising it much more than it deserved, but with a politeness that could not fail to give pleasure. . . . The King asked me if I had added to my book of flowers, and desired he might see it. It was placed on a table before the Queen, who was attended by the Princess Royal, and the rest of y^e^ ladies, the King standing and looking over them. I kept my distance, till the Queen called to me to answer some question about the flowers, when I came, and the King brought a chair and set it at the table, opposite to the Queen, and graciously took me by the hand and sat me in it, an honour I could not receive without some confusion and hesitation. 'Sit down, sit down,' said her Majesty; 'it is *not* everybody has a chair brought them by a King.' . . . I had an opportunity of saying to the Queen that it 'had long been my wish to see all the royal family.' Upon which she said, 'You have not seen them all yet, but if you come to Windsor Castle with y^e^ Duchess of Portland, you *shall* see them altogether.'"

At seventy-eight, Mrs. Delany undertook the charge of a little grandniece, only seven years old, who remained constantly with her, and indeed closed her eyes in her last moments. This child — Mary Port—gave her the greatest delight.

In the summer of 1781, the ninth (and last) volume of her "Flora" was completed.

The king and queen both warmly admired the gifted, fascinating, dignified old lady, whose active brain and lissome fingers never wearied. The queen offered her several graceful gifts: one was in the shape of a pocket-case, the outside white satin worked with gold, and ornamented with gold spangles. Mrs. Rea, the young and cheerful waiting-woman of Mrs. Delany, who now sometimes wrote to save her mistress's failing eyes, described most rapturously, and not ungraphically, this royal present, which the queen had entrusted to her care. "But it is impossible for me to describe it, it is so elegant; it is lined with pink sattin, and contains a knife, sizzars, pencils, rule, compas, bodkin, and more than I can say; but it is all gold and mother of pearl. At one side there was a little letter case that contained a letter directed to Mrs. Delany, written in the Queen's own hand.

"The Queen set on the sofa in the drawing-room," she goes on, "and the Duchess of Portland by her; the King took Mrs. Delany by the hand and sat her by himself, and placed a screen before her, that the fire might not hurt her eyes; the rest of the company walked about the rooms. Princess Agusta plaid on the harpichords, and the Prince of Wales sung to her. They all seemed very happy and well satisfied with their entertainment. They looked over Mrs. Delany's nine volumes of flowers; they went away about half after ten. My mistress was not in the

least fatigued; but highly delighted with the gracious manners of the King and Queen."

The queen also sent her a locket set with brilliants, and a pocket-book filled with gold instruments. There was an order given that any flowers, either rare or beautiful, should be conveyed to her from the royal gardens, to serve in her studies.

For some time Mrs. Delany had occasionally spoken somewhat sadly of her "tottering state," though able to go backwards and forwards from London to Bulstrode, and pay visits from Bulstrode to Windsor, a distance of eight miles. "So weakened that I can no more attend to business than a child, not that I feel any other *defect* in my apprehensions but that of being overcome with any interesting attention. I *endeavour*, therefore, to avoid as much as possible everything that agitates my spirits, and to preserve that *tranquillity of mind* which is necessary for the great object in view, and must make the kind and attentive friends who are interested for me easy and satisfyed with my present state of life, and indeed I believe, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will prove the most likely *means* to prolong my life."

Her strength of mind, her unselfishness, her deep religious sentiments, supported her, and sometimes she was able to say, "I am pure well." The joyous company of her little grandniece, in whose education she took a lively interest, sweetened these days of languor.

A golden sunset had succeeded a fair and beautiful day.

"On Saturday, as I was at my usual work," she pleasantly writes from Bulstrode, October, 1781, "and the Dss. D. of Portland just preparing for her breakfast, between eleven and twelve, her Majesty, the Princess Royal, Princess Mary, and Princess Sophia, attended by Lady Courtown, walk'd into the drawing-room, and caught me (*not* 'napping' indeed,) but in some confusion, which was soon dispers'd by the Queen's most gracious (I may say) *kind* manner. She would not suffer me to remove any of my litter, but said it was her wish to see me at my work; and by her command I sat down and showed her my manner of working, which her great politeness made her seem pleased with. . . . Yesterday we were at the Queen's Lodge to enquire after the Queen. The Dss. went to the Lodge by herself, and I went to Mrs. Walsingham, but I was soon sent for, and spent three hours there with more ease and pleasure than is generally imagined could be the case in royal society. . . . I don't know (even to you) how to express the particular grace and favour I received from their Majesties, without [an appearance of] vanity that would ill become me. But this is quite *entre nous.*"

The king sent to ask her to go to "see the stag turned out." He always called her his "dear Mrs. Delany." She went, and was delighted, attending a

concert at Windsor in the evening. A few weeks after, the queen, with the princesses, caught her at her spinning wheel, and took a lesson from her, requesting the duchess to get her "just such a wheel." Mrs. Delany set this for her Majesty when it was bought, and sent it to Windsor with some verses. She wrote verses from time to time after this, on such occasions as her grandniece's birthday.

A dismal fear—fortunately never realized—came on her, that she might lose her sight. "Your letters," she wrote to her niece, Mrs. Port (1782), "must always give me pleasure, tho' alas! I cannot enjoy them as I have done. My eyes are much in the same state as they have been for some months past, and serve me with some difficulty to attempt a flower *now and then*, w^ch^ I can better see to do than to write, as the white paper dazzles my eyes, and at this moment it obliges me to break off till I recover a new ray of light.

"What a blessed state of mind is that of perfect resignation to the Divine Will!" she continues. "It blunts the sting of adversity and the loss of friends, tho' we must feel those deprivations; it prevents regret, and it *checks all self-aggravation*; it teaches us gratitude for what we have enjoyed, and raises our hopes of future happiness."

At eighty-two, visiting the queen with the Duchess of Portland, she took a lesson from her Majesty in

fringe-making. The queen promised to send her a frame, as the work was such as would not try the eyes.

The frequent visits of the royal family during her sojourns at Bulstrode, gave her the greatest pleasure.

At home, in St. James's Place, even when eighty-four, she continued as industrious and brisk as a girl. "I must soon set about a very disagreeable work—removing china, pictures, and books in my drawing-room, to have it new-papered and whitewashed; and tho' I thank God I enjoy as much health as I can expect at my age, I am very sensible of fatigue, and feel as if I cou'd not support another day of trouble—notwithstanding which I had the courage to obey their Majesties' commands in waiting on them at the Queen's house last night with the Duchess of Portland. It was quieter than one of my own drawing-rooms; nobody there but the King and Queen, the 5 princesses, and Lady Charlotte Finch. It was next to the music-room, where we had a *very fine* concert. I feel myself very languid to-day, but not otherwise the worse for the honour conferred upon me."

She was persuaded to give a dinner-party on her eighty-fourth birthday. The queen gave her as a present the king's medallion, set with gold and diamonds, and also sent her some books on religion. She was feeling very gently the decay of nature. Twice (1784 and 1785) she attended the Handel

Commemoration; she had frequent communications and conversations with the king and queen on the subject of Handel's music, and lent the king a quantity of the great master's compositions.

The death of the Duchess (then Dowager) of Portland was the third severe blow which Mrs. Delany was destined to experience after the loss of her dearly-loved parents. Her sister, her husband, and last of all her friend—sharers of all her joys and her griefs, her anxieties and her innocent pleasures—were one by one taken from her. The illness of the duchess appears to have been of very short duration. Mrs. Delany had the melancholy satisfaction of being with her to the last.

The duchess left Mrs. Delany an enamel picture of Petitot, by himself; a picture of *mice*, by Raffaelle; a water-colour drawing of mice, and her "fine enamelled snuff-box, the small blew and black enamel snuff-box." To Mrs. Port, of Ham, the duchess left all the chairs embroidered in chenille by Mrs. Delany, all the drawings and all the pictures in her possession painted by Mrs. Delany. She left no money to her dear old friend, which at first excited some surprise, but she had desired to spare her a certain degree of humiliation. When Mrs. Delany had purchased the house in St. James's Place, the duchess had assisted her with a loan of four hundred pounds.

The tender and sensitive heart of Mary Delany

was torn by grief for the loss of this friend, who had been almost a sister, with whom she had constantly associated for forty years—in pleasures, in sorrows, and in labours of love.

The king and queen presented her with a house at Windsor, being unwilling to lose her charming society, and requested that she would always reside there when the Court was staying at Windsor. They gave her at the same time three hundred pounds a year, that she might not suffer by the additional expense of two establishments; but to prevent even the appearance of this gift being a pension, as well as to obviate the possibility of its diminution from taxation, the queen used to bring her each half yearly instalment in a pocket-book when paying her a visit.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland continued most affectionately attached to their venerable friend after the death of the dowager. She needed repose and attention, for her last days were ebbing away, though none suspected it. The queen wrote kindly to her "dearest Mrs. Delany," speaking of the "new abode" prepared for her at Windsor. "If coming to me will not fatigue your spirits too much, I shall receive you with open arms," said the royal lady, signing herself, "My dear Mrs. Delany's very affectionate Queen," and "Your affectionate friend, Charlotte."

The house at Windsor was a pretty place, with a garden adjoining that of the Queen's Lodge. The king and the queen often came to drink tea with her, and the princesses would run in, staying a couple of hours or longer; for although Mrs. Delany was so old, she was cheerful and entertaining, and enjoyed the pleasures and amusements of a much younger person. Her brave spirit buoyed her up; at her advanced age, she was capable of attending prayers at the king's private chapel at eight in the morning, being conveyed home in "a very elegant new chair," a present from the king. "How thankful ought I to be to Providence for the wonderful blessings I have received!" she humbly breathed. "How ungrateful must I be not to endeavour to resign those withdrawn from me, as I ought to do!" She kept a diary, only a dry record of visits received and paid, and memoranda of kind attentions from the royal family, and frequent notes of bad nights and symptoms of rapidly failing health.

Horace Walpole sent Mrs. Delany a copy of the new edition of his "Anecdotes of Painting," saying he "cou'd not in a history of English arts resist y^e^ agreeable occasion of doing justice to one who has *founded a new branch.* He hopes therefore y^t^ Mrs. Delany will forgive the liberty he has taken of recording her name in vol. 2, p. 242, and y^t^ she will please to consider how cruel it w^d^ have been for him

to be denied y^e^ satisfaction of mentioning her *only because* he has y^e^ *honor and happiness of her acquaintance.*"

Mrs. Delany, in thanking Horace Walpole, said—"nor is she insensible of y^e^ honor done her in mentioning her name in so ingenious and valuable a work, with so much delicacy as to *reconcile her* to a publication that w^d^ have been rather painful from any other hand."

The "new branch" alluded to was the art of paper mosaic, with which material (coloured) she executed, in eight years, close on a thousand various flowers and flowering shrubs, perfectly accurate imitations of nature.

She is one of the few contemporaries of Horace Walpole whom he spoke of with respect and reverence.

In the early part of 1787, Mrs. Delany was staying for a while at St. James's Place. She was stronger and better, and able to write some of her own pleasant letters. Although rather deaf, her conversation was full of life and sprightliness; although infirm and frequently unwell, she walked with a step alert as in her younger days. Her house was bright and attractive, filled with the beautiful works she had created. Very often she breakfasted with the royal family, the members of which increased, if possible, in respect and affection for her. The king always made her lean on his arm. It was in the April of

1788 that her last illness came on, originating in an inflammation of the lungs, caught in going to meet the royal family at Kew. Fever and oppression of breath increased so alarmingly that the most violent remedies were resorted to, according to the ignorant custom of the time.

Her weakness grew more exhausting, to the anguish and deep grief of her grandniece, Mary Port. She was bled and blistered until the system utterly succumbed. The medical men ordered bark, a medicine which she regarded with abhorrence, having a feminine presentiment that it would cause her death; but the physicians were obstinate. Her waiting-woman, Mrs. Astley, offered to throw it away and deceive the doctors, but "Oh, no!" said Mrs. Delany; "I never was reckoned obstinate, and I will not die so."

Her death—April 15th, 1788—was totally unexpected, and proved a terrible shock to all her friends, and well-nigh overwhelming to her grandniece, her adopted child, then a girl of seventeen.

"She was little short of an angel," said her weeping waiting-woman, whose heart was almost broken.

Mary Delany was interred in a vault in the church of St. James, her house being situate in that parish. In her will she expressed a desire "to be buried with as little ceremony and expense as decency will allow, indifferent where, but to give as little trouble as possible."

Her choice and really large collection of pictures, many done by herself, china, shells, casts, gold, silver, and copper coins, books, cabinets, and japan boxes, laces, furs, plate, trinkets, enamels, and other valuable possessions, she distributed by will among her various friends and relatives.

To Queen Charlotte she desired should be presented an enamel picture of the Duchess of Portland, in a box of papier-maché. The queen was also to have the selection of twenty of Mrs. Delany's flowers in paper mosaic.

Thus we regretfully take leave of a graceful, talented, industrious Englishwoman; an artist ingrained; one quick to perceive beauty—be it the loveliness of a human face or the prettiness of a wayside flower; glowing with æsthetic fire and aspirations; an example to daughters, sisters, wives, and friends; faithful unto death; devout, but not ascetic; pure, but not prudish; dignified, but not proud; loyal, but no sycophant; loving and kind, tender and true.

Lady Llanover gives a long and carefully arranged list of Mary Delany's pictures and drawings, followed by one of her matchless embroideries and curious works with the needle.

A brief enumeration may thus be made:—

1. Portrait of Sacharissa, from Vandyck.
2. A second copy of the same.
3. A third copy of the same.

4. St. Catherine, crayons, after Paul Veronese.
5. Summer, crayons, after Rosalba.
6. A Madonna in a Blue Veil, crayons, believed to be after Guido.
7. Hagar and Ishmael.
8. Charity, crayons, after Bourdon.
9. Holy Family, crayons, after Trevisani.
10. Sigismunda, crayons, from a painting attributed to Corregio.
11. Angel and Lily, crayons.
12. Anne Granville (Mrs. Dewes), crayons, from life.
13. Mary, the Maid of the Inn, crayons.
14. Rachel and Leah at the Well, crayons.
15. Our Saviour and St. John and a Lamb, crayons, after Guido.
16. Another St. Catherine.
17. Portraits of Mrs. Sandford and Mrs. Preston, grouped.
18. Portrait of Letitia Bushe, crayons, from life.
19. Picture of Mary Queen of Scots, from an old painting.
20. The Duke of Ormond, oil, after Sir Peter Lely.
21. Portrait of Mrs. Granville, daughter of Sir Martin Westcomb, oil.
22. A second picture of Mrs. Granville, oil.
23. The Duchess of Mazarin, oil, after Lely.
24. Another copy of the same, oil.
25. An Angel, oil, after Guido.
26. A drawing to illustrate "L'Allegro."
27. Portrait of Lady Johanna Thornhill, daughter of Sir Bevil Granville, oil, after Wright.
28. Portrait of King Charles the First, after Vandyck.
29. Another copy of Charles the First, oil.
30. A Madonna and Child, oil, after Guido.

31. Another Madonna and Child, oil, after Guido. (This was the first oil picture ever painted by Mrs. Delany).
32. The Three Maries, and the Angel sitting at the Tomb, oil, after Salvator Rosa.
33. The Raising of Lazarus, oil, enlarged from an engraving after one of Rembrandt's pictures.
34. A Landscape, oil, after Salvator Rosa.
35. The Flight into Egypt, oil.
36. The Holy Family, oil, after Raffaelle.
37. Another Holy Family, oil, after Raffaelle.
38. An Angel looking at a Lily, oil, after Guido.
39. Portrait of Madame de Sevigné, oil, copied from the picture at Strawberry Hill.
40. An Angel looking at a Lily, in profile, oil.
41. A third picture of an Angel and Lily.
42. Head of Our Saviour with the Crown of Thorns, oil, after Carlo Dolci.
43. An Angel looking up with expanded Wings, oil, after Guido.
44. The Marriage of St. Catherine, oil.
45. A second copy of the same, painted on copper.
46. The Transfiguration, oil, after Carlo Maratti.
47. A Holy Family, oil, after Corregio.
48. The Duchess of Queensbury, oil, from life.
49. A copy of the same.
50. A Tortoiseshell Cat with a Ball and Basket of Flowers, oil, from life.
51, 52. Two Portraits of Mrs. Delany's father, Colonel Granville.

* This list of necessity follows the arrangement made by Lady Llanover, as there is no other in existence.

53. Picture of Mary Dewes (Mrs. Port, of Ham), and her brother, John Dewes (afterwards Granville), oil, from life.
54, 55. Portraits of Court and Barnard Dewes, oil, from life.
56. Singing Boy and Girl, oil.
57. A Barber in a Ruff, oil, after Vandyck.
58. David and Goliath, oil.
59. Portrait of a Lady, after Sir Godfrey Kneller.
60. Portrait of Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, from life.

This catalogue Lady Llanover compiled from a written list made from recollection by her own mother, from the bequests in Mrs. Delany's will, and from the accounts given by the painter herself, in her correspondence, of the pictures she was painting, or her various crayon drawings.

There is a portrait of Mrs. Delany, by Opie, R.A., at Hampton Court.

CHAPTER XI.

Frances Reynolds.

OF the Reynolds family, dwelling at pretty, picturesque Plympton, in Devonshire, we obtain just a sufficient glimpse to pique curiosity.

The father, Samuel Reynolds, was a clergyman, as his father had been before him. Not a very rich nor highly prosperous man, or one to press his way through the bustling, crowded world—nay, indolent to a fault, and indifferent to all chances and changes happening beyond the limits of his own doorstep: a scholar, though, and a gentleman; clever after a crotchety, impracticable fashion, simple, ignorant of ordinary men and common things as Parson Adams or the Pastor of Sweet Auburn. Innocent-hearted, guileless as a child, credulous, and easily imposed upon by crafty beggars, even to parting with the last coin he

possessed—yet a meditative man, a bit of a chemist, an enthusiast on the subject of astrology, spending hours on the top of the ruined old castle at Plympton, studying the stars and casting nativities. He used to give instructive lectures to his children on various topics; once, in his eagerness to impress the youthful minds of his auditors, producing a human skull to illustrate his observations. Who is not familiar with the ridiculous incident of that ride when, absorbed in dreamy speculations, one of his riding boots fell from his leg unnoticed by him, and remained upon the road till brought home by a domestic exploring party?

A ruddy, round-faced, smooth-visaged man was the Reverend Samuel Reynolds, almost bald, with a placid, sleepily smiling expression. He loved his wife, indulged his children, was a kindly friend and an amiable companion.

He was master of the grammar school, with a stipend of one hundred and twenty pounds a year, and a comfortable dwelling-house, rent-free. Being of a very easy disposition, not to say uncommonly lazy, he neglected his scholars till all save one vanished away. But he was good-natured, and the neighbours liked him; and if he did nobody much good, certainly he never was guilty of doing any great harm. At the age of thirty-one he had married Miss Theophila Potter, a young lady three and twenty years of age.

A mild little joke is attributed to him by some

people, in the shape of an affectionate address to his spouse. It is supposed to indicate a taciturn habit of speech—

> "When I say The,
> You must make tea;
> But when I say Offy,
> You must make coffee."

But other people take this gentle witticism from him, and ascribe it to his son, the famous Sir Joshua, who was said to have addressed the rhymes to his favourite niece, Miss Theophila Palmer, in more suave numbers:

> "When I drink tea, I think of my 'The,'
> But when I drink coffee, I think of my 'Offy;'
> So whether I drink my tea or my coffee,
> I always am thinking of thee, my Theoffy."

Of the mother we learn little. Now and again her sunshiny presence passes across the family camera, showing her a mild and not unintellectual woman. She was the daughter and granddaughter of clergymen; in fact, *her* mother had, as folks say, "made a runaway love-match" with her father's curate,—at his death weeping herself blind, leaving a pathetic little story of true, true love.

"1729. May 10, Saturday, just before 10 in the morning, my sister Frances was born. June 6, Friday, she was baptized."

Such was the record in the short genealogy copied by Frances Reynolds' brother into his common-place book from the family Bible.

At that date, Humphrey and Robert, the elders of the fraternal group, were twenty and nineteen respectively—the one in the navy, the other in the ironmongery business. Molly, the eldest girl, was a demure damsel of seventeen; Jenny was a young miss of ten; Betty was eight; Joshua was a little lad of six; Samuel was a toddling mite of two.

The reverend master had, in all, eleven children.

The elder girls were very fond of drawing, though they cultivated the art under some difficulty. Pencils and paper were expensive luxuries, quite beyond the reach of an otherwise indulgent papa. So the aspiring enthusiasts were allowed to draw with burnt sticks on the whitewashed walls of a long passage. Joshua joined the little Giottinas, but was laughed at for his clumsiness, and invested with the title of "The Clown." The boy was clever enough, though, to make himself tolerably well acquainted with the rules of perspective when only eight years old, and to produce a most respectable, if unambitious, drawing of the school-house.

A lady, Mrs. Parker (one of the family of which the Earl of Morley is now the head), a friend of Mrs. Reynolds, gave the busy children the first pencil they ever had. They then set to work to copy the prints in their father's library, and the engravings from Dryden's translation of Plutarch, and the Emblems of Jacob Cats.

Frances was the sixth girl, and youngest but one of the family, her brother Martin being two years her junior.

She does not seem to have differed much from the average girl in her childhood or early youth, and was possibly overshadowed by her two elder sisters, both so much older and of more importance than herself. One of her sisters—Ann, the second girl—had died when an infant; and poor little Theophila, the fifth girl, had fallen out of a window, when only fourteen or fifteen months old, dying after some hours of lingering pain. Jenny was also dead.

Plympton, the picturesque—with its couple of hundred old-fashioned houses, some of them built on arcades extending over the footway, its sleepy, quaint High Street, its ruined castle tower, countrified little church, the broken walls of its ancient keep—was not ill-suited to be the birthplace of an artist, though antiquarians scarcely deign to glance that way. Lying tranquilly in a valley some five miles from Plymouth on the high road to Exeter, it nestled then, as it does now, far from the whirligig world—rural, pretty, dreamy, connected unassumingly with tin mines and agriculture.

The dwelling-house stood opposite the school, a little to the left, in solitary retirement, a low, square, out-of-date building, sparsely environed by trees.

Molly and Betty were the elder sisters remaining,

the younger being eight years older than Frances. One by one the family were drifting away. Molly was wooed, won, and wedded by a respectable surgeon named Palmer, of Great Torrington, in Devonshire. Humphrey had become a lieutenant in the navy: he was drowned on a voyage home from India. Robert had set up as an ironmonger at Plympton: he finally settled at Exeter, never marrying. The rest of the children were dead,—the mother was dead. And on Christmas Day, 1746, the kind beloved father died.

Joshua, with his sisters Betty and Frances, had to vacate the house for the in-coming schoolmaster. The girls looked to their brother Joshua as a protector. He had become a portrait painter, though a very indifferent one, and was making some money. The three removed to Plymouth Dock—afterwards called Devonport—where they took a house, the first floor of which was set apart as Joshua's studio. Frances was then only seventeen, Elizabeth twenty-five.

Three dull uneventful years flowed past. Joshua continued to paint portraits, chiefly as a means to gain a livelihood, every work designed on the Hudsonian principle—always the same irksome, unimaginative attitude, the hat under one arm, if a gentleman. Somebody wanted a slight variation on this style, and suggested being represented with his hat on his head, by way of a change. The young man agreed, and sent home the picture, but from constant habit, he

had painted a hat under the arm as usual, so the sitter was apparently provided with a relay of hats.

At the seat of Lord Edgcumbe, one of his warmest friends and patrons, young Reynolds made the acquaintance of Captain (subsequently Admiral) Keppel. The captain offered to take the painter with him to the Mediterranean—a proposition which was joyfully accepted, and Joshua went away.

He was absent some three years, and during that time we lose sight of his sisters. By painting portraits of the officers stationed at Minorca, he made enough money to enable him to go to Rome, where he tried to acquire a relish for the pictures of Raffaelle, and studied the works of the grand old masters, and succeeded in getting rid of "all the indigested ideas of painting" carried from England. While in Italy, he yearned for home with a profound longing. At Venice, visiting the Opera with some fellow-countrymen, he heard a ballad played or sung which had been popular in London when he was last there; the air brought such a rush of fond recollections that the tears filled his eyes and those of his companions.

Joshua Reynolds arrived in London, October, 1752, in such poor health that he judged it advisable to return to his native air. For three months he stayed at Plymouth Dock, painting two portraits during that time at the modest charge of five guineas each. Then, strongly urged by Lord Edgcumbe to establish himself

as soon as possible in the metropolis, he retraced his steps to London.

He took the large house behind No. 104, St. Martin's Lane, nearly opposite to May's Buildings, which had formerly been the residence of Sir James Thornhill. Here he was joined by his sister Frances, then twenty-three years of age. Betty was by this time married to the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Great Torrington.

Frances was resolved to be a miniature painter, in spite of the contemptuous opinion expressed of her attempts by her brother. Where, or from whom, she had picked up her theories and practice of painting on ivory, or at what time she had commenced her studies, it is impossible to say. In St. Martin's Lane, however, she was surrounded by an artistic atmosphere, and heard plenty of artistic talk. She copied her brother's pictures assiduously in water colours, but he never gave her the slightest instruction, and hated to see her at work. He was, in truth, incapable of teaching—always trying to struggle towards the light himself, perpetually experimentalizing, consciously ignorant of the rules of drawing, discovering by laborious degrees the secrets of painting, rarely permitting even his pupils to see him at work. It is likely enough he understood nothing of miniature painting. Speaking of his sister's copies, he said, "They make other people

laugh, and me cry." He was unjust in his judgment, for although not gifted with much originality, and devoid of those talents which dazzle and extort deferential admiration, Frances Reynolds was a careful and painstaking worker, and gave her heads decided character. If she had not happened to be Joshua Reynolds' sister, she would in all likelihood never have been heard of, but she had few advantages, and restricted opportunities of study. He threw every impediment in her way; she was obliged to conduct her work almost in secret, and he did not take the trouble to conceal that he regarded her judgment with supreme contempt. Advice which he gave to others he withheld from her.

Unfortunately, Joshua was not very fond of "Sister Fanny." The two, though condemned to dwell together, did not harmonize. Their habits, thoughts, opinions, manners, inclinations, were all opposed, so that, while both amiable and well-meaning, they differed at every point. Joshua was genial, pleasant, sensible, kindly; troubling himself little about vexatious trifles; mentally and in manner always serene, equable, and sagacious; estimating, perhaps, rather highly the pomps and vanities; revelling in the pride of life; delighting in fine company; calm and practical. But if he could pleasantly purr, he could also scratch. He had a galling, cruel way of throwing stinging remarks at people for whose

opinion he cared nothing; he could blandly sneer; he did not value religion, and it was difficult to gain access to his real self. He was cold, and made few professions of affection, even to those he liked, and could walk into a rage, though few knew it. Frances was over-sensitive, fidgety, anxious, shy, self-tormenting, averse to show and ostentation, perhaps worrying in trifles, inclined to piety, longing with the hungering of a lonely heart for the clasp of a sympathizing hand, the glance of reciprocal affection. It may have been foolish, but she tried to set her heart on the one relative who seemed left to her, and each timid advance she made was repelled until she felt chilled.

In person, there was a faint resemblance, some thought. Mr. Reynolds was of middle height, inclined to portliness, with a rosy, round, blunt face, bland in expression, the mouth sensitive, though some styled it "twitchy," disfigured by a scar on the upper lip resulting from that fall over a precipice in Minorca; eyes keen and observant, with something of the eager look so often habitual in a deaf man. Poor fellow, he had paid dearly in striving to overcome his indifference to the works of Raffaelle, for it was while studying in the Vatican that he had caught the cold entailing deafness.

Fanny was of slight and almost fragile figure; the face could hardly be called pretty, but was

attractive and interesting from a certain pathos of expression lingering in the eyes and round the sensitive lips. In her portrait, now in the Cottonian library at Plymouth, painted by her brother before he went to Italy, she is represented with her long hair loosened and without powder, drawn straight over the temples; she is dressed in the ugliest black gown conceivable; the features are delicate, and a little pinched; the eyes are dark and thoughtful, almost melancholy, the countenance grave and pensive, the complexion pale.

At intervals, from May, 1755, to April, 1759, Mr. Reynolds had his sister's name down in his list of sitters. Once she is inscribed as "Sister Fanny;" the other entries are all "Miss Reynolds"—a more dignified, if less affectionate designation. The result of these sittings is presumed to be an exquisitely painted half-length portrait, the face in profile, and almost entirely in shadow. She is in black, and wears a gipsy hat. There is another portrait, in which she wears a veil; this was engraved by S. W. Reynolds.

Mr. Reynolds had to make his way in the face of some difficulties, as he chose to paint in a style to which the artistic world was not accustomed. Kneller was the standard taken to judge by. Vandyck was forgotten, or regarded as old-fashioned, or worse,—if anything could be worse than *that*.

It was seriously objected to the new candidate for favour, that he should so widely depart from the approved model. Ellis, a largely admired portrait painter, looked at his work in displeased surprise. "Ah, Reynolds, this will never answer," said he. "Why, you don't paint in the least like Kneller." He would not stay to hear any defence or argument, but walked off abruptly, crying, "Shakespeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!" Hudson, Reynolds's old master, hearing perplexed comment on the portrait of Giuseppe Marchi, a boy whom Reynolds had brought from Italy, came to see it. After examining this original production for some time, dubiously, he burst out, with an oath, "Reynolds, you don't paint so well as you did when you left England."

Reynolds conveniently shifted his trumpet to the other ear, and tapped his favourite snuff-box, as he listened to these Job's advisers. He could afford to laugh at his critics and contemners. Visitors and patrons flocked to his studio; his list of sitters rapidly became like an epitome of the Court Directory. Peers and peeresses, beauties, generals and admirals, statesmen, reigning queens of tragedy and comedy, men and women of the highest distinction crowded to the house; and he had been only two years in London when his position became thoroughly assured, and his brilliant talents caused a new and invigorating

epoch to arise in English art history. Invitations rained in upon him from the most exclusive circles, and every night he was obliged to find time to attend dinners, evening assemblies, suppers, and card-parties.

Fanny Reynolds frequently accompanied her brother into the glittering great world, and tried to do him credit at home.

It was in 1754 that she first saw the man who was ever after, to the end of his life, her truest friend and most faithful counsellor.

Reynolds had removed from St. Martin's Lane to Newport Street. On the opposite side of the way resided Rear Admiral Cotterell with his two daughters, ladies of the first quality, in whose drawing-room assembled all that there was of the most fashionable and leonine in London society.

One evening there was a tea-party, to which Mr. Reynolds and his sister were invited. As they entered the house, a hubbub suddenly took place on the stairs. The maid-servant, who by some chance was in waiting instead of the lacquey, had clutched at a man who was following some elegantly dressed ladies, and was loudly vociferating, half in anger, half in alarm—

"You fellow, where are you going? What is your business here? I suppose you intended to rob the house!"

The person assailed was a large, burly, elderly

man of uncouth aspect, attired in so extraordinary a manner that it was no wonder the girl mistook him for some nefarious ruffian. So dirty and slovenly a figure seemed startlingly out of place as a visitant to ladies of quality.

It was Mr. Johnson, and he was in a speechless rage, bellowing and roaring like a bull, unable to articulate, until he spluttered at length—

"What have I done? What have I done?"

Mr. Reynolds somehow recognised the great man of letters, though it was the first time he had met him, and went forward to interfere. The man-servant would have known Mr. Johnson, but to the maid he was only a disgusting intruder. The suave painter having relieved him from his distressing situation, the sullen old bear rolled his way upstairs, thoroughly mortified.

During the evening he could not recover his self-complacency, but sat utterly crestfallen. Reynolds and his sister were much interested in him. They had lately read his "Life of Savage," and wanted to learn what the author was like. A chance remark made by Reynolds to the Miss Cotterells, and not relished by them, provoked Mr. Johnson out of his mortified silence; he heartily endorsed what Mr. Reynolds said, and the two men immediately fraternized.

Miss Reynolds eyed him with curiosity, and all

at once her heart seemed drawn to him by a little observation he happened to make. Speaking of the poor and friendless children whom he saw sleeping on doorsteps and by stalls as he went home to his lodgings at one or two o'clock in the morning, he said he often slipped pennies into their hands to buy them some breakfast. She looked at the forlorn, sad old figure, and imagined he must be living almost on pennies himself. A great pity and sympathy deepened into sincere liking, and she was pleased when her brother asked this eccentric being to walk across the way and sup with them.

Johnson took a strong fancy to the young people, and he could be firm and lasting in his loves and likings. But he proved rather a bothering sort of visitor. He would come rolling in whenever he chose, and the difficulty was to get him to go out again at a reasonable hour. This annoyed Mr. Reynolds, and he resolved to give the tiresome old man a hint. One day he hastily entered the drawing-room, where he knew Johnson was waiting for him, spoke not a word, but snatched up his own hat, and walked off.

The friendly old bear elected not to be affronted, but to grin amiably, and endure this cavalier treatment meekly. He persevered in his visits, and Reynolds was driven to compromise by entering into a tacit agreement, that if he wanted to go anywhere else,

Johnson was not to grumble or feel hurt if he did not remain to play host. Johnson did not care. Miss Reynolds—"Renny," he began to call her—was there, and her tea-table was like a quiet corner of Eden to him. She was very kind and obliging, and never tired of replenishing his insatiable cup. Her tea-parties were the means of assembling the most delightful little groups of people, who could both talk and listen, so Johnson felt as happy as any king in that pleasant drawing-room.

Coming whenever the humour took him, the great man became almost like a member of the family, and at last Reynolds was induced to occasionally return his visits, and to look for him with pleasure, as a welcome friend. The dinner hour was four, and immediately after dinner, tea—Johnson's coveted luxury—was brought in. Tea was served again a short time after, and again after supper. Each time Johnson drank as many cups as he could obtain. Reynolds used to laugh at his passion for tea, and one evening, being in company with him at some lady's house, joked him for having drank so many cups of the fragrant infusion. "Sir," said Johnson, wrathfully, "I did not count how many glasses of wine you had; why, then, should you count my cups of tea?"

Once, at Miss Reynolds' tea-table, he broke laughingly into a parody on Percy's Ballad—

"I therefore pray thee, Renny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar soften'd well,
Another dish of tea.

"Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.

"Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown,
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

Johnson grew very much attached to "Renny," and never felt more comfortable than when with her. So highly did he esteem her that once, in speaking to Mrs. Thrale, he said, "I never knew but one mind which would bear a microscopical examination, and that is dear Miss Reynolds's, and hers is very near to purity itself." Miss Reynolds says he "set a higher value upon female friendship than perhaps most men." Yet no one could say more impertinent or unjust, and, as Mrs. Thrale phrases it, "contemptuous things" of women than himself, while almost unequalled at an elegantly turned compliment. A lady observed to him one day that women surpassed men in epistolary correspondence. Johnson replied, "I do not know that." "At least," the lady persisted, "they are most pleasing when they are in conversation." "No,

madam," Johnson retorted in his thundery way, "I think they are most pleasing when they hold their tongues."

"He was," Mrs. Thrale says, "exceedingly angry when I told Miss Reynolds that he said, 'It was well managed of some one to leave his affairs in the hands of his wife, because, in matters of business,' said he, 'no woman stops at integrity.' This was, I think, the only sentence I ever heard him solicitous to explain away after he had uttered it."

He respected Miss Reynolds' opinion, and listened to her with deference and affection. One day, when he was with her and her brother, the conversation turned on morality. Mr. Reynolds said he did not think there was in the world any man completely wicked. Johnson said, "I do not know what you mean by completely wicked."

"I mean," Reynolds answered, "a man lost to all sense of shame."

"To be completely wicked, a man must be altogether lost to all sense of conscience," Johnson returned.

Reynolds said he thought it was exactly the same —he could see no difference.

"What!" said Johnson, ruffling up, "can you see no difference? I am ashamed to hear you or anybody utter such nonsense, when the one relates to men only, the other to God!"

Miss Reynolds then observed, that when shame was lost, conscience was nearly lost.

Johnson "thought that her conclusion was very just."

"Renny" was sincerely attached to her old friend: she confided to him all her troubles and worries and annoyances. She told him all about her chief torment, that her brother Joshua did not use her well, and was cold and unsympathizing, and altogether wanting in fraternal affection. At one time, meditating over her grievances, imaginary or well-grounded, and grumbling to her kind-hearted adviser, she resolved to write a letter of expostulation. Johnson felt sorry for the discomfort his little friend and hostess suffered, and took rather too much interest in the letter, for by the time it was finished, the rounded, Rasselasian style was so apparent that Miss Reynolds was afraid to send it, knowing that her brother would instantly detect the conspiracy.

In spite of her strong friendship for him, Miss Reynolds could not help laughing at the oddities of the old man. Among other absurd stories and reminiscences, she jotted down a ridiculous sketch of a walk with him.

"One Sunday morning, as I was walking with him in Twickenham meadows, he began his antics both with his feet and hands; with the latter as if he was holding the reins of a horse like a jockey at full

speed. But to describe the strange position of his feet is a difficult task; sometimes he would make the back part of his heels to touch, sometimes his toes, as if he was aiming at making the form of a triangle—at least, the two sides of one. Though, indeed, whether these were his gestures on this particular occasion in Twickenham meadows, I do not recollect, it is so long since; but I well remember that they were so extraordinary that men, women, and children gathered round him, laughing. At last we sat down on some logs of wood by the river-side, and they nearly dispersed; when he pulled out of his pocket, Grotius' '*De Veritate Religionis,*' over which he see-sawed at such a violent rate as to excite the curiosity of some people at a distance to come and see what was the matter with him.

"He always carried a religious treatise in his pocket on a Sunday," Miss Reynolds remembered, 'and he used to encourage me to relate to him the particular parts of Scripture I did not understand, and to write them down as they occurred to me in reading the Bible."

It was in her artistic pursuits alone, where she craved for help and encouragement, that he could not aid her. As from defective hearing he could not relish music, so from imperfect sight he was unable to acquire even a superficial notion of painting. He was absolutely incapable of understanding the art, and for a

clever man gave utterance to a marvellous series of stupidities on the subject. Mrs. Thrale remarks, "Johnson's utter scorn of painting was such that I have heard him say that he should sit very quietly in a room hung round with the works of the greatest masters, and never feel the slightest disposition to turn them if their backs were outermost, unless it might be for the sake of telling Sir Joshua that he *had* turned them."

Sometimes he felt ashamed of being so ignorant, and although he often said preposterous things to Reynolds derogatory to art, he more than once showed that he did not quite like betraying himself before him. Once, being at one of Reynolds' dinner-parties, in company with several distinguished painters, he heard them talking about Richardson's Treatise on Painting. "Ah!" said he, "I remember when I was at college, I by chance found that book on my stairs; I took it up with me to my chamber, and read it through, and truly I did not think it possible to say so much upon the art." Reynolds, not catching what he said, asked some one what remark Johnson had made: it was repeated so loudly that Johnson caught his own words—to his infinite annoyance. "But I did not wish, sir," he growled, "that Sir Joshua should have been told what I then said."

"It is certain," says Miss Reynolds, "that when in the company of connoisseurs, whose conversation

has turned chiefly upon the merits of the attractive charms of painting, perhaps of pictures that were immediately under their inspection, Dr. Johnson, I have thought, used to appear as if conscious of his unbecoming situation, or rather, I might say, suspicious that it was an unbecoming situation."

He admitted to Reynolds that he never could trace any similitude between an object and its pictured resemblance. Of likenesses he was entirely incapable of judging. "When asked his opinion of the likeness of any portrait of a friend," Miss Reynolds again says, "he has generally evaded the question, and if obliged to examine it, he has held the picture most ridiculously close to his eye, just as he held his book." He always denied the existence of inherent talent. "No, sir," he would say, "people are not born with a particular genius for particular employment or studies, for it would be like saying that a man could see a great way east, but could not west. It is good sense applied with diligence to what was at first a mere accident, and which, by great application, grew to be called, by the generality of mankind, a particular genius."

His sitters and his rapidly growing income still increasing, Mr. Reynolds removed in the summer of 1760, to a house in Leicester Square, where he finally settled, purchasing a forty-seven years' lease, for which he gave sixteen hundred and fifty pounds. The additions, such as a splendid gallery, an elegant

dining-room, painting-rooms for himself, his pupils, copyists, and "drapery-men," and so on, cost him some fifteen hundred pounds. The various expenses absorbed nearly all his savings, but as he was soon in the receipt of six thousand a year, it did not much signify. He had then raised his prices to twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred guineas for the three classes of portraits—head, half length, and full length.

The house was on the west side of the square, No. 47, a tall, three-storeyed building, the door to the left, two small, square parlour windows on the basement floor. At that period the square was as fashionable a locality as Notting Hill may be now. It was even pastoral, calling itself occasionally by the rustic title of Leicester Fields. Frederick, Prince of Wales, and other men of rank and fashion, resided there.

Hogarth lived on the opposite side of the square, his house being distinguished by the sign of the "Golden Head." The "head" was cut by the industrious caricaturist himself from small pieces of cork, glued and bound together. To his later engravings he used to put the imprint, "Published at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields." Hogarth attained to the luxury of possessing a town and a country house: to be sure, the residence at Chiswick was a bequest to his wife from her father, Sir James Thornhill.

The two artists never fraternized, never even made

friendly overtures. The opinions held on one side the square were scouted or contradicted on the other, and neither party would yield an inch of ground. It was chiefly Hogarth's fault: he contemptuously ranked the great portrait painter—"face painter" was his phrase—below Cotes, a now forgotten rival. "Talk of sense, and study, and all that," he disdainfully remarked to Walpole; "why, it is owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. The people who have studied painting least are the best judges of it. There's Reynolds, who certainly has genius, why, but t'other day he offered a hundred pounds for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar." Reynolds spoke of Hogarth in no qualified praise, considering him to be an "admirable artist," gifted in "a new species of dramatic painting, in which, probably, he will never be equalled."

Mr. Reynolds launched into rather extensive display. To Miss Reynolds consternation, he started a gorgeous carriage, so resplendent that some malicious wits were ready to swear it was an old chariot belonging to one of the sheriffs of London, newly furbished up. His friend, Catton, subsequently a Royal Academician, decorated the panels with the Four Seasons in allegorical figures, while the wheels were ornamented with carved foliage and gilding. The servants were superb in liveries laced with silver.

Frances grumbled about this Cinderella's coach,

and declared it was far too fine. "What!" said the imperturbable Joshua, possibly taking one of his favourite pinches of Hardham's 37, "would you have one like an apothecary's carriage?" It was a martyrdom to the nervous, shrinking little woman to be compelled to drive about in this state coach. Everybody stared at the show as it passed along the streets, asking whose grand chariot it was. Of course the great painter himself rarely had time to drive about, but he liked to create a desirable sensation, and he allowed his coachman to show the splendidly adorned vehicle to people who wanted a nearer inspection, as he sanctioned his lacquey in exhibiting his gallery.

On taking possession of his mansion, Mr. Reynolds gave a grand ball.

He knew every one of any pretension to eminence or even notoriety, but his favourite associates and companions were literary men. There were little jealousies and coldnesses between him and many of the painters. Gainsborough, for example, he regarded with mild dislike; he had tried to be civil to him, and had sent conciliatory messages, and Gainsborough had coldly repulsed his advances, even when accepting the generous offer of one hundred guineas in lieu of sixty for a picture. He readily went when that powerful opponent was dying, and was with him at the last, hearing him murmur these twelve strange words,

"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is one of the company."

It was in 1762 that the brother and sister became acquainted with Oliver Goldsmith. Miss Reynolds was not impressed by the clever little foolish Irishman's personal appearance, and did not conceal her opinion. She never liked him much, and on one or two occasions was downright angry with him. She tells one or two ridiculous anecdotes of him. It must be admitted that Goldsmith once offended her by saying she loved pictures, but she did not understand them. And women find it very difficult to forgive.

"One evening," she relates, "Miss Reynolds being in a large party, was called upon after supper for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew, and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith, on which a lady"—Mrs. Cholmondeley, the lively sister of Mrs. Woffington—"on the other side of the table, rose up and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted with her, it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, 'Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast between them.'

"Sir Joshua, I have always thought, never gave a more striking proof of his excellence in portrait painting than in giving dignity to Dr. Goldsmith's countenance, and yet preserving a strong likeness.

But he drew after his mind, or rather his genius, if I may be allowed to make that distinction; assimilating the one with his conversation, the other with his works.

"Dr. Goldsmith's cast of countenance, and indeed his whole figure from head to foot, impressed every one at first sight with an idea of his being a low mechanic; particularly, I believe, a journeyman tailor. A little concurring instance of this I well remember. One day, at Sir Joshua Reynolds', in company with some gentlemen and ladies, he was relating with great indignation an insult he had just received from some gentleman he had accidentally met (I think at a coffee-house). 'The fellow,' he said, 'took me for a tailor!' on which all the party either laughed aloud or showed they suppressed a laugh."

The little man's excessive passion for fine clothes disgusted her pure and refined mind, and she was absolutely horrified in one instance. On the death of his mother—about 1770—Dr. Goldsmith called one morning, dressed in a smart suit of gray cloth, trimmed with black—such as was worn for second mourning. Miss Reynolds inquired, whom had he lost? when he carelessly answered, a distant relative only; feeling ashamed, no doubt, to admit that he wore no deeper signs of sorrow for a mother. Miss Reynolds afterwards discovered the truth, and was shocked that he should call a mother "a distant relative." Everybody

found fault with him for this queer behaviour; for, as it was remarked, those who knew nothing about his family losses would not expect to see him in mourning at all, while those who were cognisant of his mother's death would naturally look to see him wear some decent garb befitting the occasion.

The health of Mr. Reynolds having been impaired by constant labour, he went into Devonshire for a short excursion, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, in 1762.

The next year (1763), Captain, afterwards Sir George Collier, offered to take Miss Reynolds in his ship to the Mediterranean, as Captain Keppel had taken her brother. Johnson, not aware that the captain's lady was going, was greatly scandalized when Miss Reynolds wrote to consult him about the trip, earnestly pressing him to join the party. For some reason she did not go.

Time lingered on, and Fanny Reynolds' heart grew more sad, more lonely. Five years crept by, leaving hardly a trace. To add to her unhappiness, she (it is supposed from passages in some of her letters) fell a victim to that disastrous malady, an "unrequited attachment." The disorder is more or less interesting with a pale, ethereal beauty in her teens, the heroine of a short magazine love-story, or the subject of an Art Union design; but at thirty-nine the affliction is apt, like dental agonies, to be funny to every one except the sufferer. More than ever, she longed to get away

from her brother's house, almost from herself—she yearned for peace, and was miserable and restless.

She tried Torrington, her sister Molly's home, but its dulness and insipidity formed a desolating contrast to the brilliance and gaiety of the radiant circle she had quitted.

"I am incapable of painting," she bewailed; "my faculties are all becalmed in the dead region of Torrington. I want some grateful gale of praise to push my bark to sea, some incentive to emulation to awaken my slumbering powers. I thank my God who put it in my head to acquire this delightful art, and in a manner called my light out of darkness, for necessity struck the hot spark, that as the world recedes I may have something to fill up the vacancies in my heart made by ungrateful returns to the most unfeigned fraternal love and purest friendship."

The unhappy differences, the departure, the reconciliation, are all shrouded by a veil of mystery which it may be as well has never been drawn aside. Probably it was due to the good offices of that faithful friend, Samuel Johnson, that Frances Reynolds was for a while reconciled with her brother, and returned once more to his house. The poor fluttering heart sought for rest and found none—looked on nothing but a waste of waters, brilliant, dancing, sunlighted waters, but a waste of dreariness.

Immediately after this, we find her in Paris, visit-

ing a friend, Miss Flint, who lived in the Rue St. Hyacinthe. Miss Flint was translating Mr. Johnson's remarks on Shakespeare into French. Reynolds found time to run over, accompanied by Mr. William Burke; in his journal he notes, "Wednesday, Oct. 9th, to breakfast with my sister." Fanny remained in Paris after he had left it, to the discomfort of Johnson, who wrote dolefully to Miss Flint: "How can you prevent me from complaining of those charms by which you have gained so much upon Miss Reynolds, that she no longer remembers her country nor her friends? It is but a trifle for you to praise us, it is a trifle to spread our literary fame, whilst you deprive us of the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Miss Reynolds. In short, Madam, you must become less amiable if you wish that we should love you more."

Miss Flint married a French nobleman, M. de Reveral; she was left a widow, and was guillotined with her only son during the Reign of Terror.

When Mr. Reynolds came back from his sojourn in Paris, he was elected President of the newly established Royal Academy, and knighted by the king. Familiar as household words is the history of the early project and the final completion of the plan for founding the great British school of art, and the first Forty are all old friends.

Before Miss Reynolds left Paris, she attended a sale of pictures. The collection offered was a splendid

one, yet so quietly put up that no catalogue was printed, a written paper alone being circulated through the room. The works included many very fine portraits by Titian and Vandyck, besides various subjects by the most eminent masters. One, an historical painting, figures life-size, by Rembrandt, was a gem; on Miss Reynolds describing this to her brother, he said it must have been worth at least three thousand pounds. Owing to the half secret nature of the sale, the pictures went for nominal prices—there being no one to bid. Having very little money to purchase, Miss Reynolds "viewed with inward torture those precious articles knocked down for the most trifling sums. Indeed, the regret she felt at not being able to possess herself of such bargains had so great an effect on her, that she feared she should have fainted away in the auction-room. Some few she did buy, and at a very small price, which were very fine; these she sent to England, to her brother, Sir Joshua, who, unluckily, not having a sufficient reliance on her judgment in pictures, had not previously commissioned her to make any purchases for him."

He had, in fact, given her no benefit of his superior knowledge and experience in forming a critical taste, snubbing her, on the contrary, whenever she ventured any remark on the subject of pictures. One day, at dinner time, he carried into the parlour a portrait of Rubens. Miss Reynolds, "with some

eagerness," asked if it was an original by Rubens. Sir Joshua inquired, "why she should doubt it?" adding, with a cold sneer, "I suppose you thought that a real Rubens could not come into the house with so little noise?"

"Nothing," says Northcote, "made Sir Joshua so mad as Miss Reynolds' portraits, which were an exact imitation of all his defects. Indeed, she was obliged to keep them out of his way."

A lively addition was made to the chill little domestic circle in Leicester fields during the summer of 1770. Sir Joshua, visiting his lately widowed sister, Mrs. Palmer—Mary—requested her to let him take her second daughter, Theophila, then thirteen years of age, a very pretty girl, to London. Mrs. Palmer agreed. Theophila—"Offy," and "Offe"—stayed with her uncle till 1773, when she fell ill, and was obliged to return home. In eight months she was sufficiently recovered to come back, bringing with her a pretty elder sister, Mary.

From that time, with the exception of a year and a half, Theophila remained in her uncle's house till, a handsome girl of twenty, she married Mr. Gwatkin, a rich Cornish gentleman.

Mary resided with Sir Joshua from October, 1773, to the day of his death, going away for three years, between 1774 and 1777, when a daughter of Mrs. Johnson (Elizabeth) took her place.

Mary Palmer was handsome and well-bred; her mind was highly cultivated, and she was "enlightened and brilliant" in conversation.

The young sisters formed a great attraction. They were very charming in every respect, agreeable and good-humoured. Theophila was useful, too, as a model; she sat for several of Sir Joshua's fancy subjects, more especially for girlishly arch and graceful figures. A little while after he brought her to London, Sir Joshua (1771) painted a portrait of Miss Theo, representing her as absorbed in "Clarissa." The picture was exhibited at the Academy, under the title of "A Girl Reading"—a title not at all to the taste of the original. "I think," she said, with dignity, "they might have put 'A Young Lady!'" She proved clever at painting, and copied some of her uncle's portraits "with great success."

About this time Sir Joshua received into his house another pupil—James Northcote, the only one of his pupils who obtained permanent reputation. Sir Joshua, who spoke little to his sister, did not give her the slightest idea of his intentions, and it was not until the young man himself told her of the arrangement, that she knew anything about it.

The new comer was the son of an honest watchmaker living at Devonport—a young fellow of some five and twenty years of age, glowing with enthusiasm on the subject of art, almost worshipping the great

Sir Joshua, engrossed in his ambitious longing to be a painter. A little man, about five feet in height, with a strong west country brogue, terribly observant, those brilliant, deep-set eyes taking in everything on which their searching glance fell, a prominent nose, thin lips, high, bald, clever forehead—an acute, indefatigable, eager little man.

Before entering the house as a resident, Northcote had attended every day. The place was for him, he declared ecstatically, "a very paradise."

"All the family behave with great good-nature to me," he said—particularly Sir Joshua's two pupils: Clarke, an Irishman, whom the master had received at the request of Goldsmith; and Gill, son of a famous Bath pastry-cook. "Miss Reynolds has promised to show me her paintings, for she paints very fine, both history and portrait." Sir Joshua had often invited him to dinner, and treated him in a specially friendly way, while "Miss Reynolds is the most good-natured woman I ever met with."

"Sir Joshua's offer was immediately accepted by me with the extremest degree of pleasure; being by this means provided with my first wants, viz., board and lodging; besides being situated, as may be said, in the very centre of art." Poor fellow, he was sore pressed on every side, earning only a shilling a day by colouring engravings of birds for a print-seller on Ludgate Hill.

Coming from a warm, cheerful, domestic circle, James Northcote was struck with amazement on noticing the cold and uncongenial habits and manners of Sir Joshua and Frances Reynolds towards one another.

It was during a visit paid by Sir Joshua to Paris that Northcote, writing to his brother, remarked, "I received your letter, which much entertained me. It was brought to me while I was at dinner with Miss Reynolds, Miss Offy Palmer (a niece of Sir Joshua), and Mr. Clarke. Miss Reynolds also had a letter by the same post, but it was not from Sir Joshua, who is at this time" (August, 1771) "in Paris, for he never writes to her, and, between ourselves, I believe but seldom converses as we used to do in our family, and never instructs her in painting. I found she knew nothing of his having invited me to be his scholar, and live in the house, till I told her of it. She has the command of the household and the servants as much as he has."

Reynolds had not forgotten that he owed many obligations to his sisters, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Johnson, who had helped to provide money for his apprenticeship, and for other important occasions in his artistic career. A son of Mrs. Johnson, named Samuel after her father, a youth of eighteen, displaying some talent in drawing, Sir Joshua volunteered to take him, with a view, it is supposed, of making him an

artist. Mrs. Johnson, however, declined this apparently advantageous offer: she feared the temptations of the busy, alluring metropolis for her boy, and felt that in her brother's house he would be unshielded from ghostly dangers. Sir Joshua was not at all "particular;" she had often seriously remonstrated with him for his habit of painting on Sundays: he had a weakness for card-parties, and was otherwise a man to whose guidance and protection a young boy could hardly be safely entrusted. The young man afterwards went into the church, but he died at an early age. He had a brother, who settled in India: of him Sir Joshua entertained a very high opinion, and always took a great interest in his welfare.

One of Mrs. Palmer's sons entered the church. He came to London with a play in his pocket, which Sir Joshua was very anxious Garrick should bring forward. As Garrick would not do so, making civil excuses, a decidedly unpleasant feeling disturbed the even current of a hitherto agreeable friendship, but a couple of explanatory letters set things right again.

Sir Joshua's life, personally, was an easy and enjoyable one. From ten to four he painted, working with wonderful rapidity—sometimes he began earlier. After dinner, fatigued by his unremitting application, he usually took a nap. Haydon heard of this habit from Offy, then Mrs. Gwatkin. "Ho, ho!" laughed he

"did he take a nap?" "To be sure," replied the young matron. "Don't you, Mr. Haydon? After the fatigue of the brain he liked quiet, and we always let him alone." His evenings were spent in society sparkling with wit, wisdom, and good humour, either at his own house, or abroad. His Sundays he began to make days of rest; perhaps his sister Elizabeth's remonstrances, combined with the urgent representations of his friend Johnson, had borne some fruit. Not unfrequently he gave Sunday dinner-parties at a villa he had built at Richmond—a residence more useful than either ornamental or comfortable, but delightfully situate, almost at the top of the hill,—or went to dine with friends in that sylvan neighbourhood, such as his old master Hudson, or Mrs. Clive, George Colman, and others. His circle of acquaintance enlarged every year, and he never lost a friend.

On week-days he often gave one of his "pleasant, unceremonious scrambling parties," at five, followed by a rubber, or loo-table, "with talk." He was exceedingly fond of cards. His nieces, Mary and Offy, presided over the tea-table. The guests always stayed late—frequently till past midnight, a dangerous hour in that era of Mohocks, night-brawlers, aged watchmen, and unlighted streets.

Just about this time (1773), Sir Joshua painted his pet, Miss Offe, as the "Strawberry Girl." Being a dignified young person of fourteen, Miss Theophila

naturally felt injured at being made to look so much of a child.

Great interest was created in the household when Oliver Goldsmith was about to bring forward his second play. His poem of the "Deserted Village," by the way, had been dedicated to Sir Joshua. The little man was in a perpetual state of despair and distraction, worried and harassed by the ill-treatment he met on all sides. The play had been a torment to him all along. Firstly, Colman had sent back the "farce in five acts," as he called it, to the unlucky author, with disagreeable remarks scribbled on the blank pages. He would not have consented to take it ultimately, only he was roundly bullied by Johnson, and then he went about telling everybody the comedy was quite sure to fail. He would not go to the expense of a new scene or a fresh costume. Of course, the company took the cue from their chief. Mrs. Abington turned up her saucy pug nose when asked to play Miss Hardcastle. Gentleman Smith flatly refused Young Marlowe; Woodward said he wouldn't take Tony Lumpkin. Goldsmith's friends counselled him to defer the play. "No," said he, somewhat sullenly; "I'd rather my play were damned by bad players, than saved merely by good acting."

Sir Joshua attended some of the rehearsals—a rare thing, indeed, for so busy a man. Miss Reynolds, with the two charming Horneck girls, Little Comedy and

the Jessamy Bride, escorted by the anxious author himself, went once to a rehearsal. There were "some others" of the party, who were possibly her two young nieces. No satisfactory title was found for the piece till almost the last. The "Mistakes of a Night" was justly voted stupid, and several suggestions were offered. Sir Joshua was affronted because Goldsmith did not care to call it the "Belle's Stratagem," and said he'd go the first night and help to damn it. Colman said his assistance would not be much needed to bring about *that* catastrophe. The superficial criticisms of would-be judges, the impertinences of the players, petty annoyances on all sides, nearly drove the author crazy.

The history of the eventful night—it was the 15th March, 1773—is it not as a thrice-told tale? The dinner at the Shakespeare Tavern, the artfully prepared plan of operation, the volunteer *claque*, the author's wildly affected spirits,—who cannot fill up the outline of the story? Then the scene within hath oft been sketched. Sir Joshua was there, and probably his sister. "Goldy" had fled away as if pursued by the Furies, but his friends mustered in strong force. They were judiciously picketed at various points favourable for defensive purposes; the signals all preconcerted with strategic ingenuity. One of the fraternity was Adam Drummond—it is rather an Old Grouse in the Gun Room story to recall

how he was chosen as leader of the laughter, as the possessor of the most sonorous and infectious powers of cachinnation that ever issued from human lungs. The gods bestow their gifts charily, and although Adam could laugh, he never could take a joke: so he had, as it was lamented, "no more idea when to fire, than the cannon that was placed on a battery." Consequently, it was necessary to tell off Cumberland to apply the spark of hint that should set him going. The chief commander was Johnson, who sat in a front row in a side box. All eyes were upon him, "and when he laughed," says Walpole, "everybody thought himself warranted to roar." But all eyes were perforce likewise drawn towards Drummond, who was so well pleased with his own success that he let himself be carried away by conceit, and declined to laugh on anybody's signal. By laughing uproariously all the time, he naturally competed with the stage, and the pit nearly lost its temper.

In spite of and by the help of these skirmishing tactics, the play succeeded; it ran to the end of the season, and Goldsmith was the richer by unbounded praise and a sum of between four and five hundred pounds for "She Stoops to Conquer."

"Stoops, indeed!" Walpole had said, in his sneering way. "So she does! that is, the Muse; she is draggled up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair." But the morning after

the first performance, he changed his note. "There was a new play by Dr. Goldsmith last night," he wrote to Lady Ossory, "which succeeded prodigiously."

Young Northcote had a ticket for the gallery, and went in company with Ralph Kirkley, Sir Joshua's confidential servant. Goldsmith asked him how he liked the play.

"I wouldn't presume to be a judge in such a matter," the art-student modestly replied.

"But did it make you laugh?"

"Oh, exceedingly."

"That's all I require," said Goldsmith, and then sent him two box tickets for the author's benefit night, in token of gratitude for such real appreciation.

It was some months after this, that (1774) another literary luminary beamed on the circle in Leicester Square, in the shape of a brilliant young blue from the country—Mrs. Hannah More. A handsome, vivacious woman of nine and twenty, full of enthusiasm, and strongly inclined to saintliness, a scholar in Latin, Italian, and Spanish, innocent and unassuming. Already she was a favourite with some celebrities of various degrees. Warmly recommended to Garrick, he and his wife had thrown open to her the doors of literary and artistic society. She was introduced to Miss Reynolds, whom she found "the most obliging of women," and for whom she always retained a feeling of the kindliest friendship.

Her introduction to Dr. Johnson was of an unceremonious but agreeable nature. She had called on the Reynoldses; Sir Joshua received her, and said the doctor was in the drawing-room, but she must be prepared to face a surly old bear, as he was in one of his glum humours. Sir Joshua and his sister were both well aware that their old friend abhorred being made an exhibition of, or being paraded as a literary lion. Once Miss Reynolds had pressed him rather urgently to come to dinner on a particular day, and he had readily accepted the invitation, then added sharply, after a moment's reflection, "But I will not be made a show of."

Miss Hannah More made her way upstairs. She found the doctor alone. He came forward, smilingly, Sir Joshua's pet macaw on his shoulder, and saluted the pretty young stranger by repeating her "Morning Hymn." From that moment they were fast friends, admiring each other exceedingly, and being mutually appreciative of one another's good qualities.

Dr. Johnson was fond of reciting verses, particularly Pope's. Miss Reynolds learnt Shenstone's poem, the "Inn," from hearing him repeat it.

Miss Reynolds tried to make the visit of the Bristol young ladies as pleasant as possible. Hannah wrote home joyously of one special day spent at Leicester Square, "We dined, drank tea, and supped at the amiable Sir Joshua Reynolds's; there was a

brilliant circle of both sexes; not in general literary, though partly so. We were not suffered to come away till one."

Another day, Miss Reynolds invited Dr. Percy to meet the sisters, who were surprised to find him "quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique." On his departure, she took them in the splendid coach to call on Dr. Johnson at Bolt Court.

All the way, they—more especially Hannah—talked rapturously of the great man, and discussed his new work, just ready for the press, the "Tour to the Hebrides." When they entered his parlour, Hannah sat down in a chair, hoping to catch a ray of the Johnsonian inspiration. Miss Reynolds told him about this when he appeared; he laughed heartily, and said that was a chair he never used. Miss Reynolds also told him of the talk in the coach; he laughed again, and shook his head at Hannah, saying she was "a silly thing."

Afterwards he admitted to Miss Reynolds that he had been much touched with the "enthusiasm which was visible in the whole manner of the *young authoress*, and which was evidently genuine and unaffected."

The visit ended, the doctor calls for his hat, as it rains, and airily skips down the long entry to the gateway in Fleet Street, to attend the ladies to their coach; "and not Rasselas could have acquited himself more *en cavalier*."

Between the semi-absurdity of the situation, the magnificence of the famous coach, and their host's eccentric appearance, this pompous leave-taking is a martyrdom to Fanny Reynolds. The big lexicographer is such an odd-looking figure that at all times he makes a really distressing exhibition of himself.

"He particularly piqued himself," says Miss Reynolds, "upon his nice observance of ceremonious politeness towards ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage through Bolt Court, unattended by himself to hand her into it (at least, I have reason to suppose it to be his general custom, from his constant performance of it to those with whom he was the most intimately acquainted); and if any obstacles prevented it from driving off, he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared leading the lady down the steps to Fleet Street. But to describe his appearance, his important air—that, indeed, cannot be described; and his morning habiliments would excite the utmost astonishment in my reader, that a man in his senses could think of stepping outside his door in them, or even to be seen at home. Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt Court, to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace. And I am certain that to those who love laughing, a description

of his dress from head to foot would be highly acceptable, and in general I believe would be thought the most curious part of my book; but I forbear out of respect to his memory, to give more than this slight intimation of it; for having written a minute description of his figure, from his wig to his slippers, the thought occurred that it might probably excite some person to delineate it, and I might have the mortification to see it hung up at a printshop as the greatest curiosity ever exhibited."

It put him in a passion to be looked at as an oddity. Once, in the street, he was annoyed by "an impudent fellow," who stopped, and not only stared at but mocked him—his uncouth gestures and queer ways—so ludicrously that the doctor could not refuse to recognise the burlesque. Obliged to resent the offence, he stepped up to the aggressor: "Ah!" said he, "you are a very weak fellow, and I will convince you of it." Giving the man a blow which knocked him from the footpath into the gutter, flat on his back, he calmly resumed his walk.

The next year Hannah More came again, eager to renew her delightful London friendships and acquaintances.

"I have not been able to pay my devoirs to my dear Dr. Johnson yet," she said, at first, "though Miss Reynolds has offered to accompany me whenever I am at leisure." When she called, one evening, with her

sister, "That Idler, that Rambler, Dr. Johnson, was out of town, so we were deprived of the felicity of seeing him"—but "it is a pleasure the obliging Miss Reynolds has promised me."

At Miss Reynolds' tea-parties, she was always seated next the doctor, and they generally had "the entire conversation to themselves."

One evening, Dr. Johnson, visiting the sisters, happened to say, "I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies," when they confided to him their history. He was charmed, and fervently exclaimed, "I love you both! I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came. God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses."

Nobody could say prettier, or ruder, things than Dr. Johnson. One evening he came to drink tea with Miss Reynolds. It was at the time when the beautiful Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, was at the height of her repute as a singer. When the doctor entered the room, Miss Reynolds said to him, "See, Dr. Johnson, what a preference I give to your company; for I had an offer of a box to hear Miss Linley, but I would rather sit with you than hear her sing." "And I, madam," replied Johnson, "would rather sit with you than upon a throne."

Miss Hannah was delighted with a dinner-party in Hill Street, at Mrs. Montagu's—"*a name not totally obscure,*" she smilingly remarked. The party consisted of the brilliant hostess, the learned Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, Sir Joshua, "the idol of every company," Dr. Johnson, Solander, and Maty (one of the secretaries of the Royal Society), with some other persons "of higher rank and less wit."

Again she came in 1776. Miss Reynolds was as kind as ever, and told her that "Sir Eldred" was "the theme of conversation in all polite circles." Sir Joshua was kind and attentive. One morning, Hannah has put on record, he called in the splendid carriage to take her and her sister to an auction of pictures.

She describes one pleasant little assembly of her own organising. Her guests gathered at seven o'clock—Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Garrick, and Miss Reynolds: Dr. Johnson, Dean Tucker, and "last, but not least in our love," David Garrick.

"Garrick was the very soul of the company, and I never saw Johnson in such perfect good humour. Sally knows we have often heard that one can never properly enjoy the company of these two unless they are together. There is great truth in this remark; for after the dean and Mrs. Boscawen were withdrawn, and the rest stood up to go, Johnson and Garrick began a close encounter, telling old stories, 'e'en from

their boyish days' at Lichfield. We all stood round them above an hour, laughing in defiance of every rule of decorum and Chesterfield."

Then she tells of another party, at the Garricks', the principal people being Lord and Lady Camden, their daughters, Lady Chatham and daughters, Lord Dudley, Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Montagu, the Dean of Derry and lady, Sir Joshua Reynolds and his sister, Colman, Berenger, etc., etc.

About this time (1776) a little breeze of unpleasantness brought a faint cloud over the friendship existing between the Reynoldses and Dr. Johnson.

Goldsmith was dead, to the sorrow of Sir Joshua, who had laid down his brush during the day of his friend's funeral. Johnson had written an epitaph for the monument to be raised to the memory of the gifted, odd little Irishman, and had sent it to Reynolds. A few weeks after, Miss Reynolds wrote from Richmond, begging for another copy of the epitaph, as she wished to send it to Dr. Beattie, "as something curious to propitiate Mrs. Beattie after my shameful neglect in not writing to her." She apologised for the trouble she was giving the doctor, as her brother had lost the epitaph. Dr. Johnson was, with reason, annoyed, and he wrote an indignant note back to Miss Reynolds. "Of Dr. Goldsmith's epitaph," he said, "I sent Sir Joshua two copies, and had none myself. If he has lost it, he has not done well." The next day he wrote

stiffly to Sir Joshua himself. Ultimately, the epitaph was either found or rewritten from memory.

It was Reynolds who arranged Goldsmith's affairs after his death.

Miss Reynolds was speaking with Dr. Johnson about the loss of their amusing and amiable associate. "Poor Dr. Goldsmith!" she sighed. "I am exceedingly sorry for him; he was every man's friend!"

"No, madam," answered Johnson, "he was no man's friend!"—meaning that Goldsmith, owing to his improvident habits, ever rendered himself incapable of befriending any one, even himself.

Amid all this glittering distraction, this gaiety and perpetual buzz, without any necessity for exertion, without one friend or instructor able or willing to give her advice or sympathy, or, what she coveted, a little merited commendation, Fanny Reynolds was toiling diligently to gain some mastery over the difficult art she so timidly loved. It was in miniature that her diffident hand chiefly found its strength; but she attempted oil, longing with that half-stifled enthusiasm which only ill-trained artists can comprehend, to attain something like proficiency. She had painted a good many likenesses on ivory from life. Johnson, while objecting theoretically to female portrait painters, exulted in the appreciation which rewarded her artistic efforts. "Reynolds," he wrote to a friend in 1759, "has within these few days raised his price

to twenty guineas, and Miss is much employed in miniatures." But he told Boswell, some eighteen or twenty years later, that he considered "the public practice of any art, and staring in men's faces," as "very indelicate in a female."

Frances Reynolds painted a likeness of her sister Elizabeth's son William, when a boy—it is at the Vicarage, Dean Prior, Devonshire; she made a drawing in pencil (it is believed) of Elizabeth herself, from one of her brother's paintings, for the engraver; she painted a miniature of Dr. Johnson and his wife—but that must have been a copy, as Mrs. Johnson had died shortly before Miss Reynolds met the doctor for the first time. This miniature was exhibited at South Kensington by its owner, the Rev. James Beck. She painted her own likeness on ivory: this belongs to C. B. Carruthers, Esq., who exhibited it at South Kensington. Another portrait was that of Miss Williams, Johnson's blind friend and *protégée*. Sir Joshua having painted a portrait of one of the Duke of Marlborough's children, Miss Reynolds made a copy of it, which she presented to his Grace, who sent her in return a gold snuff-box. In 1778 she painted a portrait from life of Mrs. Montagu, and one of Miss Mary Mudge (daughter of Dr. Mudge, an eminent physician of Plymouth); the latter was sold at the dispersion by auction (1836) of Northcote's effects. Her desire to learn oil-painting caused profound dis-

pleasure to Sir Joshua, who forgot how unpromising his own early works had been. With so severe an eye did he regard her efforts that she was obliged to study almost by stealth. Once she was making a copy of an exquisite picture of her brother's—a "Nymph and Bacchus." Whilst engaged upon this copy, Northcote relates, "she heard her brother coming into the library in which she was working, when she, in great haste endeavouring to hide the picture, by accident threw it down, and by the fall caused a considerable part of the face and neck of the portrait to drop from the canvas, to the great surprise and annoyance of them both."

Sir Joshua had a little discouraging, sneering way of under-estimating his sister's judgment, which had naturally a chilling effect upon her timorous nature. "One day at dinner with Sir Joshua and his sister," Northcote tells us, "I remarked to her that I had never seen any picture by Jervas, which was rather extraordinary, as he was a fashionable painter in his day; she said, 'Nor I neither. I wonder how that should be. I do not know that I ever saw one.' Then addressing Sir Joshua, she said, 'Brother, how happens it that we never meet with any pictures by Jervas the painter?' when he answered very briskly, 'Because they are all up in the garret.'"

The engraved portraits by Miss Reynolds are very characteristic. Northcote, who evidently liked,

and respected, and almost admired her, says that she executed many portraits in oil and miniature "with great likeness and taste."

"Evelina" had become a young person to be talked about (1778); and Mrs. Thrale contrived to make her an object of interest to Sir Joshua, the rich and fashionable old bachelor, by various not altogether defensible feminine artifices. An exciting whisper was circulated among the Streatham clique that Sir Joshua was raving about the wonderful new novel. Miss Reynolds, it was added significantly, had "talked very much and very highly" of the story, "though without a shadow of suspicion as to the scribbler;" and, "not contented with her own praise," declared her brother was so much caught, that "he could think of nothing else, and was quite absent all the day, not knowing a word that was said to him; and, when he took it up again, found himself so much interested in it, that he sat up all night to finish it!" Sir Joshua, it was again murmured about, "vowed he would give fifty pounds to know the author."

Mrs. Thrale organized a dinner-party at Streatham to bring Little Burney and the President of the Royal Academy together. Dr. Johnson, with whom the young lady was already on the most excellent terms, was not there. Sir Joshua, his two nieces, Dr. Calvert, Miss Rose Fuller, and Lady Ladd, were the judiciously chosen guests.

Little Burney was prepared to like the eligible owner of a fashionable town house and pleasant little villa at Richmond, who held an enviable position, had plenty of money while professing not to be stingy, and had only himself to please in any matrimonial arrangement he might elect to make. To be sure, he was not particularly young; he was exactly midway between fifty and sixty, and deaf; but then, he was agreeable, well-bred, and a favoured visitor in the highest circles. The pretty nieces were certain to marry most eligibly —one was already engaged to a wealthy Cornishman —and, of course, the elderly sister would be obliged to seek another home. At six or seven and twenty, even if a young lady assumes to be nine or ten years less, she begins to lay her plans with some caution, and look around with an eye betraying some anxiety.

"Sir Joshua," she artlessly penned in her famous diary, "I am much pleased with. I like his countenance, and I like his manners; the former I think expressive, soft, and sensible, the latter gentle, unassuming, and engaging.

"The eldest Miss Palmer," she added, patronizingly—she was not partial to women as a general rule, especially if they were young and handsome— "seems to have a better understanding than Offy; but Offy has the most pleasing face."

During dinner nothing remarkable occurred, but when they rose, Mrs. Thrale led the way for a stroll.

"I ran first into the hall for my cloak," Miss Fanny confidingly prattles on, "and Mrs. Thrale, running after me, said in a low voice—

"'If you are taxed with "Evelina," don't own it. I intend to say it is mine, for sport's sake.'

"You may think how much I was surprised, and how readily I agreed not to own it; but I could ask no questions, for the two Miss Palmers followed close, saying—

"'Now pray, ma'am, tell us who it is?'

"'No, no!' cried Mrs. Thrale; 'who it is you must find out. I have told you that you dined with the author; but the rest you must find out as you can.'

"Miss Thrale began tittering, but I entreated her not to betray me; and, as soon as I could, I got Mrs. Thrale to tell me what all this meant. She then acquainted me, that when she first came into the parlour she found them all busy in talking of 'Evelina' and heard that Sir Joshua had declared he would give fifty pounds to know the author!

"'Well,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'thus much, then, I will tell you—the author will dine with you to-day.'

"They were then all distraction to know the party.

"'Why,' said she, 'we shall have Dr. Calvert, Lady Ladd, Rose Fuller, and Miss Burney.'

"'Miss Burney?' quoth they; 'which Miss Burney?'

"'Why, the eldest—Miss Fanny Burney; and so out of this list you must make out the author.'

"I shook my head at her, but begged her, at least, to go no further.

"'No, no!' cried she, laughing; 'leave me alone; the fun will be to make them think it mine.'

"However, as I learnt at night, when they were gone, Sir Joshua was so very importunate with Mr. Thrale, and attacked him with such eagerness, that he made him confess who it was as soon as the ladies retired.

"Well, to return to our walk. The Miss Palmers grew more and mere urgent.

"'Did we indeed,' said the eldest, 'dine with the author of "Evelina"?'

"'Yes, in good truth did you.'

"'Why then, ma'am, it was yourself!'

"'I shan't tell you whether it was or not; but were there not other people at dinner besides me? What think you of Dr. Calvert?'

"'Dr. Calvert? no, no; I am sure it was not he: besides, they say it was certainly written by a woman?'

"'By a woman? nay, then, is not here Lady Ladd, and Miss Burney, and Hester?'

"'Lady Ladd I am sure it was not, nor could it be Miss Thrale's. O ma'am! I begin to think it was really yours! Now, was it not, Mrs. Thrale?'

"Mrs. Thrale only laughed. Lady Ladd, coming suddenly behind me, put her hands on my shoulders, and whispered—

"'Shall I tell?'

"'Tell—tell what?' cried I, amazed.

"'Why, whose it is?'

"'O ma'am,' cried I, 'who has been so wicked as to tell your ladyship?'

"'Oh, no matter for that; I have known it some time.'

"I entreated her, however, to keep counsel, though I could not forbear expressing my surprise and chagrin."

It is always so aggravating, to use a modern slang word, when dreadfully honest people *will* interfere with a pretty little game. Page after page contains a carefully preserved account of a conversation not altogether edifying.

"'It is the sweetest book in the world,' Miss Palmer cried. 'My uncle could not go to bed till he had finished it, and he says he shall make love to the author, if ever he meets with her, and it should really be a woman! . . . . My uncle says he should be frightened to death to be in her company, because she must be such a nice observer, that there would be no escaping her with safety.'"

Mrs. Thrale, pursuing her "fun" in a spirit scarcely becoming a lady, succeeded in easily creating

an impression on the minds of the two young girls that she had written the book. Soon after, the party broke up.

"I had no conversation with Sir Joshua all day," Miss Burney simpers; "but I found myself very much more an object of attention to him than I wished to be; and he several times spoke to me, though he did not make love!

"When they rose to take leave, Miss Palmer, with the air of asking the greatest of favours, hoped to see me when I returned to town; and Sir Joshua, approaching me with the most profound respect, inquired how long I should remain at Streatham? A week, I believed; and then he hoped when I left it, they should have the honour of seeing me in Leicester Square.

"In short, the joke is, the people speak as if they were afraid of me, instead of my being afraid of them. It seems, when they went to the door, Miss Palmer said to Mrs. Thrale—

"'Ma'am, so it is Miss Burney after all?'

"'Ay, sure,' answered she, 'who should it be?'

"'Ah! why did not you tell us sooner?' said Offy, 'that we might have had a little talk about it?'

"I cannot," Miss Burney declares, swelling with gratified vanity, "persuade myself to rejoice in the loss of my dear old obscurity."

When Dr. Johnson heard the story, he was deeply

indignant, and gave the two ladies—Mrs. Thrale and Miss Burney—a sharp little lecture.

"I am sorry for it, madam," he began; "you were much to blame; deceits of that kind ought never to be practised; they have a worse tendency than you are aware of."

Sir Joshua by no means objected to being flattered and flirted with by good-looking, clever, and largely admired young ladies, such as Miss Burney, Miss More, and Miss Kauffman, and allowed himself to be drawn into a decidedly pronounced flirtation with "Evelina," who built delusive hopes on his idle gallantries and pretty polite speeches.

Some months later, Mr. Huddisford, Reynolds' quondam pupil, known about town as a wit and lampooner, as well as a promising artist, brought out a satire—"Warley"—on the military music of the day, which he dedicated to the first artist in Europe, Sir Joshua Reynolds. He remarked therein, speaking of some project of Sir Joshua's, "Will it gain approbation from dear little Burney?" Miss Burney affected to be gracefully shocked at being thus publicly alluded to, and surprised that Sir Joshua should be supposed to call her by epithets only used by her venerable beau, Dr. Johnson, and she recorded various reflections on the subject in her diary. It is perhaps difficult for a successful young lady novelist to discover "how much flummery goes to turn the head of an authoress."

It was in December, a week before Christmas, 1778, that Miss Burney went with her papa and mamma to visit the house in Leicester Fields. Be sure she adjusted her cap most becomingly before she left her glass. She does not remark on the curious fact that Miss Reynolds was not of the party.

"We found the Miss Palmers alone. We were for nearly an hour quite easy, chatty, and comfortable; no pointed speech was made, and no starer entered." Poor Little Burney was, she says herself, exceedingly bashful, and was overwhelmed with tremors and blushes whenever people by word or look distinguished her as the author of "Evelina."

"Mrs. and Miss Horneck were announced. . . . Mrs. Horneck seated herself by my mother. Miss Palmer introduced me to her and her daughter, who seated herself next me; but not one word passed between us!

"Mrs. Horneck, as I found in the course of the evening, is an exceedingly sensible, well-bred woman. Her daughter is very beautiful, but was low-spirited and silent during the whole of the visit. She was, indeed, very unhappy, as Miss Palmer informed me, upon account of some ill news she had lately heard of the affairs of a gentleman (Colonel Gwynn) to whom she is to be shortly married.

"Next came a Mr. Gwatkin, of whom I have

nothing to say, but he was very talkative with Miss Offy, and very silent with everybody else.

"Not long after came a whole troop, consisting of Mr. Cholmondeley, Miss Cholmondeley and Miss Fanny Cholmondeley, his daughters, and Miss Forrest. Mrs. Cholmondeley I found was engaged elsewhere, but was expected.

"Mr. Cholmondeley is a clergyman, nothing shining either in person or manners, but rather somewhat grim in the first, and glum in the last. Yet he appears to have humour himself, and enjoys it in others."

Then there is a sarcastic description of the young ladies. "Next came my father, all gaiety and spirits. Then Mr. William Burke.

"Soon after, Sir Joshua returned home. He paid his compliments to everybody; and then brought a chair next mine, and said—

"'So you were afraid to come among us?'

"He went on, saying I might as well fear hobgoblins, and that I had only to hold up my head to be above them all.

"After this address, his behaviour was exactly what my wishes would have dictated to him for my own ease and quietness; for he never once even alluded to my book, but conversed rationally, gaily, and serenely; and so I became more comfortable than I had ever been since the first entrance of company.

"Our confab was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. King, a gentleman who is, it seems, for ever with the Burkes; and presently Lord Palmerston was announced."

Lastly came Mrs Cholmondeley (she was Mrs. Peg Woffington's sister), and Fanny "ran from the standers, and, turning my back against the door, looked over Miss Palmer's cards; for you may well imagine I was really in a tremor at a meeting which has been so long in agitation, and with the person who, of all persons, has been most warm and enthusiastic for my book."

Then there is some tiresome puffery.

"Sir Joshua made me sit next him at supper; Mr. William Burke was at my other side; though afterwards I lost the Knight of Plympton, who, as he eats no suppers, made way for Mr. Gwatkin, and, as the table was crowded, stood at the fire himself. He was extremely polite and flattering in his manners towards me, and entirely avoided all mention or hint at 'Evelina' the whole evening; indeed I think I have met with more scrupulous delicacy from Sir Joshua than from anybody, although I have heard more of his approbation than of almost any other person's."

As for Miss Reynolds, Fanny Burney detested her with a small venomous spite. The reason for this keen, bitter dislike is not apparent. She also hated

Hannah More, until somebody told her that lady had drawn her most flatteringly in a new poem, as a figure of "Attention." She felt angry that Dr. Johnson should flirt with Hannah More, and wished to make it appear that her rival only gained a show of favour by using the grossest flatteries.

"'Miss Burney never flatters him,' said Mrs. Thrale, 'though she is such a favourite with him;—but the tables are turned, for he sits and flatters her all day long.'

"'I don't flatter him,' said I, 'because nothing I could say would flatter him.'

"Mrs. Thrale then told a story of Hannah More, which I think exceeds, in its severity, all the severe things I have yet heard of Dr. Johnson's saying. When she was introduced to him, not long ago, she began singing his praise in the warmest manner, and talking of the pleasure and instruction she had received from his writings, with the highest encomiums. For some time he heard her with that quietness which a long use of praise has given him; she then redoubled her strokes, and, as Mr. Seward calls it, peppered still more highly; till, at length, he turned suddenly to her, with a stern and angry countenance, and said, 'Madam, before you flatter a man so grossly to his face, you should consider whether or not your flattery is worth his having.'"

This was a pitifully distorted relation of a very

simple circumstance. At one of Miss Reynolds' tea-parties, Dr. Johnson and Miss More had laughingly entered on a serio-comic mutual admiration passage-at-arms. "They were both in remarkably high spirits; it was certainly her lucky night!" her sister says. "I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have imagined we had been at some comedy had you heard our peals of laughter. They, indeed, tried who could 'pepper the highest;' and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was not really the highest seasoner." Somebody else averred that he said, "Dearest lady, consider with yourself what your flattery is worth, before you bestow it so freely."

"I never saw Johnson really angry with me but once," Miss Hannah declares; "and his displeasure did him so much honour that I loved him the better. I alluded rather flippantly, I fear, to some witty passage in 'Tom Jones:' he replied, 'I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to find you have read it; a confession which no modest lady should ever make."

1779, January.—"On Monday, to my great dissatisfaction, Mrs. Reynolds came," Fanny Burney chronicled. "I was woefully dumpish." A few days before she had been intensely mortified by Dr. Franklin, who had, as modern Yankee slang would

have put it, "streaked in," brusquely inquired if her name was "Evelina," looked stupid and mystified when told it was not, and walked off again, instead of decorously worshipping at her shrine. Naturally, she did not care to be reminded of this incident.

"'Pray,' Mrs. Reynolds, after some time, demanded, 'how does Miss Fanny do? Oh no!—not Miss Fanny—Miss Sukey, I mean!—this, I think, is Miss Fanny?—though your name is swallowed up in another—that of—of—of Miss Burney,—if not of—of—of, dear, how odd in Dr. Franklin to ask if that was not your name!'

"To be sure I stared," snaps Miss Burney, "and asked where she had her intelligence? I found, from my father himself.

"'Well,' continued she, 'what would not Mrs. Horneck and Mrs. Bunbury give to see the writer of that book! Why, they say they would walk a hundred and sixty miles only to see her, if that would do!'

"'Why then,' quoth I, 'I would walk just as far to avoid them!'

"'Oh no! don't say that! I hope you will have the goodness to consent to meet them! But I think I have made out how Dr. Franklin came to say that odd thing. "Oh, ho," thought he, "am I now in company with the writer of that celebrated book? Well, I must say something!" So then he became

so embarrassed, that in his confusion, he made the blunder.'

"Now, I think," concludes Fanny Burney, in a white rage, "the only doubt is, which was the most infinitely absurd, the question or the comment?"

A month later, Fanny Reynolds had again quitted her brother's house. It is difficult to avoid the feeling that she must have departed in bitterness and despair. "I never was a great professor of love and affection," Sir Joshua once wrote to his favourite niece, his "dear Offee," and the poor, lonely heart of Fanny Reynolds was dying within her from coldness and neglect.

It may have been at this time that she wrote a letter, the rough draft of which, without date or address, alone remains.

"As the mind must have some pursuit," the sad and sorrowful soul cried out, "and I, unhappily, have none that is so satisfactory, or that appears to me so praiseworthy as painting, and having been thrown out of the path nature had in a peculiar manner fitted me for, and as it is natural to endeavour to excel in something, I confess I can't help pleasing myself with the hope that I might arrive at a tolerable degree of perfection in these little pictures"—meaning fancy subjects of children and landscapes—"could I refresh imagination and improve my ideas by the sight of pictures of that sort, and by the judgment of connois-

seurs. But I must beg you to believe that nothing but the greatest necessity should prompt me to make any advantage of them in a manner unsuitable to the character of a gentlewoman, both for my own sake, as well as for my brother's." She then alludes to the income allowed her by her brother, saying it will suffice to keep her in a genteel manner, "without pecuniary schemes to raise it higher." Then the letter concludes—"The height of my desire is to be able to spend a few months in the year near the arts and sciences, but if you think that it will bring my character in question, for my brother to be in London, and I not at his house, I will content myself with residing at Windsor. It would give me the sincerest satisfaction to have his opinions and advice in this, as well as in every action of my life; but he is so much engaged in business, that I fear I should receive no answer. However, I should not think it right to draw so near to him as Windsor, without first acquainting him of it."

After some incertitude, Miss Reynolds went to stay for a few days in the house of John Hoole, the learned, if prosaic, translator of Ariosto, Metastasio, and Tasso; author, too, of three very bad classical tragedies—an amiable, studious, and generally estimable man. His wife—she had been a Miss Sarah Smith—was known as "the handsome Quaker." Hoole and his wife lived in Leicester Square, so Miss

Reynolds cannot have felt herself comfortably situated. Either at this time, or later, she painted the portrait of the learned gentleman, to be engraved as a frontispiece to his "Rinaldo" (1792). It was engraved by Anker Smith. Miss Reynolds declined to let her name be given to the picture: "I thought it would have the appearance of ostentation," she said, "as I do not make a profession of painting."

Finally she settled in Dover Street, Piccadilly, and then wrote imploringly to her faithful ally and adviser, Dr. Johnson, whom she invariably consulted, though she had sometimes found that he was not quite so consoling as he might have been. "It is certain," she sighed once (in her "Recollections"), "that he would scarcely allow any one to feel for the distresses of others; or whatever he thought they might feel, he was very apt to impute to causes that did no honour to human nature. Indeed, I thought him rather too fond of Rochefoucault maxims." Yet she freely admitted that though he could not be said to be "in manners gentle," he was always "in affections mild—benevolent and compassionate."

Johnson wrote back, February 15, 1779—

"DEAREST MADAM,

"I have never deserved to be treated as you treat me. When you employed me before, I undertook your affair, and succeeded; but then I

succeeded by choosing a proper time; and a proper time I will choose again.

"I have about a week's work to do, and then I shall come to live in town, and will first wait on you in Dover Street. You are not to think that I neglect you, for your nieces will tell you how rarely they have seen me. I will wait on you as soon as I can; and yet you must resolve to talk things over without anger, and you must leave me to catch opportunities; and be assured, dearest dear, that I could have very little enjoyment of that day in which I had neglected any opportunity of doing good to you.

"I am, dearest Madam,

"Your humble servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

The "past affair" to which he alluded, was possibly bringing about a former reconciliation with her brother.

Hannah More came to town almost immediately after Miss Reynolds had settled in her new abode. When the "Fatal Falsehood" was brought out at Covent Garden in May — an indifferent tragedy, played only four times—Miss Reynolds wrote to the dramatist an affectionate little note.

"I congratulate you, myself, and all my sex," she said, "on the happy and most beautiful exhibition of your play. Nothing should have prevented me from

testifying my joy in person, but the apprehension that you might be too much engaged this morning. I would wish to come when I could freely describe the sensations I felt—at least, endeavour to describe them. Miss Young's recollection that Julia was absent, &c., was a beautiful and striking incident. My eyes are so weak I can scarcely see to write.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"F. REYNOLDS."

"I was asked yesterday to meet Dr. Burney and Evelina at Mrs. Reynolds's," Hannah More wrote, in the summer of 1779, "but was engaged at home. This Evelina is an extraordinary girl; she is not more than twenty, of a very retired disposition; and how she picked up her knowledge of nature and low life, her *Brangtons*, and her St. Giles's gentry, is astonishing!"

Parties at Miss Reynolds', in Dover Street, became almost as pleasant as the gatherings at Sir Joshua's, in Leicester Fields. Her old and faithful friends were glad to visit her, and meet agreeable people.

The next summer Miss More undertook her annual pilgrimage to London. "I went to Mrs. Reynolds's," she said, "and sat for my picture. Just as she began to paint, in came Dr. Johnson, who staid the whole time, and said many good things by way of making me look well."

One of the entries made (1780) by Johnson in the diary he kept for Mrs. Thrale, was to the effect that on April 21 he was, "Friday, with much company at Mrs. Reynolds's." In June he wrote—"I was last week at *Renny's conversazione*, and *Renny* got her room pretty well filled; and there were Mrs. Ord, and Mrs. Horneck, and Mrs. Bunbury, and much more would poor Renny have given to have had Mrs. Thrale too, and Queeny, and Burney; but human happiness is never perfect; there is always *une vuide affreuse*, as Maintenon complained,—some craving void left aching in the breast. *Renny* is going to Ramsgate; and thus the world drops away, and I am left in the sultry town, to see the sun in the *Crab*, and perhaps in the *Lion*, while you are paddling with the Nereids."

The next day he wrote to Miss Reynolds. She had asked him to sit for his portrait, and also to read some verses she had written. Just then the little lady was hankering after literary laurels.

"Bolt Court, June 16, 1780.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I answer your letter as soon as I can, for I have just received it. I am very willing to wait on you at all times, and will sit for the picture, and if it be necessary, will sit again, for whenever I sit I shall be always with you.

"Do not, my love, burn your papers. I have

mended little but some bad rhymes. I thought them very pretty, and was much moved in reading them. The red ink is only lake and gum, and with a moist sponge will be washed off.

"I have been out of order, but, by bleeding and other means, am now better. Let me know on which day I shall come to you.

"I am, etc.,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

Fanny Burney detested Miss Reynolds, but did not mind visiting at her house, as it gave her an additional opportunity of meeting the distinguished personages in whom her soul delighted. "My father," says she, "took me to Bolt Court, there to drink tea with Dr. Johnson. Since that, I have had the pleasure to meet him again at Mrs. Reynolds's, when he offered to take me with him to Grub Street, to see the ruins of the house demolished there in the late riots by a mob that, as he observed, could be no friend to the Muses."

"Chessington, Aug., 1780," she again notes—"We had one very pleasant day last week with our dear Dr. Johnson, who dined with us, and met Mr. Barry, Dr. Dunbar, and Dr. Gillies, and afterwards Mr. Crofts, the famous book collector, Mr. Sastris, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. Devaynes, and Baretti, and altogether we made it out very well."

Some months later, Sir Joshua was painting Dr.

Burney's portrait, to be engraved by Bartolozzi, for the doctor's History of Music. Both painter and sitter were staying with the Thrales.

Miss Fanny had not relinquished her little idea as yet, and was trying to "encourage" the elderly but wealthy and fashionable president. She cultivated Mary Palmer assiduously and affectionately. Offy was married at the end of that winter (1782) to Richard Lovell Gwatkin, a Cornish gentleman of good fortune. The young couple "lived happily ever after." Offy, who had grumbled at being made to look too young, arrived at the dignified age of ninety, cheerful, intelligent to the last, beloved and respected by her children's children. A few weeks after the wedding, Fanny Burney spent one whole delightful day with Miss Palmer, who in the morning took her to see some beautiful fans painted on leather by Pozzi, from designs by Sir Joshua, Angelica Kauffman, Benjamin West, and Cipriani.

One Sunday, meeting at the eccentric Miss Monckton's, Sir Joshua was, according to Miss Fanny's own account, most pointedly "kind." He "desired he might convey me home; I declined the offer, and he pressed it a good deal, drolly saying, 'Why, I am old enough, ain't I?' and turning to Dr. Johnson, he said, 'Sir, is not this very hard? Nobody thinks me very young, yet Miss Burney won't give me the privilege of age in letting me see her home. She says

I ain't old enough.' 'Ay, sir,' said the Doctor, 'did I not tell you she was a writer of romances.'"

Miss Reynolds was very anxious for Mrs. Thrale to purchase her collection of pictures, and pay for it by a yearly sum which should constitute an annuity or pension. She asked Dr. Johnson to make the offer. Mrs. Thrale's reply was that she could not afford such an arrangement.

Only once do we see the shadow of Fanny Reynolds again fall across the threshold of her brother's house. It was at Christmas time, 1782, and it is the unfriendly hand of Fanny Burney that draws aside the veil.

"My father and I dined and spent the day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, after many preceding disappointments. Our dinner party consisted merely of Mr. West, the painter, Mr. Jackson, of Exeter, and Miss Reynolds. Mr. West had, some time ago, desired my father to invite him to our house, to see that lion, your sister, saying to him, 'You will be safe, Dr. Burney, in trusting to our meeting, for I am past forty, and married.'

"My father, however, has had no time, and therefore I believe he applied to Sir Joshua, for the servant who brought our card of invitation said he was to carry no other till ours was answered.

"The moment Miss Palmer had received me with a reproachful 'At last we are met,' Sir Joshua took

my hand, and insisted upon wishing me a Merry Christmas, according to old forms, and then presenting me to Mr. West, he said—

"'You must let me introduce you to one of your greatest admirers.'

"Mr. West is a very pleasing man, gentle, soft-mannered, cheerful, and serene. Mr. Jackson you may remember our formerly seeing; he is very handsome, and seems possessed of much of that ardent genius which distinguishes Mr. Young; for his expressions, at times, are extremely violent, while at other times he droops, and is so absent that he seems to forget not only all about him, but himself.

"They were both exceedingly civil to me, and dear Sir Joshua is so pleasant, so easy, so comfortable, that I never was so little constrained in a first meeting with people who I saw came to meet me.

"After dinner Mr. Jackson undertook to teach us all how to write with our left hands. Some succeeded, and some failed; but both he and Mr. West wrote nothing but my name. I tried, and would have written Sir Joshua, but it was illegible, and I tore the paper; Mr. Jackson was very vehement to get it from me.

"'I have done the worst,' cried I, 'and I don't like disgracing myself.'

"'Pho!' cried he, just with the energy and freedom of Mr. Young, 'let me see it at once; do you

think you can do anything with your left hand that will lessen the credit of what you have done with your right?'

"This, however, was all that was hinted to me upon that subject by him. I had afterwards one slight touch from Mr. West, but the occasion was so tempting that I could not possibly wonder at him. Sir Joshua had two snuff-boxes in use, a gold and a tin one; I examined them, and asked why he made use of such a vile and shabby tin one.

"'Why,' said he, laughing, 'because I naturally love a little of the blackguard. Ay, and so do you, too, little as you look as if you did, and all the people all day long are saying, where can you have seen such company as you treat us with?'

"'Why, you have seen such, Sir Joshua,' said Mr. West, taking up the tin snuff-box, 'for this box you must certainly have picked up at Briggs's sale.'

"You may believe I was eager enough now to call a new subject; and Sir Joshua, though he loves a little passing speech or two upon this matter, never insisted upon keeping it up, but the minute he sees he has made me look about me or look foolish, he is most good-naturedly ready to give it up.

"But how, my dearest Susy, can you wish any wishes about Sir Joshua and me? A man who has had two shakes of the palsy. What misery should I suffer if I were only his niece, from a terror of a fatal

repetition of such a shock! I would not run voluntarily into such a state of perpetual apprehension for the wealth of the East. Wealth, indeed, *per se*, I never too much valued, and my acquaintance with its possessors has by no means increased my veneration for it."

The grapes were turning sour.

"I had afterwards a whispering conversation with Mrs. Reynolds, which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chessington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass much more time there, as I know no place where I had had more, if so much, happiness.

"'Well, bless me!' cried she, holding up her hands, 'and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange, indeed, for by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!'

"'Mr. *Crisp*,' said I, 'is indeed the only man, but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly.'

"'What! and they neither of them married that Mr.—that same gentleman?'

"'No, they never married anybody; they are single, and so is he.'

"'Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable,' said she, holding her finger up to her nose most significantly,

'can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife in all this time?'

"There was no answering this but by grinning, but I thought how my dear Kitty would again have called her the *old sifter*.

"She afterwards told me of divers most ridiculous distresses she had been in with Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Ord.

"'I had the most unfortunate thing in the world happen to me,' she said, 'about Mrs. Montagu, and I always am in some distress or misfortune with that lady. She did me the honour to invite me to dine with her last week,—and I am sure there is nobody in the world can be more obliged to Mrs. Montagu for taking such notice of anybody;—but just when the day came I was so unlucky as to be ill, and that, you know, made it quite improper to go to dine with Mrs. Montagu, for fear of any disagreeable consequences. So this vexed me very much, for I had nobody to send to her that was proper to appear before Mrs. Montagu; for, to own the truth, you must know I have no servant but a maid, and I could not think of sending such a person to Mrs. Montagu. So I thought it best to send a chairman, and to tell him only to ring at the bell, and to wait for no answer; because then the porter might tell Mrs. Montagu my servant brought the note, for the porter could not tell but he might be my servant. But my maid was so stupid, she took

the shilling I gave her for the chairman, and went to a green-shop, and she bid the woman send somebody with the note, and she left the shilling with her; so the greenwoman, I suppose, thought she might keep the shilling, and instead of sending a chairman she sent her own errand-girl; and she was all dirt and rags. But this is not all; for, when the girl got to the house, nothing would serve her but she would give the note to Mrs. Montagu, and wait for an answer; so then, you know, Mrs. Montagu saw this ragged green-shop girl. I was never so shocked in my life, for when she brought me back the note I knew at once how it all was. Only think what a mortification, to have Mrs. Montagu see such a person as that! She must think it very odd of me indeed to send a green-shop girl to such a house as hers?'

"Now for a distress equally grievous with Mrs. Ord:—

"'You must know Mrs. Ord called on me the other day when I did not happen to be dressed; so I had a very pretty sort of a bed-gown, like a jacket, hanging at the fire, and I had on a petticoat, with a border on it of the same pattern; but the bed-gown I thought was damp, and I was in a hurry to go down to Mrs. Ord, so I would not stay to dry it, but went down in another bed-gown, and put my cloak on. But only think what Mrs. Ord must think of it, for I have since thought she must suppose I had no gown

on at all, for you must know my cloak was so long it only shewed the petticoat.'

"If this makes you grin as it did me, you will be glad of another specimen of her sorrows :—

"'I am always,' said she, 'out of luck with Mrs. Ord; for another time when she came there happened to be a great slop on the table; so, while the maid was going to the door, I took up a rag that I had been wiping my pencils with, for I had been painting, and I wiped the table; but as she got upstairs before I had put it away, I popped a white handkerchief upon it. However, while we were talking, I thought my handkerchief looked like a litter upon the table, and, thinks I, Mrs. Ord will think it was untidy, for she is all neatness, so I whisked it into my pocket; but I quite forgot the rag with the paint on it. So, when she was gone—bless me!—there I saw it was sticking out of my pocket, in full sight. Only think what a slut Mrs. Ord must think me, to put a dish-clout in my pocket!'

"I had several stories of the same sort, and I fear I have lost all reputation with her for dignity, as I laughed immoderately at her disasters."

It is difficult to recognise in the vulgar, garrulous fool here so coarsely portrayed with the blackest of charcoal, the Fanny Reynolds so tenderly loved and esteemed by Samuel Johnson, the friend of Hannah More, of the stately Mrs. Montagu and the elegant Mrs. Ord: who had not only been ruler in the house

nected have always turned their eyes upon him for their treasurer and chief manager, when, perhaps, they would not have contentedly submitted to any other authority. . . . Though he had outlived all the companions of his youth, he might, to the last, have boasted of a succession equally numerous; for all that knew him were his friends. . . . All this excellence had a firm foundation: he was a man of sincere and ardent piety, and has left an illustrious example of the exactness with which the subordinate duties may be expected to be discharged by him whose first care is to please God."

Sir Joshua adds a graceful tribute of praise to the keeper's only daughter, "who has distinguished herself by the admirable manner in which she composes pieces of flowers, of which many samples have been seen in the Exhibitions . . . and for her extraordinary merit has been received into the Royal Academy."

His large collection of works was sold by Mr. Langford.

On the death of her father, Miss Moser, of course, quitted Somerset House. She went to live at 21, Denmark Street, Soho.

Fuseli married a Miss Sophia Rawlins, of Bath-Eaton, in 1788, finding in her an excellent wife. The same year he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1790 he was elected an Academician. A singular circumstance attended this

same election. Joseph Bonomi, the Italian architect, had put himself forward as a candidate for the same honour. The president, at the persuasion of the Earl of Aylesford, had endeavoured to obtain for Bonomi the appointment of Professor of Perspective, then vacant; but before he could be eligible for that office, it was necessary that he should be elected an Academician. He had been elected an associate by the casting vote of Reynolds, who, no doubt, had an additionally kind feeling towards him from the fact that he was married to the young cousin of Angelica. Fuseli personally asked the president's vote in his favour. Sir Joshua replied, "Were you my brother, I could not serve you on this occasion; for I think it not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy, that Mr. Bonomi be elected."

The president, while promising Fuseli support on some future occasion, exerted himself to the utmost for Bonomi, even transgressing a rule by allowing that candidate to exhibit some drawings on the evening of election, no such advantage being granted Fuseli. "The impression gained ground that the president was unduly exerting himself in favour of one whose merits were not equal to his competitor," remarks Sandby; "and this feeling was unmistakably manifested by the election of Fuseli by a majority of two to one over Bonomi, for whom nine votes were given, and twenty-one for Fuseli."

When the result was known, Sir Joshua rose from the chair, pale with rage. "It was evident that, for once in his lifetime, he was deeply offended, and lost that self-possession for which he was celebrated." Thirteen days after, he sent in his resignation as president.

Why or wherefore Sir Joshua thus openly displayed such strong feeling against Henry Fuseli remained a mystery. A novelist might be justified in fancying that a lingering recollection of the time when they were both lovers of the now absent and wedded Angelica led him to regard with cold dislike his former rival. But as a matter of fact Sir Joshua and Dr. Armstrong were Fuseli's best friends.

Fuseli was married: Mary Moser was writing friendly letters to a Mistress Lloyd, sister of Captain Hugh Lloyd.

"My dear Friend,

"Come to London and admire our plumes; we sweep the sky! a duchess wears six feathers, a lady four, and every milk-maid one at each corner of her cap! Your mamma desired me to inquire the name of something she had seen in the windows in Tavistock Street: it seems *she* was afraid to ask; but *I* took courage, and they told me they were rattlesnake tippets; however, notwithstanding

their frightful name, they are not very much unlike a beaufrong, only the quills are made stiff, and springy in the starching. Fashion is grown a monster; pray tell your operator that your hair must measure just three-quarters of a yard from the extremity of one wing to the other. I should not have said so much about fashion, but I suppose it makes part of the conversation of country ladies; I hope my advice will not be stale: French trimming is quite the *bon-ton.*

"N.B.—The Queen and her ladies never wear feathers: they say here, that the minority ladies are distinguished from the courtiers by their plumes. Mrs. Sheriff brought a terrible story of a trance, which I suppose your mamma has told you already; but I have since inquired into the merits of the case, and have been assured by some of the lady's relations, who are likewise cousins of mine by marriage, that the story is fabulous, and they fancy it was fabricated to amuse a good old aunt, who delighted in the marvellous. Is there no ghostly story propagated at Carnarvon that would petrify one's friends? For heaven's sake invent me some! let them be very wonderful indeed, that I may make a figure among the old ladies. I have found very good effects from telling a terrific story, when I have held a doubtful, low hand; pray keep this secret. I do not know one gossiping anecdote, or it should be at your service.

My father and mother join in compliments to you and Captain Lloyd, and

"I remain, to all perpetuity,
"Your sincere friend and humble servant,
"MARY MOSER."

Again:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your 'Palace of Silence' has engrossed all my thoughts for these last six weeks. I dream of it, and cry 'Silence' in my sleep. If your printer should not have mercy on me, and bring it out shortly, I shall certainly die with impatience.

"The renewal of the year gives me an opportunity of wishing you in words, what I always wish you in thought—many, many, happy years. 'May you live as long as you deserve to live,' says Lord Chesterfield to his son. Give me leave to conclude my wish in the same manner; because, if my wish succeed, you will live for ever. Pray, if you have read Lord Chesterfield's letters, give me your opinion of them, and what you think of his lordship; for my part, I admire wit and adore good manners, but at the same time, I should detest Lord Chesterfield, were he alive, young, and handsome, and my lover, if I supposed, as I do now, his wit was the result of thought, and that he had been practising the graces in the looking-glass. I cannot help smiling at the fine compliments

he desires his son to make to the Duke of Newcastle, and the delicate turn of his epistle to Voltaire: witty sayings made yesterday, and compliments manufactured at leisure, I hate; so I will not allow my Lord Chesterfield to have been a wit, unless you speak in his defence, which I think you will not do, because he has said that the best of us are little better than things in leading-strings and forehead cloths: however, as I have heard that it is generous to acknowledge the merit of those we do not love, I will declare if all the good things in Lord Chesterfield's work were compiled in one volume, independant of his adoration of the Graces, it would be a most excellent little book.

"I shall have the pleasure of seeing your mamma this afternoon at Mrs. Toussaint's; so adieu, my dear friend, and believe me,

"Sincerely, with all love,

"Your humble servant,

"MARY MOSER."

"To Mrs. Lloyd."

Mary Moser married Captain Hugh Lloyd, and after that, painted only as an amateur. In 1797, her name appeared in the catalogue of the Royal Academy as "Mary Lloyd," when she sent "Flowers." About that time she went to live in John Street, Fitzroy Square.

The queen and Princess Elizabeth continued to visit the painter whose works they so much admired. She was much gratified by a kindly letter written by the princess.

"My dear Mrs. Lloyd,

"To show you that, though out of sight, you are not out of mind, I send you a very quiet, sober coloured gown, to show you that you have a sincere and old friend in

"Eliza."

"Jan. 20th."

The last year Mary Lloyd exhibited was 1800, when she sent a figure subject. She survived her husband several years. A sufficiently stupid anecdote is told relating to her, at the time of the re-election of West as president (1803). One vote was given in favour of Mrs. Lloyd for the presidential chair. It was attributed to Fuseli. When taxed with it, he, in "his usual sarcastic vein," replied, "Well, suppose I did? Isn't she eligible? Isn't one old woman as good as another?"

Mrs. Lloyd, by the way, was on very friendly terms with West and his wife, as she was with Nollekens and Cosway, and their wives. Mrs. Nollekens was a specially dear friend. Nollekens bequeathed Mrs. Lloyd a hundred pounds.

And then the gay, careless chronicle comes to an

end. Mary Lloyd writes her will—carefully, even lovingly, remembering different friends. To Maria Cosway she left twenty guineas to buy a ring. She desired "to be buried in the same grave with my late husband, Hugh Lloyd, Esq., if I should die in this country." At an advanced age she died. It was at ten o'clock on a Sunday morning, May 2, 1819, "in the front second-floor room of her lodgings," No. 21, Upper Thornhaugh Street, Tottenham Court Road. She was buried on the 10th of the same month, at Kensington, in the grave of her husband, according to her own request.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.

(*All exh. R. A.*)

1. Flower Piece, in oil, and
2. Flower Piece in water colours, 1769.
3. Flower Piece. Presentation work, 1770.
4. Flower Piece, 1771.
5, 6. Flower Piece and its Companion;
7. Hebe, 1772.
8, 9. Flower Pieces, 1773.
10. Piece of Flowers;
11. The Muse Erato, 1774.
12. A Piece of Flowers, 1775.
13. Small Flower Piece;
14. Venus and Cupid, 1776.
15. Piece of Flowers;
16. Girl making a Garland, 1777.
17. Belphaebe (Spenser's "Fairy Queen,"), 1778.

18. A Gentleman;
19. A Young Gentleman;
20. Contemplation;
21. Flowers, 1779.
22. Flower Piece;
23. Theseus finding his father's sword and sandals (Plutarch), 1783.
24. Medora and Angelica (Ariosto);
25. Portrait of a Gentleman;
26. Aminia (Tasso), 1784.
27. Flowers, 1785.
28. Atalanta and Hippomenes (Ovid), 1788.
29. Flowers;
30. Cymon and Iphigenia (Dryden), 1789.
31. Proserpine gathering Flowers (Ovid), 1790.
32. A Landscape, 1792.
33. Flowers, 1797.
34. Scene from the "Mysteries of Udolpho," 1798.
35. The Priest of Bacchus stabs himself at the Altar, 1800.

CHAPTER XIV.

Maria Cecilia Louisa Cosway.

FEW people are, perhaps, unfamiliar with the truly remarkable figures of that much-envied and bitterly laughed-at pair, Mr. and Mrs. Cosway—the observed of all observers in fashionable society as the radiant eighteenth century was waning. The one, a preposterous little Dresden china manikin, with a face like a monkey, trying to assume the airs of a prince of the blood royal, arrayed in the extreme of that eccentric style of costume enforced by the Macaroni Club, his ridiculous apish form bedizened in all the glories that silk, velvet, and jewels could confer. The other, a golden-haired, languishing Anglo-Italian, graceful to affectation, endeavouring to play the fairy princess, to take rank among the most exclusive queens of the salon. Both pretending as hard as they could to be idle, gay butterflies; both

slaving and drudging like the veriest moilers and toilers. Both utterly devoid of dignity, earning contempt by toadyism, trickeries, oddities, follies.

Mrs. Cosway had been Maria Hadfield. She was the daughter of an Englishman (a native of Shrewsbury, but some say an Irishman), who had realized a fortune by keeping a hotel, much frequented by English travellers. A sad and romantic story was told of Maria's early childhood. These "tales" must, however, be in general received *cum grano salis*, for everybody had something to say, or to send in epistolary form to the *Lady's Magazine*, or the *Lady's New and Elegant Pocket Magazine*, or the *Lady's Monthly Museum*, about charming and interesting women of note. It was said that a lunatic maid had slain four of Maria's brothers and sisters, and was overheard talking of killing Maria, under the persuasion that her victims would be translated at once to heaven. Maria was providentially saved, and the woman imprisoned for life—it was said.

Maria was placed in a convent to be educated. She became highly accomplished, especially in music and drawing. Her talents were so decided that it was settled she should study in Rome. There she gained the valuable acquaintance of the religious, retiring Pompeo Battoni, so admired for his brilliant altar-pieces: of Battoni's only, but intensely bitter, enemy, Mengs, who hated and envied every living artist en-

dowed with greater genius than himself: of Theresa da Maron, sister of Mengs, wife of the Italian painter Maron, remarkable for her exquisite miniatures, enamels, and crayon drawings: of the modest, studious Wright, of Derby, who was making splendid copies from Michael Angelo: of Fuseli—and other distinguished artists. The girl eagerly studied the works of the old masters in churches and palaces.

Her father died. Maria desired to take the veil, but her mother persuaded her to go to London. Accordingly, she left Italy with her mother, sister Charlotte, and brother—a young man who afterwards became an obscure artist.

Some people said that Mrs. Hadfield was an old acquaintance of Angelica's, others said that Maria was formally presented to the fashionable painter. Anyway, the youthful new comer gained the friendship of Angelica, and it was that good Catholic who argued her out of her wish to enter a cloister.

Miss Hadfield made an even more momentous acquaintanceship—with that "dapperest and dandiest of men," Richard Cosway, who fell in love with her, and asked her to marry him. He was an absurd little coxcomb, and ugly as a monkey. Maria was very lovely—in the bloom of youth, with a fresh, delicate face, enframed by a quantity of blonde hair, dressed in the mode of the day. The large, soft blue eyes, the artless expression of the sweet countenance,

gave Maria an enchanting air of innocence, most bewitching.

She had already been engaged to Dr. Parsons, the composer.

Richard Cosway was at this time a remarkable man —on the high road to wealth and distinction, a miniature painter of the first class, smiled and simpered upon by titled ladies and conceited Sir Plumes, who liked being flattered by his craftily caressing pencil. He had devised a clever, tricky way of daintily touching in miniatures so as to give an appearance of exquisite finish, with very little real work.

The "excellent authorities" rather contradicted one another about his past history. He came, said the most reliable, from the same county as Sir Joshua —Devonshire. His father held the appointment of Master of the Rolls at Tiverton, and his uncle was Mayor. His uncle, and a friend, had placed him with Hudson, Reynolds' old master. Then he had studied at Shipley's drawing-school in the Strand, had gained five premiums from the Society of Arts, had studied Greek statues in the Duke of Richmond's sculpture gallery. He had exhibited for the first time at the Royal Academy in 1767, when he was still only a student, a young man of six-and-twenty, was an Associate three years later, and an R.A. in 1771.

Other people had a different biographical sketch to give of the "Macaroni Painter, Billy Dimple." They

said he had been drudge and errand-boy to the students at Shipley's; that he used to perform various menial offices, such as carrying in the thick bread and butter and thin coffee provided by the housekeeper at the rate of threepence a head; that he picked up a scanty knowledge of drawing only through the condescending, idle good-nature of those young fellows, who instructed him; that he had been conspicuous from his dirty face, his slovenly aspect, his cleverness and impudence. "They" said that he began his money-making career by designing pretty heads and fancy miniatures for the shops, or drawing snuff-box tops for the jewellers, or jobbing in spurious old pictures. That he had emerged from his chrysalis state of dirt and patches, washed his face and hands, got himself up in gorgeous array, hired a fine house, and by dint of patient manipulation, and flattered likenesses, gained a handsome income and troops of aristocratic "friends" and patrons.

He was laughed at, jeered at, and envied. He was laughed at for his monkey face, his apish figure, his inane finicky dandyism: peals of merriment were provoked by a certain mulberry-silk coat, dotted all over with embroidered scarlet strawberries—by his sword and bag-wig, his tiny gold-laced three-cornered hat, perched on the summit of his powdered toupee. They jeered at his affectation of keeping a negro lacquey; and at twenty other things. Caricature

prints were published, ridiculing the dandy little man of fashion. He was derided for attending Christie's sales dressed out as if he were going to Court; derided for his love of magnificence and luxury, for his extravagancies, his vanities. But he was envied his faculty for gathering money like golden grain, his free *entrée* into the best of company, his splendid house. He was teased and annoyed by many vexatious slights and sneers. Wilson, the rough, and Hayman, the brutal—both coarse, slovenly men—detested him. One evening, as he minced into the Artists' Club from a *levée*, dressed in gorgeous array, red heels, bag-wig, and sword, he found the room so crowded that he could not obtain a seat. "What!" sneered Hayman, "canst thou find no room? Come hither, my little Jack-a-Dang, and sit upon my knee, my little monkey." Cosway turned with an eye of lightning. "It would not be the first time," said he, "the monkey rode the bear." Hayman was the exact reverse of his small enemy. His friend and fellow-workman, Hogarth, caricatured him as a sign-painter, with the elbows of his coat torn, and his shirt visible.

It was soon after he was elected an R.A. that Cosway married Maria Hadfield—about 1772—though some say 1780. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square. Charles Townley, Esq., collector of the celebrated Townley Marbles, gave away the bride. Charlotte, Maria's sister, made a very

unhappy matrimonial venture; she accepted Coombe—"Dr. Syntax." The marriage turned out a distressing failure, and Charlotte took refuge with a steady and faithful friend, Mrs. Curtis, of King's Co., Ireland—a lady remarkable for "her benevolence, literary attainments, and most elegant manners," according to Smith. By this friend she was treated with sisterly kindness.

The newly married pair, Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, settled for a while in Berkeley Square.

It was said—but people were then, as now, always "saying things" without minding much whether the *on dits* were strictly founded on fact—it was said that, being very young, and unaccustomed to the English language, also to the habits, manners, and customs of fashionable society, Mrs. Cosway was by her husband kept in absolute seclusion until she had acquired such grace and dignity as he deemed requisite for a drawing-room goddess. He had also caused her to complete her artistic training, probably being himself her instructor.

Cosway's pictures were mostly poetical, of the Rinaldo and Armida, Cupid and Venus, Psyche, and Madonna and Child order—likenesses in almost every instance of his titled patrons. He chiefly painted miniatures, but sometimes attempted oil, trying to imitate the manner of Corregio. Sir Joshua generously recommended him to his own aristocratic sitters;

but what mainly raised him to an intoxicating height of favour was his happening to please the Prince of Wales by an exquisite miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. From that time he was courted by people of the highest rank. Perhaps nobody ever worked much harder. Sometimes, coming down to dinner, he would boast that he had despatched that day some twelve or thirteen sitters. But he was extraordinarily rapid, and his works were little more than tinted sketches—the picture of a cold blue-gray tone, lighted up by rich hues in the eyes, lips, and cheeks.

As a matter of undoubted fact, Maria Cosway's first exhibited picture appeared on the walls of the Academy in 1780. So many vague and unreliable things have been said about her and her husband, that it is quite refreshing to step on a spot of firm ground. Mrs. Cosway gained great admiration by her paintings. Her miniatures were almost equal to her husband's. She was poetic in feeling, facile in execution, and drew artistic inspiration from Spenser, Shakespeare, Virgil, and Homer.

Mrs. Cosway was as fond of finery and gorgeousness as her husband. They conducted their household on a magnificent scale, aping the style of nobles. Cosway redoubled his industrious efforts. He was vain of his mechanical celerity as of everything else—bragging that he could finish a miniature in three sittings of one hour each. For the sake of making

money, he was obliged to discard any lingering scruples. He boasted that he had a larger income than all his brother artists put together. Very often he would stray from the "little pleasing paradise of miniature," and prowl into the brokering line to supply the demand for old masters. As dealer and painter he would buy up doubtful "masterpieces of ancient art," repair, re-touch, re-varnish, re-frame, and re-sell them to wealthy patrons who affected connoisseurship. "Fancy's Child," he did all this in an airy Skimpolic manner, and pretended to be the dupe of his own deceptions.

With his wife's elegant talents and personal attractions, he was equally crafty. Knowing that her pictures would command a higher price if not offered publicly for sale, he made a ridiculous pretence of forbidding her to work for money. She might exhibit, but not put a price on her pictures.

Her musical gifts and acquirements were turned to account with a tradesman-like keenness. Already, from the acknowledged ability—knack, trick, chic—he possessed of imparting to the plainest visage an air of piquant or gracious beauty, he was so petted a favourite in aristocratic circles, that when Mrs. Cosway issued unlimited bushels of "little Italian notes of invitation," his patrons crowded to his splendid receptions, especially to his Sunday evening concerts, when Mrs. Cosway was the chief performer. Lords and ladies

swarmed to drink his wines, win his earnings, jeer at his folly and inordinate self-conceit, departing noisily in chair or chariot, leaving him self-reproachful over his losses, feverish, weary, to snatch a few brief hours of rest before wildly rushing to his daily toil again.

Finding the house in Berkeley Square too small for their crowded parties, Mr. and Mrs. Cosway removed to Schomberg House, in Pall Mall. The story of this house is in itself extremely interesting. The place was thronged with historic and artistic memories. The mansion, its furniture, its dazzling scenes of revelry, when presided over by Maria Cosway, form a picture recalling the "Arabian Nights," or those gorgeous tales of high life which glow in the pages of the *London Journal*. On Sunday nights, Pall Mall was blocked up with carriages, sedans, link-boys, and lacqueys. Mrs. Cosway's immediate clique of friends was a most select coterie; the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; the Hon. Mrs. Damer, so admired for her powers as a sculptor; the Countess of Aylesbury; the Marchioness of Townshend; Lady Cecilia Johnstone; Mrs. Cowley. Any and every leading lion of the day was to be seen in the powdered and scented mob assembled at the concerts—the Prince of Wales, Horace Walpole, the Chevalier d'Eon, Lord Sandys, Earl Cowper, Lord Erskine, General Paoli, and others, decidedly "too numerous to mention." Horace Walpole in-

cidentally mentions that Rubinelli was to be heard, singing "one song at the extravagant price of ten guineas."

Cosway was cheerful, pleasant, chatty, courtly; his wife, charming, handsome, and gracefully accomplished. Both carefully hid away the skeleton of carking care, and concealed the cupboard-door with golden tissues. The husband flitted about, taking snuff with his Royal Highness, whispering some silly compliment into the ear of a lovely fan-flirting countess, or murmuring some dainty scrap of choicest scandal to a superb diamond-decked duchess. The wife beamed, rouladed, curtsied, bowed, and played her mimic part with elegance and grace.

The pair had one child—a daughter.

From Schomberg House they removed to the south-west corner of Stratford Place, Oxford Street. Here they surpassed themselves in splendour. Smith describes the house so graphically that it is a pity to weaken his description by translation into feebler words.

"His house he fitted up in so picturesque, and, indeed, so princely a style, that I regret drawings were not made of the general appearance of each apartment: for many of the rooms were more like scenes of enchantment, pencilled by a poet's fancy, than anything, perhaps, before displayed in a domestic habitation. His furniture consisted of ancient chairs, couches, and

conversation-stools, elaborately carved and gilt, and covered with the most costly Genoa velvets; escritoires of ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and rich caskets for antique gems, exquisitely enamelled, and adorned with onyxes, opals, rubies, and emeralds. There were also cabinets of ivory, curiously wrought; mosaic tables, set with jaspar, bloodstone, and lapis-lazuli, having their feet carved into the claws of lions and eagles; screens of old raised oriental Japan; massive musical clocks, richly chased with ormolu and tortoise-shell; ottomans, superbly damasked; Persian and other carpets, with corresponding hearthrugs, bordered with ancient family crests, and armorial designs in the centre; and rich hangings of English tapestry. The chimney-pieces were carved by Banks, and were further adorned with the choicest bronzes, models in wax and terracotta; the tables covered with old Sèvres, blue Mandarin, Nankin, and Dresden china; and the cabinets were surmounted with crystal cups adorned with the York and Lancaster roses, which might probably have graced the splendid banquets of the proud Wolsey. His specimens of armour were truly rich, but certainly not to be compared with those in De Meyrick's splendid collection."

On either side the street, the architect had placed carved figures of lions, to give a still more imposing effect to the stately group of houses. Some spiteful wit—Peter Pindar, it was alleged—drew a sarcastic

comparison between the painter inside and the royal animals without—

> "When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,
> 'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;
> But here the old custom reversed is seen,
> For the lion's without, and the monkey's within."

Enraged and mortified by this stinging epigram, the artist removed once more—to No. 20 in the same street.

Neither Cosway nor his wife were, or could be, happy, leading so feverish, so foolish an existence, despite all this long and brilliant success. Excited and ill at ease by night, Cosway was querulous and discontented by day. He laboured under eccentric hallucinations—or said he did. Great men of a former age, he declared, were constantly appearing to him, and making all sorts of civil and complimentary remarks about his great genius. Dante, for example, he would whisper to a prince, came last night, and talked in the most friendly way about his incomparable works of art.

His wife was more equable, though as odd and mystical. Northcote used to mention Mrs. Cosway and Reynolds as the only two persons he had ever known "superior to circumstances."

The time came when the glare and glitter was changed, as in the twinkling of an eye—as the Radiant Halls of Blissful Delight are closed in from view by a

hard, set scene. The Prince Regent turned his portly back on the dandy little miniaturist, whom he had brought into fashion, into whose jewelled snuff-box he had so often dipped his royal fingers, at whose jokes he had so often condescendingly laughed, whose rare wines he had so often drank, whose money he had so often won at hazard. The painter had been so imprudent as to "go in" energetically for the theories of the French Revolutionists. Of course the royal train walked on with averted faces. The splendid crowds melted away like dream-figures: no longer were coroneted carriages and gold-laced lacqueys jostling for places before the big mansion in Stratford Place.

The painting fellows looked on coldly, or with a sarcastic sneer, and passed by on the other side. There was hardly one in the artistic world whom Cosway had not offended. Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot), pithily expressed the general sentiments of envious dislike and contempt: recommending the painter to find some more honest calling, and Mrs. Cosway to mend shirts and stockings, and attend to her kitchen, rather than incur ridicule by exhibiting her daubs to the public. Said he—

> "Fie, Cosway! I'm ashamed to say
> Thou own'st the title of R.A."

However, he was a little contrite for such rough speaking, and continued, in a more subdued strain—

"Muse, in this criticism I fear
Thou really has been too severe:
Cosway paints miniatures with decent spirit,
And Mrs. Cosway boasts some trifling merit."

Cosway felt keenly, though silently, resentful. He was glad of the excuse afforded by his wife's failing health to escape his tormentors, and go travelling to Flanders, and pay a state visit to Paris. As he had lived in a princely style in England, so he made a lordly tour. He was too proud to exercise his profession, even for the benefit of the most exalted persons, but was tolerably friendly and affable to royalty. Walking about the Louvre one day, he felt grieved that so large and fine a gallery should be so empty. He owned a set of cartoons, supposed to be by Giulio Romano, for which he had refused a liberal offer from Russia, declaring he would not "sell works of elegance to barbarians." These he proffered to the French King as a gift. They were accepted, four rich pieces of Gobelin tapestry being given in return, as a mark of grateful acknowledgment. The lofty Cosway did not choose to keep these tapestries: people would say he had been "paid"—bah! horror!—for his cartoons. So he sent them as a species of peace-offering to the Prince of Wales.

At Paris he declined to paint portraits even for the king and queen. No: he had come abroad to renew his wife's health, and to afford himself a little

recreation. However, the Duchess of Devonshire coaxed him to paint portraits of the Duchess of Orleans and family, and the Duchess of Polignac.

For a while, Mrs. Cosway seemed benefited by the change. She returned home. But a second time her health and spirits failed, and she was again obliged to go abroad, accompanied by her brother. This young man had lately gained the gold medal of the R. A., for skill in design.

"I am glad Mrs. Cosway is with you," Walpole wrote to the Miss Berrys at Florence. "But surely it is odd to drop her child and husband and country all in a breath!"

For three years, Maria Cosway remained abroad. It was "said" she had run away. Her husband was constantly on the point of joining her, but one reason or another would interfere. So people "made remarks." She threw herself with ardour into her profession, and painted energetically—from the interior of the Louvre to pictures for convent schools. At Lyons she was persuaded by Cardinal Fesch to attempt the founding of a college for young ladies, but this experiment was entirely frustrated by the war. Some years afterwards, she successfully planned a convent school at Lodi, of a similar kind.

During her absence, her only child died—a beloved darling, adored by both parents. The poor father was almost distracted by this loss. He had the childish

body embalmed, and placed in a marble sarcophagus, which was placed in his gorgeous drawing-room. Often and often had he delineated the little girl on ivory in his best manner—once representing her sleeping in a cradle rocked by guardian angels.

Walpole would not believe this grief to be genuine, though he admitted Mrs. Cosway was really afflicted. "The man Cosway does not seem to think much of the loss," he remarks contemptuously.

The unhappy man grew more crotchety, and his mystic, spiritualistic peculiarities intensified. Both he and his wife were "mystics:" they "could say almost as much of the unintelligible world as of this," says Hazlitt. One was a Swedenborgian, the other a devout Catholic. Cosway still habitually related stories of his wonderful "experiences;" professed to raise the dead; would tell how Praxiteles and Apelles appeared to him, declaring their opinion that the English ought to follow his—Cosway's—example in learning to draw carefully and colour soberly; or Pitt, it might be, rising from the river Thames, to penitently confess his error in having discouraged Cosway's genius. "He romanced with his usual veracity," smiled Walpole. He still gloated over his imaginary treasures, his relics—the crucifix of Abelard, the dagger of Felton, a fragment of Noah's Ark, the mummy of an Egyptian king, the feather of a Phœnix, and so on. He told his niece, Miss Coombe, that the

Virgin Mary had sat to him several times for a half-length figure.

Then the poor old man sank into pain and weakness, nursed by his anxious wife. Twice he was stricken with paralysis. The use of his right hand was gone. The fortune he had made was fatally impaired—but that did not signify.

When Mrs. Cosway came back, "after an absence of several years," according to Smith, she caused the body of her child to be removed from Stratford Place to Bunhill Row, where it was interred; "sending the sarcophagus to Mr. Nollekens, requesting him to take care of it for a time."

Cosway—old, feeble, paralyzed—was obliged to leave Stratford Place for a cheap dwelling in the Edgeware Road. People in difficulties were always asking him for money, which they never paid back. Other people spoke of him with disdain, if they remembered him at all. But he was still bright and cheerful. "His soul appeared to possess the life of a bird; and such was the jauntiness of his air and manner, that to see him sit to have his half boots laced on, you would fancy (by the help of a figure) that instead of a little withered old gentleman, it was Venus attired by the Graces." Thus Hazlitt.

The old pride and conceit imbued his soul. He used to talk about being buried at St. Paul's, though then he would say he should like to lie with Rubens

at Antwerp—again, he would look fondly back to Devon, and think he should prefer to be laid there.

But one day he heard Wesley preach on death. He was startled and sobered. A little while after, he followed a funeral into Marylebone Church, and impressed by the simplicity of the building, and the vault, he said, very quietly—

"I prefer this to Antwerp or St. Paul's; bury me here."

A friend, Miss Udney, used to let him drive for an airing in her carriage. One day he went out as usual, but coming back, the weary, fluttering spirit fled away, and he was lifted out dead. He was then eighty.

It was said his wife, hearing the sound of carriage-wheels, ran to the door, only to meet the corpse.

That very day, that very hour—July 4, 1821—the sarcophagus of his beloved child had been removed from Nollekens' house. So asserts Smith, the biographer of Nollekens.

A marble group designed by Westmacott, was erected to his memory by his wife. It was placed on the north wall, under the gallery of Marylebone Church, with an epitaph by "Syntax" Coombe, Maria Cosway's brother-in-law.

He left a collection of original drawings so large and so beautiful as to excite the wonder of his contemporaries.

The widowed Maria Cosway soon afterwards left

England for her native Italy, and settled at Lodi. Some said she kept a school, others that she became the superior of a convent. How long she survived her husband seems uncertain, as is really almost every circumstance recorded about her. Sometimes it is said she died a few months after her husband (1821). But Allan Cunningham, in 1833, spoke of her as still living.

From 1780 to 1789, Maria Cosway exhibited constantly in the Academy. One of her pictures—"Laura," 1788—caused a sensation from its striking resemblance to Mrs. Fitzherbert. It was said that the death of her child induced such a painful melancholy that she threw aside her pencil for eleven years—then (1801) she exhibited the "Guardian Angel," the "Call of Samuel," and a portrait of the Princess De Rauveau. Some of her miniatures on ivory were sent to the first Exhibition of Loan Miniatures, by Sir T. W. Holburne. Portrait of a lady, on ivory: of a young lady, also on ivory; of a lady in a white hat, on ivory.

Three portraits of Maria Cosway, by her husband, were engraved.

PRINCIPAL WORKS.

(All exh. R. A.)

1. Rinaldo, 1780.
2. Darthula, in defending the body of her vanquished father, discovers herself to Cairbar, her lover. Ossian.

3. Magdalene.
4. Cynthia (portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire), from Spenser.
5. Æolus raising a Storm.
6. Little Red Riding Hood. (2 to 6 exh. 1782.)
7. Portrait of a Lady.
8. Altham stood in the Wood alone. Ossian.
9. The Hours. (7 to 9 exh. 1783.)
10. Sampson.
11. Astrea Instructing Arthegal. (10 and 11 exh. 1784.)
12. Almanger and Osmida. Mrs. Cowley's "Maid of Arragon."
13. The Deluge.
14. A Shepherdess.
15. Clytie. Ovid.
16. Portrait of a Lady.
17. Basilaeus's Dream (Diodorus Siculus). (12 to 17 exh. 1785.)
18. A Vision.
19. A Landscape, with a Ferry Boat. (18 and 19 exh. 1786.)
20. Young Cybele, with two Nymphs—portraits.
21. Young Bacchus—portrait.
22. An Enchantress—portraits of a lady with two of her children.
23. Psyche—portrait.
24. Portrait of a Lady. (20 to 24 exh. 1787.)
25. Laura. Petrarch.
26. Portrait of a Lady and her Son. (25 and 26 exh. 1788.)
27. A Dying Child summoned by the spirit of its deceased parent: an historical fact.
28. Medusa. (27 and 28 exh. 1789.)

29. The Guardian Angel.
30. The Call of Samuel.
31. Portrait of the Princess De Rauveau. (29 to 31 exh. 1801.)

Mrs. Cosway etched some figures after Rubens. She drew in chalk the "Progress of Female Dissipation," and the "Progress of Female Virtue," published 1800, in fourteen plates. A number of her historical works she etched in outline. Her "Going to the Temple" was engraved by Tomkins. She brought out a series of twelve designs, called the "Winter's Day;" and published a book of drawings in conjunction with Hoppner.

CHAPTER XV.

Amateurs: Temp. George the Third.

DRAWING and painting became, in the days of King George the Third, as fashionable accomplishments with young ladies as Greek and Latin had been with their Tudor predecessors, or pianoforte playing and amateur acting with their Victorian successors. The learned languages had "gone out;" the pencil, crayons, maulstick, and burin had "come in."

Art had become a craze, like buying china or crowding to hear classical music or Italian tragedians. It was a necessary addenda to a superior education, to be able to talk of "Raffaelles, Corregios, and stuff." To sit to a fashionable portrait-painter was an agreeable morning lounge; the "Academy" was already beginning to be a pleasant rendezvous.

The royal princesses—the queen herself—led the

way. Drawing was esteemed as an innocent and inoffensive recreation—so much so that her Majesty and her daughters chose Sunday, after church time, as the favourite day for receiving lessons from their drawing-master, Bernard Lens.

Of the queen's artistic abilities not much is left recorded in history. The princesses were considered to be unusually clever as amateur artists. About a dozen ladies of the highest rank more especially distinguished themselves. The daughters of the Duke of Portland (of famous "vase" memory), the Countesses Lucan, Dysart, Tott, Buckinghamshire, the Viscountess Andover, Lady Anne Macgill, and some others, were greatly admired for their skill in painting and design.

A graceful volume might be pleasantly filled with sketches of the lady amateurs of that period. The ladies Elizabeth and Harriet Bentinck stand within the light that beat upon the throne—or rather in the reflected rays beaming mildly on the emerald slopes of Windsor. Following the gentle steps of Lady Lucan, Lady Di Beauclerk, and a few others, we are jostled by the velvet elbows of the courtly Sir Joshua, the gossiping Walpole, the cynical, witty Topham Beauclerk, or the fluttering fans of the intellectual and radiant Blues; on one side, we are courteously saluted by Boswell—another, we receive a sweeping curtsey from quizzical, bright-eyed Fanny Burney, or sylph-like Mrs. Vesey; to the right, we trip over the satin

train of Mrs. Montagu—to the left, we are rapped by the perfumed fan of an æsthetic duchess or countess.

The queen mostly passed the mornings at Kew in music, embroidery, or drawing—the elder princesses generally being with her; after spending an hour or two in these occupations, the royal party almost always went out to walk or drive. Cooper had the honour to instruct the queen and some of the princesses. He had lived long in different Italian cities, and was remarkable for drawing classic scenes in black chalk, richly heightened with broad touches of white. Cipriani also gave some lessons; and Gresse, his pupil, was appointed teacher to the princesses, which office he held from 1777 to his death, 1794. Gresse taught landscape and figures. His landscapes were done much in the early manner of Paul Sandby,—correctly outlined with a pen, and tinted with colour. His figures were in the style of his master, drawn in chalks, and tinted with powder colours.

Charlotte Augusta, Princess Royal, was a pupil of Benjamin West. Not only in drawing, but in nearly all feminine accomplishments and in intellectual studies, especially history, this princess was assiduous. She was the constant companion of her father, who carefully watched the development of her mind. Until the time of her marriage—at the age of thirty-one—she occupied herself in studying, not alone "those accomplishments which are considered

as the ornament of her sex," but, to quote "that elegant chronicler," the *Belle Assemblée*, "she evinced an early taste, and her ambition led her beyond the common bound of female education. She became at an early period a perfect mistress of all the modern languages of Europe, and such was her thirst of knowledge, that she attained to considerable excellence in every branch of polite literature." Her embroidery was much admired, and she naturally liked offering specimens of her needlework to various friends.

"The application of the princesses was no less remarkable than their ingenuity," writes Mrs. Matthew Hall. "The ornamental painting on the walls, and other embellishments at Frogmore, and at the Queen's Lodge, were executed with a constancy of labour and diligence that surmounted difficulties which would have deterred many who live by professing for gain, what the princesses of England thus pursued for amusement; who often, even in summer, obeyed the willing summons to labour in the song of the lark. The walls of the Princess Royal's closet, at Frogmore, were painted in imitation of rich japan by H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth; the furniture was ornamented by the same tasteful hand."

On the walls of the Princess Royal's closet, and in another apartment at Frogmore, were hung examples of Charlotte Augusta's pen-and-ink etchings. Some of her works are at Windsor. At Blenheim is a

"Wood Nymph" by her. Even after her marriage she did not throw aside this beloved employment. Mrs. Trollope, writing of Stuttgart, in 1837, says—"The late Princess Royal of England has left many specimens here of her taste and skill in enamel painting, many beautiful cabinets being ornamented by medallions of her execution."

Elizabeth excelled all her royal sisters as an artist. Almost the first effort which distinguished her was a curious set of designs called the "Birth and Triumph of Cupid." At that time, an odd fancy came into fashion, of cutting little designs and patterns in paper. Elizabeth cut this series, which were engraved by Tomkins, a pupil of Bartolozzi, in twenty-four plates, then circulated among a few select friends, as being by "Lady Dashwood." The set showed allegorical representations of the power of Love, and were no less remarkable for ingenuity than for taste and delicacy of manipulation. Afterwards (1816) she modestly issued a folio volume, etched by her own hand, entitled, "The Power and Progress of Genius." The groups represent, under allegorical images, different phases of the godlike essence. Copies were bestowed as "marks of esteem" on a limited circle of friends. Some of the groups are well conceived, in excellent taste, and evidence most creditable artistic invention and execution. The figures are rather amateurish, the extremities being weak and undefined, but at the same

time deserve much praise. The etching is done in a loose, free manner. The book was dedicated to the queen in graceful terms.

"The etchings which are now laid at your Majesty's feet would never have been executed, if many of those who looked over the drawings had not wished them to be published; but that, my dearest mother, you will see, was impossible, for it would have opened the door to much criticism, which in every situation is unpleasant, but particularly in ours. I therefore undertook to do them myself, as they might then pass unnoticed, and protected in the pleasantest manner to me by one whose affection would kindly pardon the faults of the head of the inventor. I trust those of the heart will never be known by YOU, as its first wish has ever been to prove grateful for those talents which you have so tenderly fostered and improved; and if they meet the approbation of those friends who will have them, believe me, I shall feel that the merit will be less mine than yours, who have occasioned them to be brought forward.

"I remain, with the greatest respect,

"Your dutiful and affectionate Daughter,

"ELIZABETH."

The Hermitage at Frogmore, the queen's favourite residence—a small circular thatched building in the corner of the garden, completely embowered with

lofty trees—was constructed from a drawing made by the Princess Elizabeth. The room on the north side of Windsor Castle, next the Terrace, in which her father used to sleep, was furnished under the artistic direction of the princess.

A series of prints, engraved by Gardiner, with poetical letterpress, entitled, "Cupid turned Volunteer," was published by her in 1804. The designs were graceful and spirited.

"Of all the English Princesses of the House of Hanover,"—to again quote Mrs. Matthew Hall—"the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse Homburg appears to have felt the greatest sympathy for her illustrious and ill-fated relative, the wife of George I., King of England. In this she possessed remarkable interest; and being a lady of much literary talent, and endowed with a superior taste for the arts, in which she was herself so highly accomplished, she devoted herself after her marriage (1818) with the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, which fixed her own residence in a locality rendered so famous by her unhappy relative, to the task of writing a history of Sophia Dorothea, which she embellished with careful drawings. This interesting manuscript is preserved in the Palace at Hesse Homburg; and the portraits, with the frontispiece to the Life of that unfortunate princess, published some years since, are amongst its most valued illustrations." She died, January 10, 1840.

The Princess Sophia also studied drawing, and music, but her chief occupation was needlework—an employment which had become utterly old-fashioned and out of date except at Windsor Castle. The Princess Mary had a speciality of her own as an artist. Charlotte excelled in pen-and-ink etching, in which she was so great an adept as to make the most deceptive copies of engravings. Elizabeth was remarkable for her inventive faculties, her allegorical sketches and fanciful designs. Mary copied drawings in chalk with a vigorous hand. One portrait—that of the comedian Quick—gained for her even more than courtly applause. This princess had also a well-cultivated talent for music. The Princess Amelia was too weakly to study anything.

Lady Betty and Lady Harriet Bentinck, daughters of the Duke of Portland, were as enthusiastic in painting as their stately mother was in turning fancy woods and ivories. Lady Betty copied exquisitely. Note after note is found, naturally, in Mrs. Delany's letters, of the progress made by these two charming girls. Lady Llanover has some roses and butterflies painted on vellum by Lady Betty.

Margaret, Countess of Lucan, was one of the most skilled of the lady amateurs. She was daughter and co-heiress of James Smith, Esq., and married (1769) Sir Charles Bingham, Baron Lucan in Ireland. Her miniatures were exquisite. Walpole used to lend her

fine miniatures and enamels to copy. He speaks almost with enthusiasm of "the wonderful progress in miniature of Lady Lucan, who has arrived at copying the exquisite works of Isaac and Peter Oliver, Hoskins and Cooper, with a genius that almost depreciates those masters, when we consider that they spent their lives in attaining perfection, and who, soaring above their modest timidity, has transferred the vigour of Raphael to her copies in water-colours." Peter Pindar was indignant at such praise. He addressed Walpole sharply on the subject.

> "Do not to Lady Lucan pay such court,
> Her wisdom will not surely thank thee for't;
> Ah! don't endeavour thus to dupe her,
> By swearing that she equals Cooper!"

For sixteen years the countess devoted herself to illustrating the historical plays of Shakespeare, with copies of portraits, tombs, heraldic devices, flowers, birds, and various graceful fancies. The task was commenced when she was fifty; she was sixty-six by the time it was completed. The work (now in the library at Althorp) is in five folio volumes. Lady Lucan died in 1815.

Her daughter Lavinia, who married (1781) John, second Earl Spencer, painted and etched. Between 1780 and 1790 she made several good original drawings, several of which were engraved. Gillray

engraved in the dot manner the "Orphan" by her, and Bartolozzi her "New Shoes."

Lady Diana Beauclerk was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough. She married firstly, Frederick St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, with whom she was miserably unhappy; and secondly, Topham Beauclerk, only son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk, great grandson of Charles the Second and Nell Gwyn—the wild, fascinating Beauclerk, darling of gods and men, brilliant, witty, popular—connoisseur, accomplished scholar, man of fashion, eager student, beloved by Dr. Johnson, the English Rochefoucauld, a radiant planet in a sparkling circle of stars, the only man whose talents Johnson ever really envied.

"Has any painter ever executed a scene, a character of Shakespeare, that approached to the prototype so near as Shakespeare himself attained to nature? Yet"—Walpole writes— "is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronouncing the passions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and tastes of Grecian artists. But it is not fair to excite the curiosity of the public, when both the rank and bashful merit of the possessor, and a too rare exertion of superior talents, confine the proofs to a narrow circle. Whoever has seen the drawings and bas-reliefs designed and executed by Lady Diana Beauclerk is sensible that these imperfect encomiums are far short

of the excellence of her works. Her portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, in several hands, confirms the truth of part of these assertions. The nymph-like simplicity of the figure is equal to what a Grecian statuary would have formed for a dryad or goddess of a river. Bartolozzi's print of her two daughters, after the drawing of the same lady, is another specimen of her singular genius and taste. The gay and sportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the demure application of the elder, are as characteristically contrasted as Milton's Allegro and Penseroso."

Walpole enthusiastically admired Lady Di's genius. He built (1776) a hexagonal tower, which he called "Beauclerk Closet," as it was constructed purposely for "the reception of seven incomparable drawings by Lady Diana," illustrating scenes in his "Mysterious Mother." These designs were commenced and completed within a fortnight. "These sublime drawings," Walpole says, "were the first she ever attempted."

In 1796, her ladyship executed designs for a translation of Burger's ballad of "Lenore" by her nephew, published in folio the following year. She also made a series of designs for a splendid edition of Dryden's Fables, in folio—designs evidencing an elegant and fertile imagination, with power and invention, and a pure and classic taste. In her drawing, she aimed at a loose, artistic style.

Lady Di was married (1768) to Topham Beauclerk,

two days after her divorce from her first husband. Boswell, trying to excuse her share in a most unhappy matter, relates a conversation he had with Johnson.

"While we were alone," he says, "I endeavoured as well as I could to apologize for a lady who had been divorced from her husband by Act of Parliament. I said that he had used her very ill, had behaved brutally to her, and that she could not continue to live with him without having her delicacy contaminated; that all affection for him was thus destroyed; that the essence of conjugal union being gone, there remained only a cold form, a mere civil obligation; that she was in the prime of life, with qualities to produce happiness; that these ought not to be lost; and that the gentleman on whose account she was divorced had gained her heart while thus unhappily situated. Seduced, perhaps, by the charms of the lady in question, I thus attempted to palliate what I was sensible could not be justified; for when I had finished my harangue, my venerable friend gave me a proper check." The doctor, in a very few stern words, expressed an utterly unfavourable opinion on the case of the unhappy Lady Di. Just before the divorce, she declared she would show herself at Court, in waiting on the queen, but Walpole said he believed this to be merely "bravado."

"Lady Di Spencer was married at St. George's on

Saturday morning," Gilly Williams wrote to Selwyn. "They are in town, at Topham's house, and give dinners. Lord Ancram dined there yesterday, and called her nothing but Lady Bolingbroke the whole time."

"Topham goes on with his dinners," the same letter-writer mentions later. "Report says neither of them will live a twelvemonth, and if it is so, their life ought to be a merry one."

In this second marriage, Lady Diana found supreme happiness. She loved the handsome, elegant, learned, captivating, idle Topham profoundly, and that he returned this affection there is little doubt. He died in 1780, when he left his children to her care.

She was, David Hume records, "handsome, agreeable, and ingenious beyond the ordinary rate." Boswell speaks admiringly of her "charming society."

Sir Joshua frequently declared that "many of her ladyship's drawings might be studied as models." Walpole never tired of praising her work. Writing of her portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, he says, "The likeness is perfectly preserved, except that its paintress has lent her own expression to the duchess, which you will allow is very agreeable flattery. What should I go to the Royal Academy for?" he adds. "I shall see no such *chefs-d'œuvre* there." Speaking of another of her pictures, he says, "Miss Pope, the actress, dined here yesterday, and literally shed tears,

though she did not know the story. I think this is more to Lady Di's credit than a tom-tit pecking at painted fruit."

Lady Diana Beauclerk died in 1808, at the age of seventy-four.

One of the most enthusiastic painters of the period was Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire, a gifted, radiant queen of society, one of the leading Blues, called by her privileged intimate friends "Cowslip." She was very lovely, and an artist rather than an amateur. Sir Joshua himself "set her palette," so evidently felt great interest in her work. She was daughter and co-heiress of Lord Vere Bertie. Lord Vere was the eldest son of the Duke of Ancaster; he had married Miss Ann Casey, of Brawnston, near Lincoln. His two sons died early, and his two daughters became co-heiresses. Albinia married, May, 1757, George, third Earl of Buckinghamshire: her sister, Anne Louisa, married General Sir Charles Stuart, son of Lord Bute, who had married the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

The countess had several children—two sons and two daughters—but she found leisure to pursue her beloved occupation. In what was called the "King's Road," Grosvenor Place, she built a house after her own taste, designating it Hobart House. In this habitation everything was sacrificed to having a fine staircase, entry, and three splendid reception-rooms.

Behind the house was a small fancy garden, in which was a hermitage and show dairy, and there she gave what might be termed "Blue breakfasts," and other charming parties, when she used to invite various celebrities, such as Young, Elliston, Matthews, Liston, etc., to entertain her company. Sometimes she would have very amusing masquerades.

The house was decorated by the hand of its beautiful, clever, original owner. The back drawing-room she made to resemble a rural scene, bits of looking-glass being inserted here and there to give the appearance of water. As she grew older, people crowded to her receptions as usual, but chose to laugh at her "oddities" and "eccentricities"—most ungratefully. The kindest of old ladies, however, she was much beloved, and her memory is still revered by her descendants—one of whom, under the familiar initials of "E. V. B.," has acquired an enviable artistic reputation.

This talented and industrious lady died at Hobart House, March 11, 1816, being then seventy-eight, and a widow. She was related to John Hampden, by the marriage of one of the Hobarts with the patriot's daughter, widow of a Colonel Hammond, whom it was the fashion to call "King Charles's Gaoler."

Lady Dorothea Saville painted portraits, and had a facile pencil in sketching. Lady Lavinia and Lady Augusta Greville, Lady Amherst, Lady Temple, and

Lady Henry Fitzgerald, were all endowed with artistic ability.

The Countess of Tott exhibited, in 1804, her portrait of the famous Elfi Bey. Lady M. Mordaunt painted birds chiefly, in water colours, apparently copies. Indeed, she said she could not draw an outline: "Mrs. Gordon does that part for her," Mrs. Delany notes, while speaking in warm praise of the finished work.

Lady Anne Macgill was another connoisseur and amateur artist of rank. She was the second daughter of John, first Earl of Darnley, and married (1742) Robert Hawkins Macgill, Esq., of Gill House, Co. Down, and afterwards (1763) Bernard Ward, Viscount Bangor. She was an intimate friend of Mrs. Delany's, and used to stay on pleasant visits at Delville. "She paints for me in the morning, and draws in the evening," wrote the dean's wife, in 1744, "which, with reading, prating, writing, backgammon, and puss-in-the-corner, employs the hours of the day and evening so fully that we do not feel how fast they fly. She is one of the few who is perfectly quiet, but an agreeable companion in a domestic way; her sweetness of temper makes her give in to all one's ways as if she chose to do whatever is proposed; her other agreeable and entertaining qualities you have long been acquainted with."

Isabella, Countess of Carlisle, was a clever etcher,

and made some good copies of Rembrandt's etchings. She was daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron; married, 1743, the Earl of Carlisle.

Lady Littleton and Lady Beechy were exhibitors at the Royal Academy; also the Hon. Miss Wilhelmina King—about 1775, the Hon. Miss Egerton, Hon. Mrs. Vernon, Hon. Mrs. Harcourt. Among the amateurs who mingled in artistic society were Mrs. Walsingham—one of the famous Blues—Mrs. Waddell, the Hon. Miss Finch.

Mrs. Walsingham was one of the most remarkable among the Blues, who, besides, consisted of Mrs. Vesey, Mrs. Ord, Mrs. Thrale, Lady Lucan, the Countess of Buckinghamshire, Mrs. Cholmondeley, Miss Monckton, and the queen of the circle, Mrs. Montagu, so renowned for her diamonds and her dinners. Captain Walsingham commanded the *Thunderer* in Keppel's action; he was one of the admiral's witnesses, and, despite his being a supporter of the Government, did the hero full justice both at the court-martial and in the House of Commons. Mrs. Walsingham, a wit by birth, was daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Miss Burney gives her the character of being civil only to people of birth, fame, or wealth, and excessively insolent to all standing without those magic barriers. But Miss Burney was rather anxious to infer a compliment to herself, and she is not invariably a dispassionate chronicler or critic.

The Countess of Dysart frequented the studio of Bernard Lens, who died 1741. He was drawing-master to the Duke of Cumberland and the Princesses Mary and Louisa—a man of the highest character as well as being an excellent artist. Mrs. Delany, whose letters are a store-house of artistic references, speaks of her "picture," but does not say if this means Lady Dysart's portrait by Lens, or a painting done under his instruction.

The Viscountess Andover was an intimate friend of the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany; the latter gives many pleasant glimpses of Lady Andover's artistic studies in her graphic letters. Once she writes (1750) in great admiration of a peculiar kind of work done by her ladyship—a "fashion of the period,"—cutting out pictorial subjects in paper. This piece "is the finest thing I ever saw of the kind," she declares: "a landscape in an oval, and a wreath round it of oak branches. This all packs into a book, and a box came with it, which I supposed a frame and glass, and opened it with the utmost caution for such. It was a frame indeed, but made by the same delicate fingers that composed the picture—it is of card, with embossed flowers in imitation of carving, most exquisitely done. I cannot give you a notion of it by my description; but the frame is worthy of the picture. I have bespoke an ebony frame—or rather case—with a glass to secure it from the dust, the frame to be as narrow as

possible." This landscape, cut out in white paper, is in Lady Llanover's possession, perfectly uninjured, though more than a century old. The cutting is more delicate than the finest lace. "I wish," Mrs. Delany writes to the viscountess, in 1765, "to know your employments, and how the drawing and painting goes on. A little sketch on a card would be reviving." Mary, second daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, was widow of William, Lord Andover, and mother of Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, and fifth Earl of Berkshire.

Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Dorothea Forth Hamilton are frequently spoken of by Mrs. Delany. Mrs. Hamilton was accomplished in various elegant work. Her chenille work was "indescribably beautiful." Mrs. Forth Hamilton was "unrivalled in painting flowers and insects." Her maiden name was Forth; she married the Hon. Francis Hamilton, a younger son of James, sixth Earl of Abercorn. She died in 1780. Her works in painting and embroidery were so beautiful that Lady Llanover declares they "exceeded anything she (Lady L.) ever saw of any kind, ancient or modern, for perfection of outline, light and shade, beauty and delicacy." She excelled equally in flowers and insects, which she generally represented together. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Forth Hamilton resided for some time near Delville.

Ann Granville, sister of Mrs. Delany, made clever copies, mostly from books of prints.

Miss Georgiana Shipley, daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, was a most accomplished amateur, a honorary exhibitor at the Academy, 1781—portrait of a lady and two children. Fanny Burney met her at a dinner-party in 1782, and hated her at first sight. "The bishop," the author of "Evelina" wrote down for the benefit of future sympathisers and admirers of herself, "is a well-looking man, and seemed grave, quiet, and sensible. I have heard much more of him; but nothing appeared. Miss Georgiana, however, was showy enough for *two*. She is a very tall and rather handsome girl; but the expression of her face is, to me, disagreeable. She has almost a constant smile, not of softness, nor of insipidity, but of self-sufficiency and internal satisfaction. She is very much accomplished, and her fame for painting and for scholarship I know you are well acquainted with. I believe her to have very good parts, and much quickness; but she is so full of herself, so earnest to obtain notice, and so happy in her confidence of deserving it, that I have been not less charmed with any young lady I have seen for many a day. I have met with her before, at Mrs. Pepys', but never before was introduced to her." To make bad worse, Miss Georgiana not only tried to share the incense offered to the author of "Evelina," but seated herself between Sir Joshua and Burke, and monopolised them! After *that*, of course she could expect no quarter.

Miss Shipley married Mr. Francis Hare Naylor, who inherited the old mansion and estates at Hurstmonceux. She lived many years abroad, devoted to the education of her children—who afterwards became noted in literature—and died in 1806. Her uncle, Mr. Shipley, established the Society of Arts. He was a portrait painter, and originally a drawing-master at Northampton. The Society of Arts voted their founder their gold medal for his public spirit. He died, aged upwards of ninety, in 1784. His school was No. 229, Strand, at the eastern corner of Castle Court. Nollekens, the sculptor, and Cosway, the miniature painter, learnt there. It was continued by Mr. Pars, and held in the great room of the house, afterwards occupied by Mr. Ackerman, now held by Mr. Rimmel.

The Viscountess Templeton (*née* Lady Mary Montague), married 1790, designed some groups which were executed by Miss Wedgewood. There is a clever drawing, in Indian ink, by her, in the South Kensington Museum. Lady Louisa Greville, sister to the ninth Earl of Warwick, made some interesting etchings after Salvator Rosa, Annibale Caracci, and others. The Society of Arts awarded her three gold medals, 1758 and 1759, for a landscape drawing, and in 1760 for a coloured figure subject after Guercino.

Elizabeth Gulston, wife of Joseph Gulston, Esq., of Ealing Grove, Middlesex, distinguished herself by

etching accurate copies of portraits in her husband's gallery. Also she painted subjects, such as "Gil Blas entering the Cavern,"—unless there is a little confusion of names, as is sometimes the case when sisters are concerned. She was a honorary member of the Royal Academy, and is supposed to have died about 1811. Miss M. Hartley also etched, chiefly landscapes—one is dated 1761. A portrait, from the life, of Buxton, the arithmetician, is dated 1764.

Anna Maria Stanhope Lincoln, who died about 1780, was an amateur. C. White engraved in the dot manner a plate after one of her pictures, representing two young girls placing wreaths on the bust of Diana.

Miss C. J. Blake etched a careful portrait of her ancestor, Sir Francis Blake Delaval, which is dated 1775.

Lady De Clifford, governess of the Princess Charlotte, was another admired amateur artist. In the spring of 1809, the princess caught the measles, "during which illness she was visited by the queen, who presented her with a superb service of china, manufactured on purpose from drawings executed by Lady De Clifford."

At Burleigh House are pictures by Lady Henry Fitzgerald, Miss Chaplin, the Hon. Miss Finch, Mrs. Muron. One or two are copies after Guido.

There is something very beautiful, very admirable,

in the spectacle of these women of rank and fortune devoting themselves to the study of so difficult and exacting an art, often excelling. As one, herself one of the most distinguished amateurs of high birth, has said, these, ranked with their professional sisters, are as fine brilliants set in gold.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Close of the Eighteenth Century.

THE liberal patronage shown by King George the Third to artists, the lively interest he displayed in the progress of the fine arts, combined with many other causes, more especially the energy of half a dozen leading men, who toiled unremittingly, gave the most powerful and persuasive encouragement to those who desired to enter the profession.

In the last decade of the eighteenth century, more than a dozen Female Artists were considered sufficiently distinguished to be enrolled among the honorary members of the Royal Academy.

So numerous is the train of "professionals," that it is almost impossible to do more than hastily indicate each leading figure as it passes.

Ann Ladd, spinster, was a painter of portraits and

fruits. At the age of twenty-four (she was born in 1746), she died of small-pox, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, February 3, 1770. Little is known of her—scarce a trace is left of her works.

Mary Benwell was one of the most remarkable figure painters. For a long time she resided in Warwick Court, Warwick Lane. From about 1762 to 1790 she exhibited designs in crayons, oil, and miniature, in the Artists' and Royal Academy. She married an officer named Code (about 1782 or '83), for whom she purchased superior rank. He was stationed for a long time at Gibraltar, where he died. Mary Benwell's portrait of Queen Charlotte was engraved by Houston, her "Cupid Disarmed," by Charles Knight. She was said to have flattered herself with the idea she should some day be elected an Academician. Vain, delusive hope! Peter Pindar alludes to her, either accidentally or from malice mistaking her Christian name—

> "Thus shall I hurt not any group composers
> From Sarah Benwell's brush to Mary Moser's."

The date of this artist's death is not known; in 1800 she was living at Paddington, and that seems the last glimpse we gain of a misty, indistinct figure.

Mrs. Grace was the daughter of a shoemaker named Hodgkins; she never had any regular instruction, yet became so excellent a painter of portraits,

that she "not only supported herself and her husband," but "realized twenty thousand pounds." It is scarcely necessary to remark that there are shoemakers and shoemakers, and that the eighteenth century was the era of diamond shoe-buckles and red heels. But guesses do not make history—nor even biography. Mrs. Grace's pictures were exhibited at the Society of Artists. Edwards scarcely remembered them, but thought they were "heavy in their colouring." Sometimes she attempted historical subjects. 1767, she exhibited a picture called "Antigonus, Seleucus, and Stratonice." About 1769 she ceased to exhibit. One of her exhibited portraits was Mr. Grace. An engraved portrait of herself was published 1785. After residing several years in Throgmorton Street, Mrs. Grace moved to Homerton, where she died, about 1786.

Mary de Villebrune, who gave her address as at "Mr. Bocquet's, King Street, Soho," and afterwards, as Frith Street, Soho, exhibited from 1771 at the Royal Academy, portraits, both in oil and crayons. Edwards saw her pictures, but says "her powers as an artist were not sufficiently forcible to strike the memory of the author with any recollection of her productions." In 1775 her name appears with the addition of Du Noblet. After 1781 she ceased to exhibit.

Catherine Read was a portrait painter, who drew and grouped well. She worked both in oil and in

crayon. One of her first and best works was a portrait of Queen Charlotte, taken immediately after her Majesty's arrival in England. Another remarkable portrait was that of Mrs. Macaulay, the historian, represented as a Roman matron weeping over the lost liberties of her country. Another was a group of Prince George and Prince Frederick, as boys, with a dog; also Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton. Valentine Green and Robert Lowry engraved some of her portraits. She painted a miniature of Hayley, the poet, when a boy. In one of his poetical epistles, he speaks of "the soft pencil of the graceful Read." Her portraits were distinguished by a pleasing natural expression. Miss Read resided at 27, Welbeck Street. She went to the East Indies, where she lived a short time. On her return to England, she continued her professional studies "with great respectability," as Pilkington says, in guarded language, until her death, Dec. 15, 1778. There were in the Academy Exhibitions of 1773, 1774, and 1776, portraits by her. Her own portrait was excellent.

Her niece, Miss Beatson, was only eleven years old when (1774) a drawing by her was hung in the Academy rooms—"Gipsies Dancing." This young lady went with her aunt to the East Indies, where she became the wife of a baronet named Oakley. Afterwards she settled in the vicinity of Shrewsbury.

Maria Morland was sister of that unhappy George

Morland whose tragical story has been so often and so dramatically told. She came of a line of painters, beginning with Sir Samuel Morland, eminent mathematician and artist. Her grandfather was a painter —he lived in the lower end of St. James's Square. Her father was originally a man of some property; he resided in the house in Leicester Square afterwards occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds, keeping up "a style of affluence," but ruined himself by imprudent speculations, and had to turn to crayon drawing and picture dealing. The family—father, mother, three sons and three daughters—was poor and miserable. The father is at once mean and vile. The mother strives, by rigid economy and strict discipline, to bear up against a hard fate. The ruined boy, George, endowed with so rich a talent, is a figure to excite at once compassion and disgust. Maria is scarcely more than a shadow. She exhibited at the Academy, giving her address as 14, Stephen Street, Rathbone Place, such subjects as (1786) "A Girl Washing." Clever and industrious, she promised well, but on her marriage she entirely gave up painting. About 1785 her brother George became acquainted with Mr. William Ward, the engraver, who then lived at Kensal Green, on the Harrow Road. From frequently visiting at the house, he at length became a lodger, and finally made an offer of marriage to Anne, Ward's pretty sister. Ward was in love with Maria Morland.

A double wedding took place in July, 1786. The newly-married young people arranged to set up partnership housekeeping in a modest residence in High Street, Marylebone. Ward was an able engraver, and made such excellent reproductions of his brother-in-law's pictures that they soon obtained a most extraordinary popularity, not only in this country, but abroad, particularly in France and Germany. One foreign dealer often bought as many as would have fairly supplied all England. When the four plates of the "Deserter" were published, a single dealer immediately gave an order for nine dozen sets. Unfortunately, many things combined to disturb the serenity of the little household. The sisters-in-law agreed to differ on the subject of domestic authority. Morland, tired of conjugal affection and respectability, relapsed into his old ways. Raphael Smith, an engraver of talent and enterprise, saw that a fortune might be made of Morland's works. So the end of it was that the friendly and fraternal arrangement was broken up, and Morland went with his wife — poor girl! — to lodgings in Great Portland Street. Then the dim form of Maria Morland—or Mrs. William Ward—melts from view, like a misty picture in a magic lantern.

Catherine Bell painted portraits, and fancy subjects, such as "A Shepherdess," "A Sylvan Nymph," and so on. She exhibited from 1793 to 1797. Mary

Bertrand was in the same line. She lived in Stuart Street, Spitalfields, with her father, brother, or husband. "A Girl asleep," "Maria" (from the "Sentimental Journey"), "A Primrose Girl," were her style of subjects. Elizabeth Johanna Collins is very obscure. Six designs by her from "Jerusalem Delivered" were engraved.

Mary Spilsbury, daughter of John Spilsbury, mezzotint engraver, and born in London about 1768, was remarkable for her studies from country life. Rural scenes, the innocent sports of children, especially attracted her. Sometimes she attempted higher flights, but these ended in failure. Some of her paintings were engraved—her cottage children at supper, feeding pigs, or otherwise amusing themselves. She exhibited from 1791 to 1800. In 1807 she exhibited eight works, which were much commended. One of her pictures, the "Shepherd's Family," was engraved by herself. Many of her works are in Ireland, where she lived some time, returning to England about 1820. Afterwards she married Mr. Taylor, but died while yet young.

Diana and Amelia Mary Dietz, Anne Williams, Miss Greenhead (Hon. Mem. R. A.), Margaret King, Sophia M. Howell, Sarah M. Singleton, Miss Knight, Anna Jemima Provis, and many others, were constant exhibitors at the Academy. Miss Provis, it was said, made known to some English artists the recipe for

colouring used by the great Venetian masters, which had been brought from Italy by her grandfather. She was a portrait painter. Numerous pictures were exhibited every year as being "By a Lady," or "By a Young Lady."

Mary Black acquired some reputation as a portrait painter in oil and crayons, but was best known as a teacher of crayon drawings among ladies of rank, and a faithful copyist. Her father, a member of the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, was a portrait and "drapery" painter, who "flourished" about 1760. He lived in Bolton Street, Piccadilly. Sometimes the compilers of biographical dictionaries have put him down as a lady artist. He died 1777. Miss Black, Northcote says, "frequently brought her performances for Sir Joshua's inspection; and," he adds, "I have heard him observe of Miss Black's scholars, that their first essays were better than their last—implying that Miss Black's interference in the work diminished as her scholars advanced." Mrs. Delany pleasantly mentions this artist. In May, 1781, her grandniece was invited to a little evening dance "at Miss Black's (my friend y^{e} paintress), to meet the Lady Greys—'a little dance,' as she called it, but it proved, like all other private parties, a crowd; however, she was pleased with it, and met her young friends the lady Greys and lady Stamford. I knew that they were to be there, or I should not have

trusted her without myself. She came home at eleven in a chair. I would not let her stay supper; but she was a good deal tired." Miss Black died in London, November 24, 1814, aged seventy-seven. Her sister, Clara Black, painted portraits, one of which was engraved in mezzotint.

The female painters of landscape, flowers, etc., were very numerous at the end of the eighteenth century, though few of them were remembered by artistic historians.

Of the landscape painters, little is left beyond the names in the Academy catalogues. The three sisters, Serres (one of whom was a honorary member of the Royal Academy), Mrs. and Miss A. Noel, Miss Lister, Mary Beck, Maria Pixell, Miss Heatley (another honorary member), have not been accorded a line of remembrance anywhere. At the time, Maria Pixell was extravagantly lauded. She died 1805.

The flower painters are as obscure, though, like their sisters, steadily industrious. Caroline M. Metz and her sister Gertrude (daughters of Colonel Metz, a German artist), who painted large flower pieces, and studies of still life; Margaret Meen, distinguished for her large, vigorous manner; Philippa Crabtree; Ann Whytell—who resided in Liverpool, a painter of shells; Mrs. De Castro, Miss Leek or Leake, Miss Gray, Miss A. Dickinson, and many others, exhibited year after year. Miss G. Stephanoff was daughter of Gertrude

and Filcher Stephanoff (a Russian painter). Mrs. Stephanoff, herself a painter, died at Brompton, 1808. Anna Lee drew and painted plants, shells, and insects, with grace and accuracy. She was a pupil of Parkinson, and held in much repute, but died in the prime of life, about 1790. Mary Lawrence, flower painter, published, 1797, the "Various Kinds of Roses cultivated in England," which she drew and coloured from nature, and engraved with great softness and delicacy. She married a gentleman named Kearse, and exhibited up to 1830.

Miss Stone exhibited architectural subjects, such as (1786) a "Perspective View of Sir Ashton Lever's Museum." Ladies have never cared much for this branch of art, which is laborious, uncongenial to imaginative natures, and generally productive of little honour or even pecuniary reward.

Eglington Margaret Pearson, chiefly distinguished for her paintings on glass, was the daughter of Samuel Paterson, the well-known bibliopolist auctioneer, and originator of the "Darien Scheme." She married James Pearson, an artist who (1770) stained the chapel window of Brasenose College, Oxford, from cartoons by Mortimer, of "Christ and the Four Evangelists." This was his most important work. "His wife," says Dallaway, "has discovered an equal genius, and they have jointly executed numerous small pieces of very great merit, which have been

publicly exhibited, and finally disposed of by auction, 1797. One of the most correct and beautiful of them, the 'Aurora of Guido,' is now," he adds, "at Arundel Castle." Mrs. Pearson acquired much reputation by her copies after the cartoons of Raffaelle. Of these she made two sets, and (1821) commenced a third, but by her close application brought on a complaint which ended in her death, February 14, 1823.

Mrs. Lawrie was spoken of about 1770 as "promising considerable eminence in glass staining, when improved by practice."

There were many successful miniature painters. Mrs. Barbor, a painter in miniature and enamel, lived in the Haymarket, St. James's. But all that is recorded of her is that she died Nov. 7, 1767. Miss Carwardine, a native of Herefordshire, exhibited in 1761, when her name disappeared from the catalogues. She married a gentleman named Butler, organist to St. Margaret's and to St. Ann's, Westminster: upon her marriage she quitted her profession. "Of her abilities as an artist," says Edwards, "the author has no recollection." Mrs. Wright was the daughter of Mr. Guise, B.M., one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and master of the choristers at Westminster Abbey. Miss Guise "practised in miniature" with great success, but was, Edwards says, "unfortunate in her first matrimonial connection with a French emigrant, who stayed not long with her, but

returned to France, and died in a few years." She then married Mr. Wright, a miniature painter, but did not live long after this, dying the latter part of 1802. Mrs. M. Hill died in India, 1787. The principal miniature painters were Sarah and Mary Coote, Sophia Howell, C. Austen, Miss Ireland, Miss Kirkley, and Miss Harvey.

The illustration of books has not, for some reason, found much favour at the hands of women at any time. Hitherto, the only female artist in England who had done anything in that line was Angelica. The other two who made attempts—on a very limited scale indeed—were Catherine Blake and Maria Flaxman, or rather, Denman.

What a romantic, weird story is that of Catherine Blake, the most devoted and loyal wife man ever had! An ideal wife—fulfilling in letter and in spirit the vows of love and obedience she had softly breathed at the altar. But the story is too long to tell: too much entangled with the life-history of her husband. And while dowered with varied, though not shining, gifts, she could not produce work of sufficient importance to entitle her to more than passing mention in a record of female artists.

It was Blake who taught her to draw. He taught her to read and write—taught her everything she knew. The story of their love is at once so pathetic and so droll. Blake, a young man of one and twenty,

had been jilted by a pretty girl in humble life, who was willing to "keep company," but laughed in his face when he talked of marriage. He was bewailing his wrongs in a friend's house. Catherine Butcher, or Bouchier, a pretty, black-eyed brunette, was listening. A slender girl, with expressive features, a graceful figure, a loving heart, an eager, impressionable mind, but totally uneducated. She listened with tender compassion to his recital of sentimental woes, and declared "she pitied him from her heart." "Do you pity me?" "*Yes!* I do, most sincerely!" "Then I love you for that!" he cried. And after that they were married (1782). Blake's father was in a rage at the match, so the young couple commenced house-keeping in lodgings, at 23, Green Street, Leicester Fields.

Poverty, from that day, had no terrors for either husband or wife, who dwelt together in sacred unity for nearly half a century. Catherine faced grim care with an angelic smile that blunted its cruel dart. She slaved and toiled, rejoicing with exceeding great joy in the talents of her beloved husband, believing and joining in his fantastical visions, his mystic imaginings, echoing what he said, reflecting his moods, cooking his simple meals excellently well, tinting his engraved impressions "with right artistic feeling," binding them afterwards in boards with her own nimble fingers, keeping his humble abode daintily clean, and a serene

paradise. Care, and poor means, and neglect, were as golden cords linking the tender pair in a clinging, fond embrace. Catherine shed a roseate glow over the cribbed and cabined home she dwelt in. "Whatever was in Blake's house," cries one of his friends, "there was no squalor. Himself, his wife, and his rooms, were clean and orderly; everything was in its place. . . . The millionaire's upholsterer can furnish no enrichments like those of Blake's enchanted rooms." "There was a strange expansion," says another friend, "and sensation of FREEDOM in those two rooms *very* seldom felt elsewhere."

At first there was a feeble struggle for power, but the adoring wife gave way—"of which the following anecdote will supply a hint," writes Blake's biographer, "as well as testify to much amiable magnanimity on the part of both the younger members of the household. One day a dispute arose between Robert"—Blake's brother—"and Mrs. Blake. She, in the heat of discussion, used words to him, his brother (though a husband, too) thought unwarrantable. A silent witness thus far, he could now bear it no longer, but with characteristic impetuosity, when stirred, rose and said to her: 'Kneel down and beg Robert's pardon directly, or you never see my face again!' A heavy threat, uttered in tones which, from Blake, unmistakably showed it was *meant*. She, poor thing! 'thought it very hard,' as she would afterwards tell,

'to beg her brother-in-law's pardon when she was not in fault.' But being a duteous, devoted wife, though by nature nowise tame or dull of spirit, she *did* kneel down and meekly murmur, '*Robert, I beg your pardon, I am in the wrong.*' 'Young woman, you lie!' abruptly retorted he: '*I* am in the wrong!'"

Blake hated the prosaic subject of money. Mrs. Blake consequently was obliged to be cautious in her method of hinting the supply was growing short. She would quietly set before him at dinner just what there was in the house, "without any comment," until finally "the empty platter had to make its appearance." He was always, however, devotedly kind and considerate to the beloved companion who was with him "almost every hour of the twenty-four." He was at once lover, husband, child.

The "beloved Kate" learnt to draw. "One drawing, undoubtedly *designed* as well as executed by herself," says Mr. Gilchrist, "is now (1863) in Mr. Linnell's possession. It is so like a work of Blake's, that one can hardly believe it to have been the production of another hand. Captain Butts has also one, of small size, in pen-and-ink; a seated figure of a woman, which I would not hesitate, at first sight, to call a Blake; and even on inspection it proves a very fair drawing. I have no doubt of this, too, being *bonâ fides* Mrs. Blake's."

In August, 1827, Blake lay dying—"in the quiet

room looking out over the river, yet but a few yards' remove from the roaring Strand; she beside his bed, she alone. He has no other servant, nor nurse, and wants no other. As his eyes rested on the once graceful form, thoughts of all she had been to him in these years filled the poet-artist's mind. 'Stay!' he cried, 'keep as you are! *you* have ever been an angel to me: I will draw you!' And a portrait was struck off by a hand which approaching death—few days distant now—had not weakened nor benumbed." It was a "phrenzied sketch of some power; highly interesting, but not like." He told her "they would not be parted; he should always be about her to take care of her." The silent wife sat and waited the approach of the Angel of Death, yet knew not the moment he laid his chill fingers on that beloved heart.

A humble female neighbour, her only other companion, said afterwards, "I have been at the death, not of a man, but of a blessed angel."

The man, neglected in life, was laid in a nameless and unhonoured grave. He left not a single debt, but a large stock of his works in various stages, which served to keep his widow from destitution. From her widowed home she went to stay with a kind and powerful friend, then to take charge of chambers for another. Then into humble lodgings at No. 17, Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where she

continued till her death. She survived her husband only four years—years of patient endurance and decent poverty, aided by the helping hands of old patrons who had been kind to him, and by occasional sales of his drawings. Lord Egremont gave her eighty guineas for one large water-colour drawing. Some of the drawings she injudiciously finished herself.

She looked forward to her death with calm, unflinching eyes; even when told by the doctor that her last days were rapidly closing in, giving minute directions for "the performance of the last sad details." Her gentle spirit took flight on or about the 18th October, 1831. She was buried beside her husband in Bunhill Fields.

Maria Denman was the younger sister of Ann, Flaxman's wife and guardian angel. Flaxman adopted her as a daughter. She was little more than an amateur. In 1803, Hayley, Flaxman's friend—"poet," country gentleman, and future biographer of Cowper—brought out the thirteenth edition of his "Triumphs of Temper." It was illustrated with six designs by Maria Flaxman, engraved by Blake. One copy had been illustrated by Stothard. The book, with his "Essay on Old Maids," and "Life of Milton," had been translated into German, which so flattered the genial author that he set to work to learn that language. The designs by Maria Flaxman were

admired by some people for their grace of line, elegance of composition, and "other artist-like virtues of a now obsolete sort." They are, however, poor and weak, and sadly "young ladyish" in design. Three years before, Flaxman had introduced Blake to Hayley, who proved a kind and generous patron until Blake took some offence, and became splenetic against this rich friend, as he did against his faithful ally, Flaxman.

> "My title as a genius thus is proved,—
> Not praised by Hayley, nor by Flaxman loved,"

he cynically wrote. Caroline Watson and Raimbach succeeded Blake as engravers for Hayley's books. At the close of 1805, Caroline Watson's name appeared as engraver of the frontispiece—"Cowper's Oak"—of the "Supplementary Pages" of the "Life of Cowper." In 1806 she stayed some weeks at Felpham, making drawings after Romney's pictures, for her engravings to the Life. Her engravings are very rich and mellow.

Maria Denman-Flaxman remembered to the end of her days the gentle goodness of Blake. "One remembers even in age the kindness of such a man," she said.

Though frugal in his living, Flaxman never secured more than a decent competence, leaving some four thousand pounds, while his contemporary,

Nollekens, died worth about one hundred and fifty thousand. Everything he had he left to Maria, his beloved wife being dead. The contents of his studio included all his working models, and casts of all his chief works. Miss Denman preserved the collection with affectionate reverence for twenty-five years after the death of the great sculptor, until she found suitable room for it, the Council of the London University College consenting to have the cupola of the College adapted to receive the valuable treasures. Mr. Donaldson converted the place into a very splendid sculpture gallery.

Maria Denman died in January, 1860—the last member of Flaxman's refined and happy household. A cultivated woman, of much energy and decision of character, her loss was deplored by many who loved and respected her.

There is a little confusion of identity between this lady and Mary Ann Flaxman, sister of the great sculptor, which it is difficult to clear away. It is much to be wished that some writer, with authority to speak on the subject, would give to the world a life of John Flaxman. Mary Ann exhibited at the Academy from 1786 to 1790, then ceased to send for some years. Her "Turkish Ladies," the "Lace Maker," "Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess," and a drawing from Miss Burney's "Cecilia," were among her first works. In 1800 she contributed designs from the poets; 1802,

a portrait of Mrs. Billington. "She was probably," hazards Mr. Redgrave, "at this time governess in a family, with whom she travelled in Germany." 1810, she was residing in London with her brother, and again sending pictures to the Academy, "Sappho" being exhibited that year. 1811, a portrait of her friend, Mr. Porson, was exhibited. 1817, she made designs for the old ballad, the "Beggar's daughter." 1819, "Maternal Piety," her last exhibited work, was sent to the Academy. Her designs for "Robin Goodfellow" were engraved. She died April 17, 1833, aged sixty-five.

The Shadows have melted back into the gray dimness from which they rose—passed as a dream of Fair Women; graceful, noble figures, laden with highest and purest gifts. A golden circlet of stars, the like of which no other land could show.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Earlier Years of the Nineteenth Century.

A TEMPTING vista, with many alluring by-paths, opens on entering the active nineteenth century. A few hurried reflections thrown on a rough camera must suffice, however, as memoirs of those Female Artists who were remarkable in the earlier part of this rapidly moving epoch, but who are now dead, or have entirely ceased to exhibit.

Among the most remarkable figure painters were Louisa, Eliza, and Mary Anne Sharpe, all prominent members of the Water Colour Society, admired for the poetic fancy, grace, and finish of their works. The Duke of York was their first patron. They began life as miniature painters, but relinquished that branch for "subjects." Their chief studies were carried on in the French and German galleries, and they were always noticeable for the extreme accuracy of their

copies in water colours. The sisters were among the first to originate the modern bold style of water-colour drawing.

Louisa Sharpe's first picture appeared, 1817, at the Royal Academy—a portrait. She continued to exhibit up to 1829, when she was elected a member of the Water Colour Society, in the rooms of which artistic body her exquisitely finished "costume pieces" formed a great attraction. The first subject that brought her name prominently forward was "Juliet." Other successful works were the "Wedding;" "Brunetta," from Addison, 1832; the "Good Offer," 1835; "Constancy and Inconstancy," 1840; the "Alarm in the Night," 1841; the "Fortune Teller," 1842. On her marriage (1834) to Dr. Woldemar Seyffarth, she went to reside in Dresden, where her husband was settled as a professor. Dr. Seyffarth was Commissioner from the King of Saxony to the London Exhibition of 1851, and again to that held in 1862. Madame Seyffarth died at Dresden, of a painful disorder, January 28, 1843.

Eliza Sharpe was a woman of unusually original and marked character—tender-hearted and pitiful, though plain-spoken, and full of stern contempt for meanness, of generous anger against evil-doers. Many instances of her enthusiastic benevolence are still remembered in the family. One day, walking through a lane, she saw a man cruelly beating a donkey. The

wheel of the cart to which the patient animal was attached had stuck fast in a deep rut of mud. Seeing it was impossible for the poor beast to move it, Miss Sharpe reasoned with the man, who vowed and swore the creature could move it if he liked. A gentleman coming up in the midst of the discussion, she begged him to do her the favour of putting his shoulder to the wheel with hers to extricate the poor animal. The gentleman very good-naturedly complied, and soon set the cart right, to the great astonishment of the donkey-driver, who swore that "he had never seen ladies and gentlemen do like that afore." Another time she met a poor little girl, half starved, dirty, and ragged. She took the wretched child home with her, fed, washed, and dressed her, and was on the point of taking her back to her miserable abode, when a woman, the mother of the child, rushed in, using the most frightful language, vowing that "she would have her up, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself, to go about stealing honest persons' children." It was with some difficulty that Miss Sharpe rid herself of this virago. At one time, at the house where she lived in apartments, there was an alarm of fire: every one ran about, calling out "Fire!" Seeing smoke issuing from the door of a room where she knew an invalid lady was lying, she called out in a commanding voice to a man passing by, and to her maid, to unite with her in making a rush at the door. The three succeeded

in bursting open the door just in time to save the poor woman. Up to the age of seventy-seven, she could walk, dance, and skip like a young girl, and sweep a grand eighteenth century curtsy with inimitable grace. Six months before her death she had her name put on the tombstone at Willesden, with a suitable inscription, the date only being left vacant. She died (1873) at the house of her nephew, C. W. Sharpe, Esq., the eminent engraver, at Burnham Beeches, her loyal spirit passing away in childlike hope and trust, and with scarcely a struggle. She was then seventy-eight. Through her own industry and talent, she was enabled to leave a modest little fortune. In the days of the "Annuals," her works were much admired.

Mary Anne Sharpe was a gentle, refined, retiring lady, beloved by all who knew her, talented and industrious. She died, 1867, of the same painful disorder that had carried off her sister Louisa.

Mrs., or Madame, Soyer was another figure painter, but she chiefly worked in oil. She was, perhaps, better known as Miss Emma Jones. Of her history little is known. She was born in London, 1813. When only thirteen she was remarkable for facility in taking likenesses. Being ambitious of devoting herself to artistic life, she studied assiduously with such means as were then attainable by girls. She painted portraits and groups of children, which she constantly exhibited at Suffolk Street. One of her groups was engraved in

mezzotint. Marrying (1836) M. Soyer, the famous *chef*, she went with him to Belgium, when he accompanied the Duke of Saxe Gotha thither. After her marriage she still continued to paint. In 1842 she exhibited in Paris a picture in the style of Murillo, called the "Two Israelites," which received much commendation from the French critics. On her arrival in Belgium she was suddenly taken ill, and soon after died (1842) in her confinement; she was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. Her devotion to her beloved art was wonderful; although but twenty-nine at the time of her death, she had produced no less than four hundred and three pictures. But she had great faults. Her manipulation was hard and black; she was almost devoid of feeling for colour, and had little understanding of light and shade. She drew with some correctness, and was happy in expression.

Nancy Rayner, daughter of the well-known water-colour painter, was the eldest of a large family, which has produced five sister artists—Nancy, Rose, Louise, Frances, and Margaret. Mrs. Rayner was distinguished in early life for her beautiful engravings on black marble, though she has ceased to create artistic work in later years. Nancy was born in London, 1827. Her studies commenced at the age of ten, and even so early her drawings and sketches showed a precocious genius, which rapidly developed. Like her sisters, she was under the general direction of her

father, but she owed much to the advice and friendship of such men as Cattermole, Oakley, David Cox, Samuel Prout, Frank Stone. David Roberts took an especial interest in the gifted young girl. Her talent was varied, and though generally known as a painter of picturesque and rustic figures, her interiors were considered to be equal in delicate realisation to some of the works of the Dutch painters. At the age of twenty-one she was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and she was unusually successful in securing fame and high patronage as soon as her works were brought before the public. Her career was prematurely closed by a lingering consumption, of which she died at the age of twenty-eight, in the year 1855. Her family, who have never ceased to mourn her loss, and who admired her artistic powers, do not care for any lengthened biography being given.

Emma Smith, daughter of John Raphael Smith, painter and engraver, was born about 1787, and early displayed "a talent for drawing." Before she was twenty she exhibited (1805) a most ambitious subject at the Royal Academy—"Hector taking leave of Andromache." Three years later she joined the short-lived Society of Associated Artists in Water Colours. Little is known of her personal history.

Mrs. James Hakewill, admired for her softness and delicacy of touch, was perhaps best known as a portrait painter, but she frequently produced semi-

rural groups. In 1808 she exhibited some studies at the Royal Academy. She married James Hakewill, an architect, May 7, 1807. This gentleman was principally known by his publications on architectural antiquities and the fine arts. His first work (1812) was a novel—"Cœlebs Suited; or, The Stanley Letters." When the general peace opened the Continent to English travellers (1813), husband and wife went to Italy, where they stayed during the major part of 1816–17. This pleasant sojourn afforded Mr. Hakewill materials for a "Picturesque Tour of Italy," published, with sixty-three plates, in twelve parts; a remarkably interesting work, both in its literary matter and its illustrations. It was brought out with great care, and obtained high praise from the most critical judges. Mrs. Hakewill died at Calais, January 22, 1842; Mr. Hakewill died at his apartments in Adam Street West, Bryanstone Square, May 28, 1843, in his sixty-fifth year.

Mrs. Hakewill's eldest son, Arthur William, born 1808, was an architect, but preferred literature. Henry James, a younger son, was a sculptor. There were several sons, who all inherited from their parents a talent for the arts, but all died at an early age.

The most distinguished names, however, were to be found among the portrait painters. Never before or since have so many English lady artists obtained such honours in a most difficult branch. Miniature

painting is now, for good or for evil, well-nigh extinct, the science of photography having driven the elder miniaturists into another field, and deterred newcomers from entering a narrowed, unprofitable path.

Margaret Sarah Carpenter was one of the most distinguished portrait painters of England. The daughter of Captain Alexander R. Geddes, she was born 1793, in Salisbury. The Geddes family counted among its members some men of considerable professional and literary reputation. In her early youth, Miss Geddes received instruction in figure drawing and painting from a resident master at Salisbury. Lord Radnor gave her permission to copy in his gallery at Longford Castle, and by his advice she sent pictures three successive years to the Society of Arts. On each of these occasions she received a public acknowledgment of her talent and industry. For a study of a boy's head, subsequently purchased by the Marquis of Strafford, the largest gold medal was awarded. By Lord Radnor's advice she came (1814) to London. At once she acquired a well-merited reputation. Immediately on her arrival, she exhibited at the Academy a portrait of Mrs. Sparkes, and at the British Institution "A Fortune Teller" and "Peasant Boy." From that time up to 1866, she rarely failed, year by year, to exhibit portraits and fancy subjects, all admirably painted, and treated with brilliant power.

In 1817, Miss Geddes married Mr. W. H. Carpenter. Her sister was wife of W. Collins, R.A., and mother of Mr. Wilkie Collins. Mr. Carpenter was, in 1845, appointed Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. He died, July 12, 1866. A pension of £100 per annum was then granted to Mrs. Carpenter, in recognition of her own merits, as well as in acknowledgment of the services of her husband.

This gifted lady died in London, November 13, 1872, aged eighty. Perhaps no sister artist in this country was more admired than she. Truth, firmness of touch, brilliancy of colouring, both in oil and in water colours, were her leading points of excellence. Many of her portraits and miniatures were engraved —the Viscountess Eastnor, Countess Ribblesdale, Viscountess Barrington, etc.

Among the more remarkable portraits by her were —Lord Kilcoursie, Lady Sarah de Crespigny, 1812; Lord Folkestone, 1814; Mr. Baring, 1815; Sir George Madden, 1817; Lord Mark Ker, 1819; Sir H. Bunbury, 1822; Lady Eastnor, 1825; Lord de Tabley, 1829; Mr. Justice Coleridge, 1830; Lady Denbigh, 1831; Mr. Herries, 1832; Lady King, daughter of Lord Byron, 1835; Lord John Manners, Dr. Whewell, John Gibson, the sculptor (now in the National Portrait Gallery); a life-sized portrait of Anthony Stewart, the celebrated miniature painter, entitled

"Devotion"—also the "Sisters," portraits of the artist's own daughters. These last two, with "Ockham Church," were purchased by Mr. Sheepshanks, and are now at South Kensington.

Personally, Mrs. Carpenter was genial and amiable. Her death was deplored by a large circle of friends. Two of her children—Mr. W. and Miss Henrietta Carpenter — have become artists. The former is especially well known.

It was a matter of indignation that so eminent and able an artist should have been debarred the honour of becoming an Academician. The *Art Journal* made some severe, but justifiable, remarks on the subject. "Had the Royal Academy abrogated the law which denies a female admission to its ranks, Mrs. Carpenter would most assuredly have gained, as she merited, a place in them; but we despair of ever living to see the rights of women vindicated in this respect; the doors of the institution are yet too narrow for such to find entrance." It cannot be denied that since the days of Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser, and the female honorary members of the same period, the Academy has studiously ignored the existence of women artists, leaving them to work in the cold shade of utter neglect. Not even once has a helping hand been extended, not once has the most trifling reward been given for highest merit and industry. Accident made two women Academicians

—the accident of circumstances, and the accident of birth. Accident opened the doors to girl students—accident aided by courage and talent. In other countries, women have the prizes fairly earned quietly placed in their hands, and can receive them with dignity. In free, unprejudiced, chivalric England, where the race is said to be to the swift, the battle to the strong, without fear or favour, it is only by slow, laborious degrees that women are winning the right to enter the lists at all, and are then viewed with half contemptuous indulgence.

Mrs. James Robertson was niece of George Saunders, the miniature painter. From 1824 she exhibited frequently at the Royal Academy, sending up to 1844, when she was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg. Some of her portraits were engraved — the Duchess of Northumberland, Marchioness Wellesley, Lady Majoribanks, Viscountess Stormont, and others.

Mary Green, born 1776, was the second daughter of William Byrne, the landscape engraver. She was a pupil of Arland, a Swiss painter. But at that period, the facilities for study were limited. Few and far between were the professors of miniature painting, and it was only by carefully examining the works of Vandyck and Reynolds that she obtained a mastery of her graceful art, and acquired the refined taste and purity of manner characterising her works. An

enthusiast, endowed with the valuable quality of patience, she devoted herself with ardour to her profession. Gifted by nature with "a true feeling for art, and a keen susceptibility of the charms of chiaroscuro and colour, combined with indefatigable industry," she rose to great perfection, and her miniatures were admired by the most fastidious critics. It was particularly noticeable that her male portraits were of equal merit and power with her female ones. Her compositions were simple and unaffected. With grace, feminine beauty, and delicacy of touch, she combined fulness of manner and vigorous execution.

Her first picture was exhibited in the Academy in 1796. In 1805 she married James Green, portrait painter. He was born, 1771, at Leytonstone, Essex, where his father was a builder. Early in life he became distinguished for his skill in painting miniatures, but later he devoted himself more especially to oil. In 1810 Mrs. Green became a member of the Associated Artists in Water Colours, of which short-lived body her husband was treasurer.

On the death of her husband, 1834, Mrs. Green retired from the profession, being disabled by failing health. Unknown to her friends, she was affected with disease of the heart. Her passion for art remained unabated to the last. In October, 1847, she died from the disorder to which she was subject. Beloved and admired in life, in death she was deeply

regretted. "Indomitable in her career," says one of her friends, "exemplary, kind, and endeared to those around her, regardless of self, she was ever the life of her circle; to an engaging address she added a well-stored mind, considerable powers of conversation and reasoning, and a remarkable independence of character."

Anne Mee was the eldest daughter of John Foldstone, an artist who died young. She received a good education in a well-known school kept by a French lady, in Queen Square, Westminster, and was one of the most highly placed pupils for music, poetry, and painting. An inference has been drawn that she took up miniature painting early to help in supplying the wants of her family. Miss Berry, in her "Memoirs," says, "She has a mother and eight sisters to support," and intimates that it was not always prudent to pay for portraits before they were finished. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., gave her many commissions. A number of miniatures painted by her for the prince are now in the royal collection. She began to exhibit at the Academy in 1815, continuing to send for some twenty years after. Among her engraved portraits were Queen Adelaide, the Countess of Belfast, Viscountess Dillon, Countess Manvers, Marchioness of Carmarthen, Lady Anne Beckett, Lady Isabella Anne Brydges, Lady Alicia Peel, Miss Georgina Lane Fox, Lady Catherine Stewart. She made some excel-

lent studies after Reynolds and Gainsborough, faithfully rendering the great qualities of both. Mrs. Mee died October 2, 1845, and was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery. She made a most unhappy marriage with a man who pretended to family and fortune, and had neither.

Maria Ross was one of the most admired female artists of her time. She was the sister of Anker Smith, the engraver; niece of John Hoole, the classical translator; wife of Mr. Ross, the miniature painter; and mother of Sir William C. Ross, the artist, whose success she lived to see. Mrs. Ross painted not only miniatures, but historical and poetical subjects; she occasionally exhibited at the Academy, sending chiefly portraits in oil. One of her best pictures was the "Adoration of the Shepherds." She sent first to the Academy in 1811. At the age of seventy she died, Sunday, March 20, 1836. Her son, Sir William Ross, was born in 1794.

Mary Anne Knight, born 1776, was a pupil of A. Plimer. She exhibited at the Royal Academy first in 1807, and from that time continued to send her miniatures on ivory. She was a good miniaturist. The Earl of Abingdon contributed to the Loan Exhibition a miniature on ivory by her, painted about 1813—Montagu Bertie, Lord Norreys. Miss Knight died 1831.

Charlotte Jones styled herself a teacher of minia-

ture painting to the Princess Charlotte. Her first miniatures were exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1801. The miniature she painted of the Princess Charlotte was engraved. Until 1823 she continued to exhibit. She died in London, September 21, 1847.

Emma Eleonora Kendrick, daughter of Josephus Kendrick, sculptor, exhibited first at the Academy in 1811. Besides miniatures, she painted historical and poetical subjects. Between 1815 and 1820 she exhibited with the Water Colour Society, sending with her miniatures, "Cupid and Psyche," "Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl," "Dido expiring on a funeral pile." In 1830 she was appointed Miniature Painter in Ordinary to the King. Many of her miniatures were engraved —Lady Forester, Lady Kirkwall, Lady Grantham, etc. After 1835 she exhibited only occasionally, ceasing to send after 1840. Sometimes she exhibited classical subjects and portraits at the Society of British Artists, up to 1841. She published in 1850 a work on miniature painting. For years before her death her name did not come before the public. She died April 6, 1871, aged eighty-three.

Miss M. Barret, daughter of George Barret, landscape painter, and sister of George Barret, water-colour painter, was a pupil of Mrs. Mee. She commenced the practice of art as a miniaturist, exhibiting first at the Academy, 1797; but afterwards she also painted birds, fish, and still life. In 1823 she was admitted

a member of the Water Colour Society, and constantly exhibited with that body up to 1836, when she died. She resided with her brother James, the landscape painter.

Among the miniature painters must be included the name of Louisa Stuart Costello, though she afterwards relinquished the pencil for the pen. She came of an old family, the daughter of Colonel Costello, and was born 1799. During her childhood and youth she lived in France: coming to London, in 1820, to practice miniature painting, which she had studied. Her first miniatures were exhibited at the Academy from 1822 to '25, then her name disappeared from the catalogue till '33, when she began again to send, and continued to exhibit yearly, until '39. So successful was she, that the money she made assisted her mother, and contributed to maintain a brother at Sandhurst College; but she turned her attention to literature, and gave up art. A pension was bestowed upon her for literary services and merit; she retired upon this to Boulogne, where she died of virulent cancer, April 24, 1870.

Mrs. Mannin was a favourite miniaturist, excelling in her portraits of children. From 1829 to 1832 she exhibited in her maiden name as Miss Millington. From that year, under her married name, she was a constant exhibitor up to 1859. She died at Brighton, October, 1861.

Miss Beaumont, afterwards Mrs. W. Pierce, was

a graceful miniaturist. Miss Chalon was another, painting chiefly on ivory. Some of Miss Beaumont's miniatures were engraved.

Elizabeth Reynolds was the daughter of S. W. Reynolds, the engraver. Her own portrait, when a child, by Opie, is now in Burlington Gardens. Her father, a man almost entirely self-taught in art, married at nineteen, his wife being about the same age; he had nine children, several of whom became artists, exhibiting at the Royal Academy. He died 1835. Not even the scantiest particulars have been recorded of his daughter Elizabeth, miniaturist.

The story of Sarah Biffin reads more like a quaint German tale, or an imagining by Victor Hugo, than the sober, matter-of-fact biography of an English miniature painter. She was born, as is well known, without hands or arms, at East Quantoxhead, near Bridgewater, Somerset, 1784. Early in life she displayed an unusual talent for drawing and painting. Her first lessons were received from a man named Dukes. To this person she bound herself, by a written agreement, to give absolutely all her time and exertions, and to remain for a term of years in his house. Soon after this engagement had been entered into, the Earl of Morton became acquainted with this strange, clever young woman, and took a lively interest in her. He caused her to be further instructed by Mr. Craig, a well-known miniature

painter. Under this skilful tuition, Miss Biffin attained to an "almost miraculous" degree of perfection. The Society of Arts gave her, in 1821, a prize medal for one of her pictures. This was presented to her by the president, the Duke of Sussex. The Earl of Morton made liberal offers to Mr. Dukes to induce him to relinquish his claims on the brilliantly promising artist, but uselessly; Miss Biffin herself, although assured on the best authority that the agreement was not legally binding, refused to be freed, and remained with her proprietor for nearly sixteen years. During that time, she resided with Mr. Dukes and his wife, being treated always with unvarying kindness, and quite as one of the family, though she never received in money more than five pounds per annum. She was patronised by George III., George IV., and William IV., by the Queen Dowager, by her present Majesty and the Prince Consort, and a large circle of the aristocracy and distinguished persons. For many years she realized a respectable income by her miniature painting. Unfortunately, by the death of the Earl of Morton, she lost a true friend. There was then no one to assist her in obtaining commissions, or in disposing of her works. By degrees she sank into reduced circumstances. Finally she went to live in Liverpool, where she tried to support herself by her painting. Mr. Richard Rathbone interested himself

on her behalf, and it was chiefly by his influence and exertions that a small annuity was purchased for her by subscription. She died at her lodgings in Duke Street, Liverpool, November 18, 1850, in her sixty-sixth year. Her own portrait, by herself, on ivory, was exhibited among the collection of loan miniatures at South Kensington.

Landscape painting was not a favourite study, apparently, with ladies during the earlier years of this century. Only a few exhibited at the Royal Academy—Miss F. Reinagle, Miss Henderson, Miss Gritton, Matilda Lowry, and the only one who gained any distinction, Harriet Gouldsmith. This lady appeared first as an exhibitor in 1809. In 1813 she was elected a member of the Water Colour Society, and contributed to the Society's exhibitions up to 1820, exhibiting also once or twice in Suffolk Street. Her landscapes were "pleasing and well esteemed." She also painted two or three portraits, and one subject picture from "Don Quixote." In 1819 she published four landscape etchings of Claremont, and in 1824 four lithographic views, drawn on stone. About 1839 she became the wife of Captain Arnold, R.N., from that time exhibiting in her married name. She died, January 6, 1863, aged seventy-six.

Flower and fruit painting, so eminently suited to the delicacy and the then narrowed range of study of women, was high in favour.

One of the most admired artists was Anne Charlotte Bartholomew. She was the daughter of Arnal Fayerman, and was born, March 20, 1800, at Loddon, in Norfolk. In her infancy she was adopted by her maternal grandfather, the Vicar of East Dereham, and brother of Dr. John Thomas, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. Even in early childhood, the little Anne displayed talent for both poetry and painting. Subsequently she entered the artistic profession as a miniature painter, at that time an attractive and lucrative branch, and also painted fruit and rustic figures with fidelity and grace. In 1827 Miss Fayerman married Mr. Walter Turnbull, the composer of several popular melodies, such as "Deck not with Gems." Two years later she brought out a piece called the "Farmer's Daughter." Afterwards (1840) she published a volume of poems entitled "Songs of Azrael," and brought out a farce called "It's only my Aunt," which became a favourite, not only in the provinces, but in the metropolis, and afterwards in America. Her first exhibited miniature was sent to the Academy, 1829. In 1838 she became a widow, but in 1840 married Mr. Valentine Bartholomew, the well-known flower painter, as his second wife. This marriage was a very happy one. "There were few pleasanter sights," says one who knew them, "than to see the earnestness with which Mrs. Bartholomew appreciated her husband's beautiful tran-

scripts from nature, or the pleasure he took in her miniature painting and groups of fruit." Many of her miniatures were for brooches and trinkets.

Mrs. Bartholomew was a member of the Society of Female Artists,—also, for upwards of thirty years, of the Society of Water Colour Painters.

The happiness and work of this gifted, industrious lady were often interrupted by illness. Steadfast Christian fortitude enabled her to bear these trials bravely. "Those who recall the sufferings of Mrs. Bartholomew's later days," said a writer in the leading art journal, "will feel with us that her passing onward, in the full triumph of faith and hope, to the 'better land,' should not be matter of regret to those who knew and appreciated her as she deserved. Devoted as she was for many years to her profession, the *artist* never forgot the duties of the *woman*. Abroad, as at home, she laboured with earnestness to promote the happiness and welfare of all within her sphere of influence. Whenever distress was made known to her, her tender heart and active brain combined to relieve it. It is a trite observation, that the good deeds that sanctify the world are commenced and carried on by persons already 'over-worked.' Your idler invents nothing,—helps nobody; the flood of private and public benevolence is seen flowing from hands and brains already supposed to be over-taxed by the daily labour of life. It is beautiful to see how

much active work is done, how great an amount of relief afforded by women who 'have their hands full' of other occupations. We cannot pay too high a tribute to the ever active and persevering charity which, to within a few weeks of her death, stimulated Mrs. Bartholomew to 'sustain and comfort the afflicted.'"

Her last exhibited works appeared 1856-57.

This highly esteemed artist died in Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, August 18, 1862, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery.

Anne Frances Byrne, eldest daughter of William Byrne, was born in London, 1775. At first she painted in oil, but afterwards devoted herself to water colours, in which she became very proficient. In 1806 she was selected an associate exhibitor of the Water Colour Society: in 1809 a full member: in 1813 she withdrew from it, but exhibited in 1820, and the following year rejoined the Society. Occasionally, from 1796 to 1820, she exhibited a flower piece at the Academy. Her flowers were well grouped: with glowing richness of colour they combined a charming freshness. With one or two exceptions of birds, she limited her studies to fruit and flowers. She died January 2, 1837.

Letitia Byrne, third daughter of William Byrne, was an engraver, best known by her skilful etchings. John Byrne was the only son and youngest child of William Byrne.

Madame de Comolèra was Painter of Flowers, Fruit, etc., to her Majesty Queen Adelaide. Miss Scott, daughter of William Scott, associate exhibitor of the Water Colour Society, was elected a member of the Society in 1823. Up to 1834 she sent every year charming groups of flowers and fruit; that year she married Mr. Brooksbank. Before her marriage she fixed her studio at Brighton. As Mrs. Brooksbank, she continued to exhibit up to 1859. Mrs. Margetts, a flower painter still living, though she has ceased to exhibit, was admired for her brilliant colouring, and the truth of her lovely groups. Fanny Harris painted flower pieces also brilliant in colour. Miss Flynn exhibited flower groups about 1816 and later. Miss Dubuisson exhibited birds at the same period. Miss Hay's groups of flowers were "pleasing." Mary Lawrence and Gertrude Stephanoff likewise painted flowers.

Mrs. T. H. Fielding (wife of Theodore Henry Fielding, water colour painter) was elected a member of the Water Colour Society in 1821. From that year she was a constant exhibitor with the Society, of flowers, birds, and insects.

Mrs. Pope was a flower painter and miniaturist. Her maiden name was Lee. At an early age she married Francis Wheatley, the painter, afterwards R.A., to whom she proved an exemplary and affectionate wife. She exhibited first at the Royal

Academy, 1796, a portrait. For several years she continued to paint portraits, and pleasant little domestic subjects, such as (1804) "A Ride in a Wheel-barrow." Having become a widow, with some interesting children, she married (1801) Alexander Pope, miniature painter, when she began to paint miniatures and flowers. Her portrait of Madame Catalani was very popular, and when engraved had an enormous sale. Her special talent, however, lay in depicting flowers. These she drew and painted with brilliancy, truth of colour and character, and artistic feeling. Her bold and richly finished groups and compositions used to be much admired on the walls of the Academy. For a long time she was constantly employed by Mr. Curtis, the botanical publisher. Mrs. Pope was esteemed by a large and influential circle of friends, pupils, and patrons. Among her pupils was the Princess Sophia of Gloucester, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans. In every relation of life Mrs. Pope was respected and beloved. A good mother, a loving wife, a faithful friend, a patient worker, she was regarded as an exemplary character by all who had the privilege of knowing her intimately. In her youth she was a very beautiful woman. She had the satisfaction of seeing her children well established in life through her unwearied energy, talent, and industry. Mrs. Pope's death was deeply lamented, though she passed away at an advanced age, December 24, 1838, having survived her husband two years.

An artist of peculiar and special talent was Mrs. Gould, wife of the naturalist. Deeply attached to her husband, she took the greatest interest in his various ornithological works, the principal illustrations being done by her own hand. She was known to be "a woman of exemplary worth in all social relations." In August, 1841, she died, at the early age of thirty-seven, in giving birth to her sixth child, a daughter.

During the first thirty or forty years of the present century the amateurs were not so numerous or so distinguished as they had been at the close of the preceding age. Among ladies of rank and fortune, Lady Leighton, Lady Bell, Lady De Ros, the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Irby (figures), the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham (flowers), the Hon. Mrs. Carew, Lady Lees, and a few others, were known as being remarkably talented artists.

Lady Georgina North, daughter of the Countess of Guildford, was a pupil of Fuseli. She was an amiable, accomplished, and highly promising young lady. Fuseli was much attached to her. A great part of her time was devoted to the study of art, especially of historical design. It was during a visit to the house of the Countess of Guildford, at Putney Hill, that Fuseli died (1825).

Lady Amelia Farnborough, daughter of Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., married, 1793, Sir Charles Long, who was (1826) created Lord Farnborough. As an amateur, she was distinguished by her very clever

water-colour drawings, works of great truth and feelings. From 1807 she was an honorary exhibitor at the Royal Academy. She exhibited the "Boulevards of Paris" at the Academy, 1819. This lady died June 15, 1837.

Lady Mary Long, one of the most persevering art students of this century, was the eldest daughter of William, seventh Earl of Northesk, Admiral of the Red, and Rear-Admiral of Great Britain. She was born October 3, 1789, and was married to Walter Long, Esq., of Preshaw House, Hampshire, at St. George's, Hanover Square, February 10, 1810. She was taught drawing at Bath by Benjamin Parker, the eminent landscape painter, and flower painting by his brother-in-law, Hewlett. In her younger married days she used to draw and paint in water colours, chiefly figures, in which she was best. She lithographed several copies of Pinelli's Italian figures. At forty years of age she began to paint in oil. A. M. de Troye, a Belgian artist, was about that time copying pictures at Antwerp and Brussels for Mr. Long, and as he was often at Preshaw, he perceived Lady Mary's great talent, and incited her to try her skill. She was very successful, and painted many pictures, but her taste was so correct that she preferred copying the works of the great masters to executing originals which might not have satisfied her. The altar-piece in Muckelney Church, Somersetshire, is by her; it is

a copy of "The Entombment," by Vandyck. Several of her works are at Preshaw, and most of her children have one or more of her paintings. In many other ways she had great talents, and was fond of taking up any ideas of the day and mastering them. She was much interested in phrenology. Heraldry she was well versed in, and was clever at emblazoning pedigrees. She entered fully into all subjects, politics, science, and literature, but was specially interested in painting and in the lives of painters. She had twelve children, and was so thoroughly domestic and devoted to her family that she never could have given as much time as she wished to the arts.

She lived chiefly a quiet country life at Preshaw, an old house which has been in her husband's family since the reign of James I. Its picturesque brown roofed gables peer above the trees of the well-wooded park, which lies like an oasis in the midst of the broad swelling Hampshire downs, about eight miles from Winchester.

Lady Mary was peculiarly unselfish in character, most deeply beloved by her numerous descendants, to whom her death, on March 7, 1875, after a long illness consequent on her husband's death in 1871, has occasioned an irreparable blank. Some of her children have shown considerable talent in art. Her eldest daughter, Miss Long, was very clever in drawing; her second daughter, Elizabeth, who married John

E. W. Rolls, Esq., of the Hendre, Monmouth, won the Duke of Sussex's medal for a chalk head, and is a proficient in water colours, etching, etc.; and her youngest daughter, Miss Jane Long, has produced some very spirited oil paintings of animals.

Lady Carteret and her eldest sister, Miss Master, were very clever amateurs. Both were pupils of Miss Black. Lady Carteret was born May 9, 1777; she was the second daughter of Thomas Master, Esq., of the Abbey, Cirencester, by Mary, sister of James, first Lord Sherborne: married, June 18, 1801, Lord John Thynne, third son of the Marquis of Bath, afterwards Lord Carteret, a title now extinct. At the Abbey, Cirencester, there are more than twenty oil paintings by her, landscapes and copies from great masters. Her most admired work is the portrait of Lord Carteret, half length, life size, in oil, done when she was *seventy-two*. The original was painted for the present Lord John Thynne, of Haynes Park, Bedford (Lord Carteret's nephew and heir), by Phillips, the artist, then called *young* Mr. Phillips. Lady Carteret took the dimensions from this head, working up the face chiefly from memory, and it is most excellent. She gave it to her sister. She also left books full of water-colour drawings. Miss Master succeeded her father in his estates; she died unmarried. Many of her pictures are at the Abbey. Miss Egerton and her three sisters, great-aunts of Charles Master, Esq.,

of the Abbey, Cirencester, were charming amateurs: at the Abbey there is a really beautiful picture by one sister, a portrait group of the other two.

Catherine Maria Fanshawe was born in London about 1775. She etched about twenty historical and figure subjects with much ability. Her death occurred about 1834.

Anna Jameson used her pencil chiefly in illustrating her own works, which she did with elegant taste and the utmost care, sometimes etching the drawings herself. She was an Irishwoman—born in Dublin, 1790—the eldest daughter of Mr. Murphy, an artist of some repute, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. Miss Murphy married, 1823, Mr. Jameson, a gentleman who held the office of Vice-Chancellor of Canada, but the union proved an unhappy one, and was soon followed by a separation. In 1834 Mrs. Jameson published anonymously her "Diary of an Ennuyée," written during a tour in Italy. Encouraged by the success of this attempt, she adopted literature as a profession. She died at Ealing, after a few days' illness, March 17, 1860.

Jane Watts was the daughter of Mr. Waldie, a Scotch clergyman, and married Captain Watts, R.N. She painted landscapes in oil, and exhibited two or three times at the Royal Academy and the British Institution. In conjunction with her artistic talent, Mrs. Watts possessed some literary ability, and pub-

lished "A Panoramic Sketch of the Field of Waterloo," "Sketches of Italy," "Continental Adventures," and "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." Mrs. Watts died, July 6, 1826, aged only twenty-four years.

Mrs. Aders, daughter of Raphael Smith, the engraver and painter, was much admired for her clever copies after the old masters, as well as for her original pictures, which were praised by Blake. Mr. Aders, her husband, was a wealthy merchant of an old German family, a liberal man and ardent connoisseur in art. His house in Euston Square was always open to literary men and artists. Thither came Coleridge, Lamb, Lawrence, James Ward, Stothard, Linnell, Blake, and others. The mansion was "as much a picture-gallery as a house." The walls of drawing-room, bed-rooms, and even staircase, were all closely covered with paintings, gallery railings being placed in front to protect the pictures from injury. The collection itself was a remarkable and well-known one, and has attained a niche in the history of picture collections. Mrs. Aders was a beautiful and accomplished lady, "of much conversational power, able to hold her own with the gifted men who were in the habit of frequenting her house." It was to her Coleridge addressed his poem of the "Two Founts." A terrible reverse in trade (1836) swept away the fortune of Mr. Aders; his valuable and interesting collection was of course dispersed, and the pleasant days of the brilliant assemblies

closed in for ever. After the ruin of her husband, Mrs. Aders retired from society, dying some twenty-five years later.

An equally interesting figure—one of those really romantic heroines, who are hurriedly passed in this earnest, fast-fleeting era, though the thoughtful biographer would willingly rest with lingering interest on the details of their life-history—is Mrs. Charles Pearson. She was the daughter of R. Dutton, Esq., and married, at the age of seventeen, Mr. Charles Pearson. He was a solicitor; in after years M.P. for Lambeth and solicitor to the Corporation of London. His early career was involved in political troubles, and his young wife adopted as a profession the art which she had acquired as an elegant accomplishment, or an amusement. For some years, then, she was a portrait painter—most diligent with her brush, as with every other work which she regarded as a duty. There are many portraits by her to be met with. One by her, of Mrs. S. C. Hall, has passed into the hands of her grand-daughter, Lady Gabriel's daughter, through the kindliness of Mr. S. C. Hall. Another, a portrait of the late Lord Denman, was presented by herself to the Corporation of London after she had given up painting as a profession, and now hangs in the Council Chamber, Guildhall. She died April 15, 1871, aged seventy-two.

Mary Ann Ansley—daughter of Mr. Gandon, the

architect, and wife of General Ansley, an officer of the Guards—exhibited many clever subjects at the Royal Academy and British Institution. At the Academy she exhibited, in 1814, a classical subject, and continued to send works of this class, with an occasional portrait, up to 1825. In 1833 Mrs. Ansley exhibited for the last time, a portrait of Prince Napoleon, for which the prince, then in London, had sat to her. She died at Naples in 1840. Her principal paintings are at Houghton Hall, Huntingdonshire, the family residence.

Mary Newton was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Severn, British Consul at Rome, himself known as an excellent amateur artist. Her early studies were directed by Mr. Richmond, R.A. She drew and copied constantly at the British Museum, National Gallery, and the Louvre. Her drawing was much admired · She received commissions from the Queen, and drew portraits in crayons and water colours, exhibiting from 1855 to 1865 at the Academy—figure subjects. She married Mr. Charles J. Newton, of the British Museum. In January, 1866, Mrs. Newton died of measles, at the early age of thirty-three.

IN MEMORIAM: 1875.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mary Harrison. Anna Maria Charretie. Adelaide A. Maguire.

ONE of the most graceful flower painters of modern times was Mary Harrison. She was born at Liverpool, about 1788; her father was Mr. Rossiter, a hat manufacturer of Stockport. As it was not the fashion at that period for young ladies to be taught the accomplishments of painting and music, her parents rather discouraged the early love she showed for those arts. She was allowed to draw only "when she had been very good at her lessons," but she might use a slate; and she has amused her children and grandchildren by describing the sort of dramatic pictures she used to make when six or seven years old. First, she would draw a scene of some famed story, then rub it out to make room for a second, and so go on with a little

imaginative history, like a story-book. Being at a loss for pencils to paint with, she cut bits from her hair, to fasten in a quill, while all her pennies were lavishly expended in gamboge and common dry colour for blue. She used to beg from the servants the stuff employed in the laundry, and by repeated experiments found out the different tints made by mixing her compounds. The greatest pleasure she ever knew in her childhood was when her father gave her a little book of common coloured prints, which she regarded as the perfection of artistic beauty. To the end of her life she vividly remembered the first plate she ever copied. It was a man getting over a stile. She put in with bold hand a pink coat, yellow face, and blue stockings, and used to gaze at this work with more admiration than subsequently she felt in contemplating a renowned Titian. Having an invalid mother and sister for many years, she found little leisure to devote to painting, and in the year 1814 married Mr. Harrison, a gentleman in easy circumstances, with whom she went on the Continent to spend the honeymoon. The allied armies were then in France. Napoleon was at Elba. In the midst of all the hubbub and excitement, the bride contrived to obtain an order from Count Denon to copy in the Louvre —thus being, it is believed, the first English lady who had ever painted there. Just before the battle of Waterloo, the young couple returned to England.

Some fifteen years elapsed. Mr. Harrison, who possessed a tolerable fortune in landed property, unfortunately entered into disastrous business speculations, and lost the greater part of his income. Mrs. Harrison then endeavoured to assist him in the maintenance of the family—a serious responsibility, as there were twelve children. The poor gentleman fell into an utterly hypochondriacal state. Mrs. Harrison rose superior to adversity: she cultivated her talent for painting, and removed to London, when she joined some artist friends in establishing a new Society of Painters in Water Colours—now the Institute, of which she remained a member to the day of her death.

As at that time there were few flower painters, and she had been accustomed to paint chiefly roots of wild flowers surrounded by grasses, moss, and dead leaves, Mrs. Harrison fixed upon that branch of art, which, being a novelty, was much admired. In birds' nests, and detached groups of fruit, too, she succeeded very well. Her art was simple, but delicate and refined; charming, even if slightly prim. Her subjects were remarkable for taste, feeling, and fond love of nature. Sometimes she would delineate cut sprigs of garden flowers, or a branch of blackberry blossom lying near a bird's nest—violets, cowslips, crocuses, primroses, snowdrops, roses. Her careful hand was happy in picturing a wild bank. Her

painting was always a great delight to her, and she rejoiced to find all her children imbued with the same taste. Two of her daughters gained reputation—Maria and Harriet.

In France, during the reign of Louis Philippe, when she met with Madame Sand and many celebrities, she was much sought after, and called the Rose and Primrose Painter. In 1862 first appeared a picture, in three compartments, called the "History of a Primrose:" the first called "Infancy," in which the earliest young primrose appears in a field hedge. The second, "Maturity," a splendid root full of bloom, growing by the water's edge, with its long stems and leaves as one sees in June, two or three flowers drooping towards their reflections in the stream. The third, called "Decay," is admirable for richness of colour and subtlety in the shades of the brownish yellow leaves mixed with the faint delicate green. The dying root of primroses is in a corner of a copse, some of its flowers are falling, one still remaining sheltered by its leaves, half in sunshine, half in shadow, conjuring up the idea of a spirit face smiling serenely out upon the world, not feeling out-rivalled by the tall hyacinths and stellarias that are blooming all around it. The gray mistiness of the background in this compartment helps to complete the story of "Decay," and contrasts well with the fresh greenness and "twiggyness" of "Infancy."

Mrs. Harrison sustained a severe loss in 1846 by the death of her second son, George, a landscape painter of great promise, an Associate of the old Water Colour Painters. In 1861 her husband died.

The Queen purchased two pictures of Mrs. Harrison; the last was a flower-landscape, a mass of wild hyacinths in a park.

To the closing hours of her life, this veteran artist continued to paint, and was what people call "excellent company," full of wit and repartee. The recollections here recorded were written down by her own hand only five months before her death. On the final day of her life — November 25, 1875 — having ascertained that the pictures she had just completed for the Winter Exhibition had been sent off, she gently folded her hands, and softly drew her last breath. A sweet and generous temper, a tender heart, a genial, kindly manner, endeared her to a large circle of friends, who deeply mourn her loss.

Anna Maria Charretie, a wonderfully industrious, naturally clever, almost self-cultivated artist—a woman of noble courage, charmingly frank and agreeable in manner, stately of presence—was born in London, 1819; she used laughingly to say she was "just the age of the Queen." Her father, Mr. Kenwell, was an architect and surveyor. Up to the age of thirteen she had the ordinary school teaching. Of drawing, as an amusement, she was always fond; and, while at

school, learnt "a little" flower painting, but of artistic training she had absolutely none. On quitting school she continued to paint "a little," in a young ladyish way, fancy heads on cardboard, and similar mild attempts. These pictorial essays were, however, made without any idea of their being ever turned to account as study. That she should some day "turn artist" never entered the young girl's head.

In 1841 she married Captain John Charretie, of the Honourable East India Company's Service. For some eight or nine years she was as happy as is given to mortals to be, but then reverses of fortune came: her husband's health even failed, and Mrs. Charretie was obliged to look the world calmly and unflinchingly in the face. It became necessary to select a profession, yet she had received no special training. The only resource open seemed her favourite artistic accomplishments.

The idea of painting pictures, and receiving good payment in reward for so doing, was a fascinating one. The chief impediment was that she did not know how to paint. To most people, especially to most young wives situated as Mrs. Charretie then was, this would have been a serious discouragement. But to heroic natures, difficulties are often merely stepping-stones. Mrs. Charretie asked one of the masters of our drawing academies how she was to set to work to learn painting? He told her the usual course—

going over the long routine of study necessary. "But I want to paint pictures, and make some money as soon as possible," was the almost pathetic objection of the anxious lady. The master smiled, and assured her there was no royal road to art.

She then quietly obtained a student's ticket of admission to the National Gallery, and began to study oil painting by copying the pictures there. The students were very kind, and helped her by advice and example. She could not have gone to a better training-school. The students belong in most instances to first-class schools and academies, numbers being Royal Academy students; constantly accomplished artists come to study for a few weeks. As a rule, the students are exceedingly good-natured and genial; the occasional artists are invariably generous in giving to young comrades lessons for which elsewhere they would demand high terms—often taking the puzzled student's place, and putting touches which are each a revelation.

Mrs. Charretie placed herself more especially under the guidance of one lady, who, for a very small fee, gave her careful instruction, and advanced her as rapidly as possible. By 1852 she was sufficiently skilled in oil painting to be able to send some of her work to the Royal Academy—two portraits, "Emily," and "Sara."

From that time, not one Academy catalogue was

without her name, as the painter of one, if not more, pictures; generally subjects more or less interesting and graceful, though frequently portraits only.

With almost the first oil painting exhibited by Mrs. Charretie, a most pleasing and encouraging circumstance was connected. It was painted as a commission, but the gentleman for whom it was done suggested that it should be sent to the Academy, and while holding himself bound to give a certain sum (£50), promised, if any one bid higher, to relinquish the picture. On exhibition, some rich connoisseur offered exactly double the sum.

On the death of her husband in 1868, Mrs. Charretie became entirely dependent on her own exertions.

She exhibited at the Society of Lady Artists from the second year of its re-organization, although she never became an actual member. Through the Society she secured, in 1870 or '71, a commission for her largest oil picture—portraits of the children of J. D. Harris, Esq.

One of her most successful pictures was "Lady Betty," exhibited at the Dudley in 1870. This painting —representing a charming young woman in a china closet—was so much admired and commended that henceforth the artist herself was renamed by her friends *Lady Betty*, a designation by no means ill-suited to a handsome, dignified lady. This work,

with several others, was photographed on rather a large scale by a leading firm. These photographs are excellent reproductions of the originals. Mrs. Charretie was remarkable for the grace and delicate beauty of her girls and women; in accessories she was unusually good. Her delineation of old china was admirable. She had a peculiar love for painting quaint and curious china; her studio was heaped up with a choice gathering lent by various kind friends and patrons. Old lace, satins, furniture, were matter of delight with her. Only occasionally she used water colour as a medium.

To the profound sorrow of her friends, Mrs. Charretie died very unexpectedly, of heart disease, October 5, 1875, at her house in Kensington. She had only lately returned from her usual summer holiday. Among her friends were many well-known artists.

During her professional career of some three and twenty years, Mrs. Charretie produced about eighty pictures, including portraits. The list is an interesting one, but too long for quotation. Almost every year she had works at all the leading exhibitions open in London, Scotland, and some of the chief provincial cities. A large proportion of her subjects were pretty women of the powdered tocque and sacque period.

No more pathetic story could be found than that

of Adelaide A. Maguire, a girl-artist of brilliant promise, and much actual performance, who commenced practising her profession while scarcely in her teens. She was born, April 6, 1852, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Her father was the well-known artist, T. H. Maguire. *His* father was also an artist, and a writer on art, being the editor of the *Fine Art Journal*, so Miss Maguire might have fairly claimed to be an *artiste de race*. It is not to be wondered at if the young artist, in common with her seven brothers and sisters, should have learnt drawing like walking and speaking. At five or six she made surprisingly clever sketches "out of her own head," to use the proper childish expression. At eleven she made wonderful little groups of children, displaying an almost marvellous power of design. With these her father was so much pleased that he encouraged her in the idea of becoming an artist, and from that time she always had the benefit of his criticism, advice, and kind praise in her drawing. Thus incited, she applied herself with enthusiasm to her artistic studies, her pencil being the plaything preferred to all others. Indeed, she persuaded her parents to let her give up her music, for which she felt she possessed no talent, in order that she might devote herself exclusively to the art she loved best.

Tender-hearted and loving, without a thought of

self, putting aside her own suffering, always cheerful, never complaining, she was a rare illustration of "how much the weak can do for the strong." Though a delicate girl in a household of strong, healthy boys and girls, she was ever planning or carrying into effect some pleasure for these daily companions, inventing pastimes of which she was obliged to be almost a passive spectator. The spirit seemed to over-master the fragile body. Her passion for work was astonishing—work of all kinds, from the simplest domestic duty to the most refined creations. She would assist the younger sisters in any of their perplexing studies—geography, history, or arithmetic, although her feeble health had necessitated her removal from school when but eleven, the anxiety respecting her physical state beginning thus early. Her parents consulted an eminent physician, who said she must have as much rest as possible, so she spent the greater part of the next year or two lying on a sofa. Up to her eleventh year she had been a remarkably well-grown child, and stouter than any young friend of her own age; then, strange to say, she did not increase in height at all, and became visibly thinner. About her fourteenth year she began to improve gradually and steadily in health and strength, so that before she was twenty she was a fine-looking girl, above the middle height, with a quantity of lovely

golden hair, deep, intellectual blue eyes, a frank, smiling mouth, a broad forehead. She still continued extremely delicate, though she would take no rest.

It was not necessary to go from home to seek either instruction or models, except when she could find opportunities for sketching from nature. Her father had plenty of excellent examples for her to copy, when she felt inclined, and she made her little sisters useful by converting them into models for her numerous designs.

The first picture exhibited by Miss Maguire represented one of her young sisters climbing up a bank. The accessories were painted at Guernsey. It was exhibited at the British Artists when she was about sixteen. Guernsey she found a pretty place, well repaying the trouble of a visit; but the voyage thither lasted rather longer than was quite agreeable. As both she and her father wished to go by sea, they took the prosaic steamboat from London Bridge, but encountered a storm, and the second day, when nearing Cherbourg, the inhospitable elements became so unruly and boisterous, that affairs threatened to assume quite a Robinson Crusoe aspect. The steamboat had to return and put into the Solent for shelter, and fourdays elapsed before it could start again; for although the captain made the attempt several times, it was unsuccessful until then. In fact, they had

once got out into the open sea, when Mr. Maguire, on asking for "something to eat," was informed by the steward that there was "only half a loaf of bread, and no water on board." Mr. Maguire immediately communicated this to the captain, who seemed much astonished, and said that he ought to have been told before, and at once put back into the Solent for provisions. The passengers had to wait there another day. This general state of affairs could hardly have appeared more unpleasant, but in the second cabin a degree lower of discomfort prevailed. Many there had not only exhausted their stock of provisions, but had no money to buy any more. A tragical tale might have been the consequence, had not some of their richer companions in misfortune come to the rescue. This very steamboat foundered a short time afterwards, in making its way towards France.

The first picture Miss Maguire sold was exhibited at the Supplementary Exhibition, about a year subsequently. It was named "Now it is just three o'clock;" the subject—one little girl teaching another to tell the time. The artist never knew who was the purchaser. After this she exhibited at the Dudley and other galleries, being particularly fortunate in "selling." In 1872 she was first "hung" at the Academy—a picture called "Say How do you do?" and the same year she became a member of the Society

of Lady Artists. None of the members, save Miss Atkinson (Hon. Sec.), by whom she was proposed, had ever seen her, and when afterwards introduced to her, they were surprised to find they had elected anybody so young.

Miss Maguire was full of originality, even to her mechanical system of working, which was a curious one. Keenly susceptible to her own faults, she was never satisfied with her own productions. When a child, she constantly shed bitter tears over her failures, and persisted in trying the same subject over and over again, to worry out her idea, until her father advised her not to do so. She rarely copied, and when commissioned to make a replica, invariably painted afresh from her models. Perhaps the most marked advance she evidenced was in some pictures painted in 1874, at Maidenhead, when she was warmly congratulated by several artists on her decided improvement upon everything she had previously done. Four of the best were sent to the Royal Academy, but, to her deep disappointment, not placed. However, as two were purchased immediately on their return home, this mortification passed off; at the same time, she received a commission for a third, which brought most gratifying praise. In each case her work was purchased by perfect strangers, so that she had the satisfaction of knowing the approval to be impartial.

So far as her distaste for the manual part of the profession would allow, Adelaide Maguire was author as well as painter. She had so great an aversion to the labour of writing, that nothing but her desire to supply the wants of others would have mastered it. When her younger sisters were between four and eight years of age, she often bought them little story-books, but found great difficulty in procuring any that were not too simple or too serious to suit their tastes, so she determined to write one for them herself. The manuscript, when done, was read to several children, who all seemed so delighted with it that Mr. Maguire thought it really ought to be published. He offered it to Messrs. Griffith and Farran, who readily purchased it, gave it the title of "Lizzie's Secret," and brought it out (about 1872). The publishers showed it to Mrs. S. C. Hall, who, in a letter to Mr. Farran, praised it very highly, and said it did equal credit to the head and heart of the authoress.

"Say How do you do?" and "Say Good-bye," were the first and last illustrations of a little story written by Adelaide Maguire many years ago. Both pictures were bought by the same purchaser. They are very graceful embodiments of a pretty idea.

Miss Maguire had only just returned from a sketching excursion to Godstone, and had commenced perhaps her best picture, when she was snatched away

—November 30, 1875. She was at work almost to the last; simply drew a failing breath, and was gone. Her poor father had been out, and when he returned, the first words he heard informed him that he had lost his beloved child.

At Godstone she had finished two little pictures, excelling all her previous efforts.

Amongst her most noteworthy pictures were "Blossoms," painted in the spring of 1869, when the laburnums and lilacs were unusually luxuriant. The young artist, then seventeen, made studies of both in Kensington Gardens. Two pretty little girls represented the human blossoms. This, with another called "An Object of Admiration," were purchased by the same gentleman, who was so pleased with them that he commissioned Miss Maguire to paint a third. "Putting up the Mistletoe," "Timidity," "A Blackberry on the Beach," were charming and careful studies. "Home from Sea," "Evening at Home," "Home Decorations," were equally admirable, in different styles. "An Early Tea," "Say A," "Grandmamma's Garden," "Feeding Swans," "Shelling Peas," "Little Builders," "A Morning Performance," with many more, were highly finished dramatic studies of child-life, full of gaiety, archness, and suggestion. All these pictures have been photographed. Only a few days after her death, one of her pictures was

chosen by the Alexandra Palace Company for their Art Union.

The innocent, child heart seemed to go out towards the little children, and take a pure delight in their joys and sorrows, their lessons and their play. In herself she was more like a child than a handsome young woman of three and twenty.

Her sister Lina is a very promising student.

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